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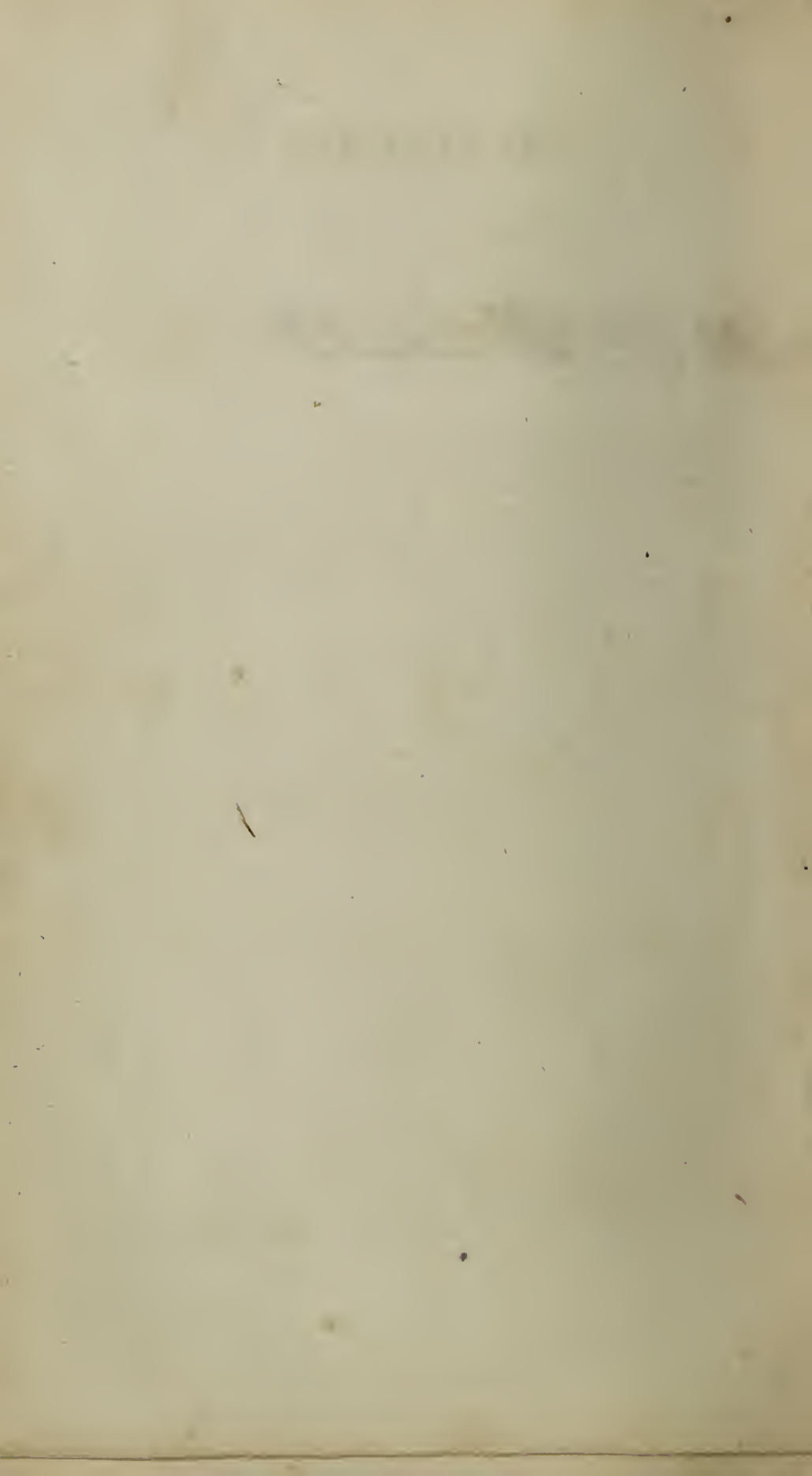
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# THE LABOURER.

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## THE FUNERAL OF THE YEAR

AND

## ITS EPITAPH.

BY ERNEST JONES.

---

The clouds fold fast their fetters dun  
Around the form of the sinking sun;  
The wind howls low, as tho' o'erspent  
With his race athwart the firmament;  
O'er lake and main the ice is spread,  
The corse of the silent waves,  
For the waters are voiceless and dark and dead;  
The dry leaves dance on their own graves;  
The snow o'er-casteth all—a shroud  
Woven jointly by wind and cloud,  
And bleached by breath of the bitter frost,  
Who lulls the air, when tempest-tossed;  
The stars alone are undimmed and bright,  
And fill the realm of space and night,  
With their omnipresence of silver light;  
They muster their ranks from sphere to sphere,  
And downward they gaze with their eyes so clear,  
To shine on the grave of the dying year.

\*

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\*

Heavily, slowly 'mid gloom and night,  
A giant, with age grown winter-white,  
Crawling yet from hill to hill,  
The old year lingers sadly still,  
And creeps, a phantom pale and grey,  
Amid the relics of his sway.  
He looks on the mountains so bleak and bare;  
They are covered with snow, and he cast it there.  
He gazes on river, and lake, and main:  
They are bound with ice—and he forged the chain.  
The forests are leafless, he turns unto them:  
'Twas he tore the verdure from green-bough and stem—

And his thin icy lip with a proud smile curled,  
 To think how his foot-steps had altered the world !  
 He looks on the star-lights, that island the air,  
 But no sign of his birth or his death is there ;  
 On their pages of silver he may not write,  
 For eternity dwells in their palace of light !  
 And sadly he views on the land and main,  
 The traces that mark his departing reign ;  
 For the ice will melt and the leaves return,  
 And the spring will sing o'er his buried urn !  
 And sadly and slowly 'mid darkness and gloom,  
 The old year turns to his lonely tomb.

\* \* \* \*

*Hark ! 'Tis the sound of a bell !*  
 He starts—for he knows his knell.  
 One by one through the cold air delve,  
     The ringing chimes in measured tone ;  
 From tower to tower the clocks strike *twelve* !  
     The old year hath gone to the things that were.  
     But he hath not gone alone !  
 He took with him much of the good and fair,  
 And the brightest hopes, and the sweetest flowers,  
 And the dearest ties, and the gladdest hours,  
 The fondest and best our destiny gave,  
 Are sleeping with him in his lonely grave.  
 Far away ! far away ! Beyond time and space,  
 Leaving on earth no track nor trace ;  
 Granting no relic, and giving no part,  
 Save what is left in the mourner's heart !  
 Or ye may ope some antique book,  
 And scan its leaves with curious look ;  
 There, crushed and dry in relic laid,  
 Ye find some flower from sunny glade ;  
 Culled in gladsome hour to last,  
*Sad* token of a *happy* Past—  
 And then recal the long-flown spring,  
 That shone upon its blossoming !  
 Or thou shalt be a wanderer.—Time  
 Shall mark thy brow and sear thy prime ;  
 Returning to thy home again  
 What granted thee pleasure shall give thee pain.  
 And every scene of happiness  
 Shall chill thee with its loneliness ;

The air as sweet, the earth as fair,  
 But those ye loved no longer there;  
 And ye turn with a pang from the once dear spot,  
 Its dwellers remembered, its beauties forgot !  
 When, passing by a lone church-yard  
 With death's pale flowers along the sward,  
 On the aged tree graven a name and a date,  
 The heart's mournful protest against time and fate,  
 May call to thine eyelid unbidden the tear  
 For the happy time spent in this good old year !  
 Then solemnly pass the old year's last night  
 And follow me forth to his FUNERAL RITE.

\* \* \* \* \*

A phantom grey was borne along  
 To the mourning wind's low undersong;  
 The seasons bore him onward slow  
 'Neath a tent of mist and a pall of snow.

Methought, that on the brow of spring  
 A jocund gleam was deepening;  
 Summer too, with fitful smile,  
 Seemed careless of the rite the while;  
 But sorrow left its haunting trace  
 On Autumn's melancholy face,  
 That still was turned, all sad and pale,  
 To winter, who walked in his icy mail.  
 Slowly they past; but o'er hill and plain  
 Came following onward a funeral train  
 Of all that had parted and died in the year—  
 Sorrow and happiness—hope and fear—  
 The gentle beings who had fled away  
 To mansions of light from their dungeons of clay,  
*The loved and the lost !* And 'mid darkness and gloom,  
*The hated and feared* sought their shadowy tomb.

They glided by in their phantom array  
 But the *living* had aye seemed *more hateful than they*,  
 For death is kind-hearted ! How often his hand  
 Draws closer the links of love's gossamer band.  
 He schools the heart with the words of woe—  
 He softens the errors and crimes of a foe,  
 And those whom *living*, we cursed and fled—  
 We often forgive and regret when *dead !*

\* \* \* \* \*



Away ! away ! they slowly glide  
 Like flowers and weeds on a steady tide.  
 My heart beat loud and my sight grew dim  
 And my eyelids filled with tears to the brim,  
 For many I knew, as before me fled  
 The dead year with his million dead !

The dry leaves rustled as he passed ;  
 The North wind wound a deeper blast ;  
 The lakes and streams shook their icy chain ;  
 The waves moaned low on the lonesome main,  
 And clouds sailed o'er, a solemn train.  
 They buried him sadly, where ages before  
 The dim old years have slumbered,

Unnumbered !

'Neath the forest's shade and the torrent's roar,  
 'Neath the waves that tread deep on the sounding shore,  
 Leaving the print of their footsteps behind  
 In their festal dance with the wanton wind.

They buried him deep, and they buried him high—  
 'Neath the glacier's minaret—  
 Where the mountains look like gems of the sky  
 In clearest crystal set.

They buried him deep, beneath ruins grey,  
 'Neath tower and fort and hall—  
 And as he sleeps on steals a silent decay—  
 O'er the strength of the mouldering wall.

And wouldst thou seek for his phantom-like trace  
 Go forth in the summer's glare ;  
 Thou may'st choose e'en the brightest and sunniest place,  
 But the corse of the year will be there !

Go ! Wreath back the flowers, so rich in perfume,  
 Of the sun's love born for the earth,  
 With nothing but brightness surrounding their bloom  
 And beauty attending their birth.

Go ! bend back their stems ! thou will't find underneath  
 Leaves withered, and ruin, and traces of death,  
 And skeleton forms, and sights mournful and drear—  
 'Tis the corse of the buried year.

The sea may flow over the sunken plain  
 Veiling the things that were ;  
 But after long time it will shrink back again,  
 Leaving its rapine bare.  
 And when men gaze on the desert spot,  
 They will find amid objects remembered not,  
 The corse of the old year there.

And when on Ætna's mighty cone,  
 Where fire with frost is wed,  
 Where stone turns flame and flame turns stone,  
 The men of science delve or drone,  
 For trace of ages fled :  
 Then amid the lava-bed,  
 By shock of ancient earthquake spread,  
 They will behold with awe and fear  
 The corse of the departed year.

---

### THE EPITAPH.

Here lies entombed another Christian year,  
 Dear to monopoly, to ruin dear ;  
 High riot ran—and far corruption spread ;  
 Sin weeps her *saints*, and freedom counts his dead ;  
 Fraud caught her dupes, and fiery-handed strife  
 Opened the purple sanctuary of life :  
 On far America—on Asia's plain,  
 Where Sutlej fits his monarch for the main—  
 Neath Atlas foot—on steppes of Galilee—  
 And mid thine Isles, no more *Pacific* Sea !  
 Through fields of Spain—on Lusitania's strand,  
 Where man's unworthy of so fair a land ;—  
 Where Italy beneath her sun turns cold,  
 So much our modern Neros pass the old ;—  
 Where rough freebooters hold the wrested cape,  
 And colonies their parents' vices ape ;  
 Where men indignant at subjection dwell  
 Amid the mountain monuments of Tell ;  
 Where Poland proves beneath oppression's length,  
 A tyrant's weakness and a people's strength ;  
 Where'er their maker's living image trod,  
 There Christians have re-crucified their God.

Old year ! old year ! thy sins are grave and deep.  
Down in thy tomb, unquiet ghost ! and sleep.

And there, where tyrannies no longer dare  
To strike in daylight, yet refuse to spare—  
There, as Mahomet bade heaven's host descend,  
To guard the fields that man could not defend :  
Or as the Lord's vast angel come to smite  
The Assyrians, trembling Israel feared to fight :  
These modern statesmen, with infernal spell,  
Conjure the black-winged armaments of hell,  
And, where they fail with red destruction's hand,  
Pour plague and famine on a ravished land ;  
Then, rich in ruin, faction's rampant slaves,  
Sharpen their bayonets on Ireland's graves !  
Drug her strong heart to death, and—easy strife !  
Gash the dead foe they dared not face in life ;  
Or, from the Highlands drive the starving clan,  
And send the red-deer through the homes of man ;  
Or, when his veins are drained by Mammon dry,  
Cast the " free Briton " on the streets to die !  
Where'er right sinks 'neath power's relentless hate,  
There view the Christian work of church and state.  
The statesman strikes the blow in cunning's prime,  
And venal churchmen consecrate the crime.

Old year ! old year ! thy sins are grave and deep.  
Down in thy tomb, unquiet ghost ! and sleep.

Lawyers have fattened on corruption's pay,  
And hope-sick clients slowly pine away ;  
Placemen have basked in ministerial grace  
" Retrenchment ! " proved another name for " place ! "  
And, as the poor man's gold their luxury fed,  
They lived upon the dying and the dead.  
The gaols are full of criminals—of those  
Who took the wrong means to defeat their foes ;  
Though just their punishment, no laws can reach  
The men whose evil statutes evil teach.  
The man of power, who steals the poor man's meal,  
By this has taught the hungry slave to steal ;  
The bayonet, red with legal murder's stain,  
In murdering wakes revenge to strike again.  
Talk not of what the people's wrath has done :  
Kings kill a *thousand* to the People's *one*.



Talk not of anarchy!—When honest toil,  
 Strives but that idleness may reap the spoil;  
 Where nature's laws are not allowed to pass,  
 And Eden's turned a desert to the mass—  
 This is true anarchy—the rule of kings,  
 And priests, and soldiers, and all crafty things.  
 Then up! and plead in human nature's cause!  
*Crimes are the offspring of unequal laws.*  
 Corruption! tremble. Proud oppressors! pale!  
 The thief's at large, the better man in gaol.  
 Sink luxury! and idleness! beware!  
 Labour's a pauper—you have labour's share.  
 Yield, violence! and break thy useless blade,  
 The slayer now has *rivals in his trade*.  
 Go to the union, where the poor are thronged,  
 And kneel for pardon to the men you wronged.  
 Go to the graves where cold your victims lie,  
 And kneel for pardon to your God on high.

Again twelve months of anarchy have passed,  
 Too foul to bear, and thence too foul to last.  
 Old year! old year! thy sins are grave and deep.  
 Down in thy tomb, unquiet ghost, and sleep.

Pause, reader! pause; *that* side the shadow lies,  
 But turn on *this* as well thine equal eyes.  
 This year has stirred the nations far and wide,  
 And woke in slavery's heart a manly pride;  
 Hark to the clank of chains, as yet untorn,  
 But not as erst in tame supineness worn.  
 As break the rivers at the thaw-winds' call  
 The icy bondage of their wintry thrall,  
 And dash their waves in volumes vast along,  
 Sounding through many lands the self-same song—  
 So one great pulse in nations' hearts has wrought,  
 Beating harmonious to the self-same thought.  
 Old rivals now no longer look askance,  
 But England holds the olive branch to France.  
 The Teuton walks the Rhine's contested strand,  
 Nor fears the Lurlei's swan-eclipsing hand;  
 The Celt and Saxon meet no more as foes  
 But twine the hardy shamrock round the rose;  
 And bigotry, oppression's bitterest rod,  
 Sinks fast before the ennobling thought of God.



"All men *are* brethren!" how the watchwords run!  
And when men *act* as such, then freedom's won.

Old year! old year! sleep peaceful in thy grave.  
Thou camest to teach, to punish, and to save.

---

## OUR NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

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DEAR READER,

A happy New Year to you. The amount of its happiness, however, depends, not on our wishes, but on your actions. The old time-honoured, and time-attested words, "the Lord helps those who help themselves," ought ever to be present to the mind of a people struggling for social and political emancipation. The past year has been one of suffering and of promise, let the present year be something more than one of hope. There are many who doubt of the power of the people to achieve their object—the Charter; to them we say in the words of the attorney-general: "When the people *WILL* it, they must *HAVE* the Charter." And why should any doubt? What has raised monopoly? The people. What supports thrones, coronets and mitres? The people. What arms the army—what fits out the navy? The people. The power is there. Let that power be directed in a wholesome channel, and who can doubt the issue? Force cannot resist it, since all hostile force but originates from its very self. Fraud cannot crush it, since those who would betray, cannot, having lost their strength—the confidence of the people! The obtainment of the Charter is no longer a question of doubtful solution; the period of its enactment depends but on the spread of its principle, the energy and union of its advocates.

This government know, and the past year has been fruitful of new movements for the same or similar objects as those propounded in the Charter. It would be a cunning scheme on the part of government to *start such movements themselves*; since they divide the power of the people

into sections, and it is but by popular concentration that government centralisation can be successfully opposed.

But even, where such movements originate solely in the brains of private individuals, does not the very fact of advocating a well-known principle under a new name, under the auspices of a new society, started by themselves, savour of personal ambition? Let us tell these gentlemen, the time is passed when the people are to be led through labyrinths by any man who may chance to arrogate to himself the leadership. *The people are becoming their own leaders*, and here is one of the secrets of success. The people have confidence in ONE GENERAL, and here is the pledge of union!

This is one of the new dangers we have to face in the coming year. The bayonet has been tried, and has failed. Silence, calumny, fraud, false promises and mock concession have been tried, and have failed. Famine has been tried in Ireland, but there they have overshot the mark, since they have armed the people with that terrible armour: having nothing worse to fear, whatever they may do. Now, in England and in Ireland they will try **ADVOCACY OF THE PRINCIPLE** by "**RIVAL COMPANIES**," and then watch as the embers of dissension glow—fanning them into flame with the insidious breath of personal hostilities.

Then, when the people are either disgusted and disheartened, or separated into factions, they will be prepared to strike a blow for which they are now preparing. Then misery will create anger—anger be fully fomented into violence, and then for another Peterloo—then for fresh odium on the "turbulent," then for a relapse into dull and hopeless slavery.

We said they were preparing. An old duke has written a letter: he says he has "lived for seventy-seven years with honor;" we differ—we think honour consists not in ploughing the hearts of men with cannon balls, but that he would have lived in greater honour had he lived at the ploughtail, or at the loom, or in the study. But this duke, fearing an invasion from France, wishes an increase of the army, and 150,000 militia-men. Did Lord John Russell ask the duke to write the letter? That letter comes opportunely. The army will be raised, and ——— said we not the government were preparing?

But monopoly will be baffled; we wished but to unveil a part of the annual programme of despotism. The go-



vernment are not aware of the sound sense of the people. The latter have so long been dupes and slaves, their oppressors thought they would remain so for ever. The people see through the game, and forewarned, they are forearmed. Misery there will be—poverty will increase—but with it determination and union among the oppressed increases too. The torch of liberty shall move among the darkness, and by its magical light man shall recognise in man a brother instead of a foe, and they shall march on together to the assault of tyranny. Peaceful agitation takes the bayonet out of the hands of faction's mercenaries. Popular union casts distraction into their councils, and popular determination must beat down the irresolution of a weathercock government.

What is needed for the coming year? The machinery is ready; naught is needed but to give its action full scope and power.

We want a fixed capital. Co-operation is producing it.

We want some means by which we can place that capital beyond the grasp of government. The "Land and Labour Bank" and the "Land Company" afford the means.

We want organization. The localities of the Charter are organising themselves—the District Delegate Meetings—the Central Executive, and, above all, a NATIONAL CONVENTION, are capable of producing the finest system of organisation ever established in the world, and not under the disadvantage of secrecy, but an open organization beneath the broad light of day.

We want a floating capital, or agitation funds; they are to be found in the *beer-pot*—not in a FULL one, but in an EMPTY one.

And, above all, we want power—and THE MILLIONS ARE WITH US!

The machinery is there—the power is there—it rests but with the people to render that machinery effective—to apply that power to its legitimate object.

Be this your task for the present year—and you will see the fruits begin to ripen before the year has half expired.

## THE INSURRECTIONS OF THE WORKING CLASSES.

(*Continued from page 252, vol. 2.*)

### CHAPTER IX.

*The men of Kent and Essex.—1381.*

The feudal system existed in England as well as on the Continent; but never attained so general an extension as in the states of the latter, owing to the policy of the English kings, who sought in the democratic element a countervailing power against the ambition of their barons and churchmen. The peasantry, however, were under a yoke similar to that of their continental brethren, if we except a small class of freehold yeomanry, who maintained an unequal struggle for independence against the encroachments of the surrounding aristocracy. The spirit of freedom had, however, been kept alive in the hearts of the people by two circumstances: nationality and religion were both arrayed on its side. The nobility were mostly aliens to the country, who claimed no other right to their possessions than the right of conquest, and the country had not forgotten their derivation. Foreign favourites were frequently supplanting each other at court, and foreign mercenaries were brought over to coerce the English people.

Moreover, as we find reformers rising during this period of history, in almost every nation, combining the religious with the social elements of society, so in England John Wycliffe had assailed the very root of priestly domination, and, through that, the feudal tyranny that was screened under the former.

Other causes co-operated with the above to elevate the popular will. Edward III., one of the most democratic kings that history records, had prepared many laws for the relief of the serfs, which, however, served no other purpose than that of strengthening them in their aspirations after liberty, since the power of their feudal masters set the good intentions of the monarch at defiance. The yeomanry, too, had fought in the wars against France; they had learned to know their own strength, and to become skilled in the use of arms.

Edward III. died in the year 1377. Richard II. was a minor and the Regent a tyrant. Misery and luxury increased apace. The French war absorbed a torrent of blood and gold, while court festivals and pageants were continued none the less, amid



the general destitution of the country, and in the year 1380, the unconstitutional measure of a capitation-tax was adopted to meet the increased expenditure of the palace.

But the people were not without their guides and counselors. A Franciscan monk, John Ball by name, had for some years past been preaching the sermons of liberty in Kent. He inveighed against the idleness and luxury of the dissolute aristocracy, and preached from a favourite text :

*When Adam delved and Eve span,  
Where was then the gentleman ?*

After mass it was his custom to assemble the people around him, and proclaim the Evangile of Equality and Liberty to his enthusiastic countrymen. This did not suit the church. Accordingly the archbishop of Canterbury forbade him to hold such discourses. He refused to comply. Three times he was imprisoned, and every time at his liberation he renewed the old sermon with the same effect.

Meanwhile, the capitation was collected with unsparing rigour. Monks, yeomen, serfs, and commons were subjected to the tax—nobles and prelates exempt—and of the former classes every one above fifteen was liable to pay. The mode of its collection increased the general indignation. Not long before, numbers of foreign mercenaries had arrived in England from Flanders ; these were commissioned to enforce and collect the tax, and made their mission an opportunity for plunder, licentiousness and rapine. It was an act of this kind that first kindled the flame of insurrection in Kent.

A tiler of the name of Walter, (Wat-Tyler,) who had formerly done good service in the French wars, lived in Deptford with his only daughter, a beautiful girl of fourteen. The foreign mercenaries had carried license so far, as to expose the persons of young women, whom they expected to have arrived at the age of puberty (fifteen). On one of the collectors attempting to do this to the beautiful daughter of Wat-Tyler, he brained him on the spot with a hammer he held in his hand, and on the government hirelings endeavouring to seize him, the men of Deptford rallied around the bloodstained instrument of a father's vengeance, the men of Kent caught the inspiration, a rising had simultaneously taken place in Essex, and, like an electric fire, the insurrection darted on through Suffolk and Norfolk on the one side, and Sussex on the other. Wat-Tyler headed the men South of the Thames—the Northern counties were led by Jack Straw and Litterer. The objects and plan of the insurrection were clearly defined. Serfdom and vassallage were to be abolished, and the foreign mercenaries expelled the country. The several leaders now directed their march on London—the time was opportune—the Regent was on the Scotch border—the king had few troops at his disposal, but the aristocracy were about undertaking

an expedition to Portugal, and still on board the fleet in Plymouth harbour. When the latter heard of the danger of their sovereign, instead of landing and hastening to the rescue, they took the alarm and set sail immediately for Portugal, under the excuse of ignorance and foreign service.

Wat-Tyler was rapidly advancing on the capital—at Maidstone he liberated John Ball, the Franciscan monk, who had been again imprisoned by order of the archbishop. Wisdom and moderation marked the course of the People's leader; the known enemies of the poor fell before the anger of his followers; but those nobles who joined the movement, or condescended to beg their lives at the hands of the peasantry, were invariably spared, and when the Queen-Mother, the princess of Wales, returning from a pilgrimage, fell into their hands on Blackheath, her generous captors released her without injury or ransom, and sent her back in safety to the Tower, into which king Richard had thrown himself with all the troops he could command. Thus the men of the South reached Greenwich, where they encamped.

The Northern division had not been less successful. At Norwich, however, they were opposed by the governor, Sir Robert Sale, the son of a mason, knighted for his valour. The peasants wished him to become their leader, but he spurned their offer, and fell beneath their swords. Wat Tyler, meanwhile, had sent John Mouton, a gentleman serving in the ranks of the insurgent army, to the king, with offers of negotiation and a personal interview. The latter, judging it prudent to comply, mounted a barge, and was rowed towards the opposite bank of the Thames. The appearance of the peasant host, however, and the clamour they raised on seeing the king, was so threatening, that a panic seized the court, Richard himself was terrified, and returned, without landing, to the Tower.

The people were so indignant at this proceeding, that they destroyed part of Southwark, demolished the prisons, and liberated their inmates. The men of London now joined the movement, and on the 14th of June, 1381, the peasant-host, under Tyler and Ball, marched over London Bridge, and took possession of the Capital without striking a blow; at the same time the men of Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk, under Jack Straw and Littlester, entered London from the North.

The spirit of moderation which hitherto had guided the masses, appears now to have deserted them. The cellars of the rich were broken open, and drunkenness introduced violence and destruction! The prisons were demolished, and the liberated captives mixed their evil passions with the popular excitement. The mansions of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Regent, the Knights of St. John, and of the most obnoxious judges and noblemen, were razed to the ground and fired in an incredibly short space of time. It is, however, worthy of notice, that no



one was allowed to appropriate any of the treasure thus destroyed : one man, who was endeavouring to steal a silver goblet, was cast into the flames on being detected. A dreadful recklessness of their own lives characterised the insurgents. While the mansion of the Regent was burning, two-and-thirty men were drinking in the cellars below, unconscious of their danger, till the building above fell in upon them with a mighty crash, burying them under the ruins, from beneath which, even on the third day, were heard the moans and cries of the dying. Throughout the night armed bands paraded the streets of London, stopping all they met, and killing all who could not give the password : 'King Richard and the Commons.' The Flemish mercenaries, however, were prominently objects of the popular vengeance, and in that dreadful hour of reckoning, no concealment, no sanctuary, sufficed to save their lives.

When morning rose above the wrecks of that human storm, order and obedience were restored ; the first flush of anger was sated, and the sullen masses concentrated their forces around the Tower, within which King Richard and the Court had but 1,200 men-at-arms for their defence.

Force being out of the question, the King's advisers counselled stratagem ; and, accordingly, intimated to the men of Essex, that the Sovereign, in person, would treat with them on the morrow respecting their grievances, provided they withdrew as far as Mile-End.

They complied : and, accordingly, at the time appointed, the King rode out to meet them, with a small escort—heard a statement of their wrongs, and of their demands. The latter were moderate : they required abolition of serfdom—a limitation of taxation—free-trade, and a full amnesty. The King consented ; granted them letters patent, sealed with the royal seal, confirmatory of their newly-acquired rights ; and the deluded peasants, raising the royal standard, marched gaily to their homes.

Wat Tyler and John Ball, who were posted with their forces on the opposite side of the Tower, were unconscious of what was taking place between the men of Essex and the King. But, unlike their Northern brethren, they well knew their enemy, and had matured their plan of action. Jack Straw only contended for the reform of a few abuses : Wat Tyler essayed to eradicate the power which had engendered them. He sought to abolish aristocracy and prelacy, and to establish either a democratic monarchy, or a republic. With this object in view, he had caused all title-deeds and charters to be destroyed wherever his march had passed, that in future ages no scion of the former aristocracy might out of these deduce a claim for new misrule ; and, as a guarantee against the treachery he anticipated, he sought to obtain possession of the Royal person.

To effect this, he planned a deed of wonderful daring.



Selecting 400 of his bravest men, he suddenly, at noon of day, assailed and stormed the Tower. The garrison, though twice as strong as their assailants, were overpowered or panic-stricken, but the King himself escaped. By a strange coincidence, it was the very hour in which he had gone forth to treat with the men of Essex.

The Court, however, fell into the hands of the populace ; and some of the most obnoxious advisers of the King—the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Treasurer Robert Hailes, and five other chief officers of the crown, were executed as traitors and tyrants to the people, and their heads exposed on London Bridge.

Seeing that the escape of Richard was certain, and unable longer to hold the Tower in defiance of its garrison, Wat Tyler rejoined the main body of his forces, amounting still to 20,000 men.

King Richard having succeeded so well in disarming the men of Essex, his advisers determined upon trying the same plan with those of Kent ; and Wat Tyler was, accordingly, induced to proceed as far as Smithfield, there to treat with the royal ambassadors. Letters patent, granting the same privileges as those accorded to the men of Essex, were placed in his hands, but he saw through the plot, and demanded greater immunities, and guarantees for their fulfilment.

The Court party, expecting a refusal, had matured a plan similar to that by which the Master from Hungary was destroyed. A knight was sent in the name of King Richard, inviting Wat Tyler to a personal interview with his Sovereign. The armed envoy addressed the popular leader, who stood some distance in advance of his followers, with studied insolence, whereupon the latter laid his hand upon his sword. At the sight, Richard galloped up at the head of sixty knights. The peasant-chief treated him as haughtily as he had been treated by the royal envoy. The king asked, indignantly, what the people wanted.

“What you have granted to the men of Essex ; and, in addition, our natural rights in wood, waste, and water, fish and game.”

While he was speaking, the King and his knights kept pressing on him. Wat Tyler was on foot—the royal party was mounted, and the former laid his hand on the King’s bridle-rein, in all probability to save himself from being ridden over ; since we cannot imagine he attempted single-handed to assail the King in the midst of sixty knights on horseback. At the same instant, William Walworth, Lord Mayor of London, stabbed him through the neck with a short sword, and Standish, the royal Master of the Horse, wounded him mortally from the other side.

The front ranks of the popular army could see what had occurred ; but horror and astonishment paralyzed them for a

moment, and before they could recover their presence of mind—before they had time to bend their bows against the murderers of their chief, Richard galloped up to their ranks, wheeled round, cried—“He was a traitor! Follow me! I will be your leader!” and led the way towards the Tower. Mechanically the peasant-host obeyed. Only the front ranks were aware of what had transpired—the great mass heard only that the King was leading them—the hindmost ranks pressed cheering on the front, and the march began. Suddenly, they beheld 1,000 men-at-arms, under the fierce leadership of the redoubted Knowles, coming full gallop from London. It was the Tower garrison. Before the collision could take place, a panic seized the populace—they fled in disorder—threw down their arms, and begged for mercy. The Court party had judged rightly, that, without their gallant leader, the people would become a helpless herd. The royal troops demanded the signal for slaughter; but Richard, fearing the despair of his flying foes, played the generous monarch—ordered the insurgents to surrender their arms and colours, and depart in peace. Thus ended the insurrection—not so the revenge of the King and aristocracy.

When the men of Essex, deceived by the Royal grants, retired from London, those of Suffolk and Norfolk followed their example, and as they approached their homes, separated into numberless small detachments, met the forces which the warlike Bishop of Norwich had raised for the relief of the king. Their scattered bands could offer no resistance—they were cut down without mercy—and John Ball, with Jack Straw, were taken prisoners. Numbers fled to the churches, but the Bishop did not respect his own altars, the house of God was turned into a house of slaughter, and, steeped in blood, the Right Rev. Prelate led his army to the Lord’s anointed.

Although every sign of resistance had now ceased, Richard summoned all the grand vassals of the Crown to meet him in London at the head of their contingents. An army of 20,000 knights and men at arms was thus assembled—and with this the King marched into Kent. The trembling peasants, unlike the men of Switzerland, France, the Netherlands, Ditmarsh, Jutland, Belgium, Friesland, Saxony, Hungary, Poland, Norway, Greece, or Italy—but with that hereditary fear which seems, down to the present day, to paralyse the energies of those, who, making the first soldiers of the world, fear that which they make themselves, crouched—cowardlike, before the tyrant, submitted to every indignity, and delivered up their leaders, and all those whom royal suspicion or individual malice chose to designate as chief movers of the insurrection.

The men of Essex acted a braver part. When the King entered their county, they appealed to the royal charter given them in London.

“Serfs ye are,” was the Sovereign’s reply, “serfs ye were,



and serfs ye shall remain, and, indeed, under a harder yoke than ye have borne as yet."

They flew to arms to a man, and dared the unequal fight with the imposing power of King Richard. When thousands had already fallen, and the hopeless struggle was turning to a massacre, they, too, submitted; their charter was torn in their presence, and, when martial slaughter had ceased, the work of legal murder was commenced. A tribunal was established to judge the accused, and Tresilian, a man noted for his sanguinary character, was appointed to preside. Blood flowed in torrents; in one day, nineteen peasants were hung on the same gallows! Some were dragged through the surrounding counties, and then executed. Others, and among these were John Ball and Jack Straw, had their intestines torn out alive and roasted before their eyes, after which they were beheaded, and quartered, and the scattered fragments of their bodies hung in chains in the markets and public roads. More than 1,500 peasants perished in these torments! Accusation was sufficient to convict. Reader! compare the conduct of these men when they held possession of London, when their enemies were at their feet, and they could have revenged centuries of wrong in the thunder-burst of an hour, with that of the "gentle blood" of the "shepherds of Christ's flock" and of the "anointed of the Lord."

When the blood fever of the king and his aristocracy had cooled, the gold fever usurped its place; fines and confiscations succeeded to the axe and the gallows. By these means the yeomanry of the insurgent counties were almost entirely deprived of their lands, and the already vast estates of the nobles stretched into gigantic proportions.

After the carnage and the plunder had ceased, after the mischief had been completed, King Richard unblushingly asked his parliament, "Whether anything could be done for the people?" The docile parliament replied, "They are serfs—serfs let them remain." Does not this remind the reader of certain doings of a modern government, that, like Richard, murders a people, and then, perhaps, like him, will ask Parliament for a salve to soothe the wound of—*the dead*?

\* \* \* \* \*

The yeomen of Essex had rested in their graves for eighteen years, when King Richard lay a prisoner in the Tower, and was forced to abdicate and publicly confess his crimes. An outcast from society, doomed to solitary confinement for life, rejected of God and man, the once mighty tyrant perished in the dungeons of Pomfret amid hunger, thirst, and cold.

## THE SCOTCH CRITIC AND THE LAND PLAN.

Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,  
 An honest man's the noblest work of God ;  
 And *certes* in fair virtue's heavenly road,  
 The *cottage* leaves the *palace* far behind."—BURNS.

The signs of the times are indisputably the signs of progress and of improvement. There is manifestly a spirit abroad on the wings of the wind ; gliding gently on, like the soft sweet breath of the summer's zephyr breeze, stealing into the hearts of men, and prompting the mind to deeds of love and noble undertakings on behalf of the poor and the needy of the land. None but the most bigoted, selfish, and narrow-minded, would dare to maintain that this heaven-sent influence is confined within the narrow circle of any particular class, for it is wide-spread as the air we breathe ; it is universal.

It is indeed gladdening to the heart of the true philanthropist and the real patriot, to find that men of every class are now rousing from the callous slumber of a thousand years, to rally round the standard of progress—the flag of improvement.

We need not expect however that men will renounce all their former feelings, and every class-prejudice, in a moment, as if the enchanter's wand had passed over their heads, and brought about the *golden age* by magic. No ; Rome was not built in a day, and this also will be a work of time. As the genial dews of heaven fall on the earth, and by degrees call forth life and beauty, decking the mountain's brow with verdure, and the lovely vales with blooming flowers ; and as these, fanned by the gentle zephyr, and strengthened by the sun's bright rays, spring up increasing in strength and in beauty ; even so does knowledge fall on the mind, and by degrees brings forth her golden fruit, and the exertions of the intelligent and the virtuous, like the zephyr breeze and the sun's rays, brings the fruit to maturity. We do most heartily rejoice at the exertions which are now being made in almost every town in Great Britain to improve the social condition of the people, and to give them a taste for intellectual enjoyment by the publication of cheap newspapers and weekly periodicals. We do the more rejoice that the people are beginning to appreciate these exertions, and to see that it is their duty to take a part in all undertakings calculated to



improve their condition. No one is more ready to allow than I am, that the Messrs. Chambers of Edinburgh have done much to improve the intellectual and social condition of the people by their cheap publications. For this they deserve the thanks of every philanthropist, and we believe in a pecuniary point they have met with a pretty fair remuneration.

But notwithstanding our high admiration of their many good qualities, we do indeed regret that they have not sufficient moral courage to shake themselves free of that class-prejudice on political matters, which binds them down to the obsolete opinions of the last century. Is it not remarkable that men who are almost continually pressing on the minds of the working classes the imperative necessity of improving their moral, social, and intellectual condition—who are labouring to convince men of knowledge that every branch of science, chemistry, agriculture, mechanics, education, criminal jurisprudence, &c., &c., &c., is manifestly susceptible of much improvement—that they never take it into their heads that political science is very susceptible of great improvement also?

In all their writings addressed to the working classes, they are particularly careful to avoid political matters, and when they do refer to politics, they invariably endeavour to make their readers believe—by assertion alone—that little good can be done towards improving their condition by political changes, and insidiously strive to make the working classes completely indifferent to political matters. Now it almost invariably happens—singularly enough—that men who are in the wrong are most inconsistent; and the Messrs. Chambers are no exception to this general rule.

Thus, in their weekly tract, (No. 170,) entitled “Hints to Workmen,” it is stated in the second page:—“On looking around on society we observe that the advance of men from one situation in life to another, has not been achieved by any miraculous or wonderful conjunction of circumstances—is not the result of any political or social revolution, or the passing of any particular law.”

In the first page of the same tract we find—“Formerly the classes in society were only two in number—the aristocracy and their vassals. *The emancipation of the latter, by which* they were enabled to pursue handicraft employment, and carry on trade on their own account, *led to the gradual rise* of the middle class.”

Now, we would ask any plain working man, is not the

*first extract completely disproved*, by the fact revealed in the second? Was not the "emancipation of the vassals," said by the Messrs. Chambers to be the origin of the middle classes, "a political or social revolution." Was not the Reform Bill a political measure, and also a very important part of the "emancipation of the vassals." Did not the reduction of the stamp duties, and the introduction of cheap postage, and cheap periodical literature, tend to "advance men from one situation in life to another?" Are not these *political measures* the most important causes of the present desire to obtain knowledge, to improve the social and intellectual condition of the people?

If the Messrs. Chambers are so ignorant as they seem to be on political economy, the working classes are more capable of being *their* instructors than they imagine. The fact is so notorious, that I cannot think of taking up space to prove that the *present* administration of political affairs—the present unjust system of political economy—through the operations of which the *great majority* of the working classes are so burdened by taxation as to be barely able to earn as much as will keep soul and body together—makes it utterly impossible for the *majority of the people* to "advance from one situation in life to another;" because, with all their exertions, they have quite enough to do to preserve themselves from "the kindly treatment" of the poor-house. The advice of the Messrs. Chambers may do very well, if it is exclusively addressed to that *very small portion* of the working classes—and who are every day becoming smaller—who are commonly termed the "*Trades aristocracy*:" men who endeavour to ape the middle class men, by the advice of the Messrs. Chambers, who look down on their more unfortunate brethren who earn less wages, as being inferior beings—who lord it over those under them with a high hand indeed, and who are, in every sense of the word, the very worst enemies of the people.

The Messrs. Chambers are aware that a great portion of the working classes are in a state "pretty nearly as hopeless" as those born in a state of actual slavery, and looking at this they only say—"But it will not do for the moralist to remain silent, because *all* cannot profit by his admonition."

I am aware of this, but I call upon the Messrs. Chambers to deny this: it is the duty of the *true* philanthropist, the real moralist, if he cannot benefit *all*, to devote his time



and his talents to the cause of the *greatest number*, and more especially so if the greatest number is demonstrably the most helpless, and therefore the most in want of immediate counsel and assistance. I take this to be sound philosophy, and yet it is a notorious fact that the conduct of the Messrs. Chambers has been invariably exactly the opposite of this. They have never yet, so far as I am aware, propounded any scheme to benefit the great body of the people. The policy they have invariably recommended has been—to be quite content with things as they are, so far as political matters are concerned; not to endeavour by any means to raise their wages, but to benefit themselves by “excessive economy” alone, and behave themselves and wait till good behaviour shall get them promoted in the scale of wealth; forgetting all the while that it is only *a very few* who can, even by the most “excessive economy,” for that is their words—keep themselves in their *present position*, and that, though a very few may rise by a display of the most usurious greed in all their mode of life, yet the great body are still as miserable as ever, and those men who rise, unite with their employers to keep them so, if they can make anything by it.

But we could pardon the Messrs. Chambers for not propounding an original scheme, if they would but calmly consider several excellent schemes which other men have propounded for the benefit of the great body of the people. This they have not apparently been at the trouble to do, but have at once condemned one or two of the best plans which have as yet been devised for the social elevation of the people, just because they have been denounced by the *hirelings of the press*.

In the Tract to which I have already referred, (No. 170,) we find the following passage:—“We have, however, a better opinion of Building Societies generally, than of a scheme lately set on foot by a society for assigning an acre of land to its members, in requital of certain payments: There is every reason to believe that the community land-buying project will eventually break up, with loss to the greater number of the parties concerned, and we earnestly discommend any one from joining it.

“Even if successful, the idea of a mechanic removing from a town where he is well employed to a rural district, there to commence living by the produce of an acre of land, *wrung with difficulty from the soil*, would seem too



insane to be gravely entertained, did we not know that, allowing themselves to be carried away by clap-trap oratory, too many of the operative orders give credence to all sorts of fallacies."

Now it is quite evident from the composition of the above paragraph, and the total want of any sort of argument for the opinions therein expressed, that the Messrs. Chambers have allowed "themselves to be carried away by the clap-trap" denunciations of the English Whig and Tory press, and that they have never calmly considered—*if indeed they have ever seen*—the whole of the National Land Plan.

Though they say "*there is every reason to believe that this community land-buying project will eventually break up, &c.,*" yet is it not remarkable that they do not favour us with *one single reason*, or the shadow of proof in support of their rash assertion. Of course, as we are accustomed to act on the philosophy which tells us to "*prove all things,*" these assertions must go for nothing. The Messrs. Chambers, like their Whig and Tory compeers, have found it convenient to denounce the Land Plan, not because it was likely to fail, but just because it is most certain to succeed, just on the same principle that they say the working classes are too ignorant, when they have discovered that they were *too intelligent to remain in slavery*.

Even if successful, they say, "the idea of a mechanic removing from a town where he is well employed to a rural district, &c.," they think is the very height of insanity. But I would ask the Messrs. Chambers, how many of the mechanics are really *well-employed* in the true sense of the word. And even those who are well employed, can they tell how long this employment will continue.

Are not hundreds of them even now being discharged in consequence of the monetary crisis, and the consequent stoppage of railway operations? If they have no funds of their own to fall back upon, will the law of Scotland allow them any aid? No! not a single farthing; they are able-bodied men, and if they cannot obtain employment they *must starve!*

Are they not liable, at the caprice of their employers, to be discharged, even in their most prosperous days, when everything appears to go well? Are they not completely at the mercy of commercial fluctuations and petty tyrannical overseers?

But the real question is not—are a few mechanics well employed—but *in what condition are the great body of the people?*

Let us take the *general rule*, and not fly off to *isolated exceptions—to single solitary instances.*

Is it not a fact that the great majority of the working-classes are far from being anything like well employed, or anything like properly remunerated? Do they not depend for a mere hanging on of existence, on the most precarious employments? And do they not toil at unhealthy and severe labour from early dawn till long after sun-set, in a very great number of cases, for the most paltry pittance. But even for this labour, the working man must

“ Beg a brother of the earth  
Go give him leave to toil.”

and often this cannot be obtained, for often we

“ See his lordly fellow-worm  
The poor petition scorn  
Unmindful tho’ a weeping wife  
And helpless offspring mourn.”

It is to remedy such a deplorable state of things that Mr. O’Connor has propounded the Land Plan. To lead the poor persecuted and half-starved operative from the close, unhealthy, pestiferous atmosphere of the hell-born factory, and “make him lie down in green pastures, and lead him beside the still waters,” to place him in the midst of nature’s blooming loveliness, where the gentle Zephyr breeze will cool his brow, and the sweet odours from the flowery vale are borne on the wings of the west wind, where health and vigour is renewed by the employment which God himself designed for man. Though the idea is ridiculed by the Messrs. Chambers, there are thousands—tens of thousands—of the humble operative-class who are sighing for the home—

“ Where ripened fields and azure skies  
Call forth the reaper’s rustling noise.”

And if successful, they will regard it as the sweetest boon which man could bestow.

When the working-man, released from toil on Sunday, strays forth into the country, well may his companion, when they are again at the loom or the anvil, exclaim with Burns—



"When the deep green-mantled earth  
 Warm-cherish'd ev'ry flow'ret's birth,  
 And joy and music pouring forth  
     In ev'ry grove.  
 I saw thee eye the gen'ral mirth,  
     With boundless love."

Will not the arms of the operative be as strong to handle the spade, as they are to sway the ponderous hammer? and will not his hands be as ready to labour in the field as they are to labour at the loom? and more especially when he remembers that there he will not be robbed of half the fruits of his toil, that no tyrannical task-master is standing over him, with the threat that he must submit or starve. He is now labouring for *himself*—he is now his own master—the "independent thought" is now "planted in his mind"—he is now free!

The Messrs. Chambers say, that the mechanic who goes on the land is then to commence living by the produce of an acre of land, *wrung with difficulty from the soil!* and if we turn to their Edinburgh Journal, (No. 531, April 2nd, 1842,) we shall find, under the head "Small Cottage Farms," the following:—"It has been proved, over and over again, that *an acre* of ground, well cultivated, WILL YIELD ABUNDANCE of both corn and vegetables, for the support of a family of moderate size." And in the same article they tell us that three quarters of an acre will keep a cow, or will yield sufficient corn for a year's consumption.

Now surely, if one single acre of land will keep a family of moderate size, the produce of another acre will pay the rent and leave a balance, and this is all we require. In the same article they tell us that the result of some experiments has been, that even less than eighty roods, or half an acre, will produce food sufficient to maintain a cow!

Thus the four acre allottee may keep eight cows, and surely the produce will be sufficient to maintain his family and pay all necessary expenses.

If any one wished me to prove that the Land Plan would succeed, I would just refer him to "Chambers, Edinburgh Journal" and "Information for the People," and there he would see the capabilities of the soil, and have all his doubts removed. Those who are wrong must be inconsistent, and the Messrs. Chambers are no exception.

None will be so foolish as to expect, when they go upon the Land, that their ground will exhibit a large stock of

bushes, leaving a full crop of model pennies, or other representatives of the new decimal coinage—that they will have nothing to do but pull and pocket—or that Mr. O'Connor will go about with a box of lucifer matches and a pair of bellows, like an old woman, kindling the fires, and making ready the pottage of a morning, to all the occupants of the several estates: they will go there to work—"to earn their bread in the sweat of the brow:" but they will have this consolation that they are sure to receive the *full fruit* of their labour.

There will be no overseer to pay, no master to make a fortune from their toil: and if the plan is practically carried out by "willing hands and true hearts," they will not only benefit themselves socially, morally and intellectually, but they will tend, by their new and improved mode of farming, as laid down in Mr. O'Connor's work on Small Farms—to improve agricultural science generally over the whole country.

Nor will this be all, as every hundred who are placed upon the land will be so much surplus labour taken from the overstocked labour market; those who remain in towns will also be materially benefitted.

It has been well said "God made the country, the devil made the town," for God gave to man the earth for his inheritance, but the devil gave them factories. The Messrs. Chambers should have known that the day has long gone by, when men would "take for granted" the mere empty assertions of any man; and if they do really believe that the Land Plan will not succeed, their duty is to point out its defects, and endeavour to have *them removed*, in order to insure its success, instead of indulging in empty denunciations. But I am afraid it is more the *founder* of the Land Plan, and the political effects of its general practical adoption by the operative classes, than any defects of the plan itself, that makes them so eager with denunciations.

They are aware "that a bold peasantry, their country's pride,"—and particularly a peasantry of O'Connor's making, would not become the servile tools of any party; would not cringe and stoop to

———"A belted knight,  
A marquis, duke, an' a' that,"

but would become men of "independent thought," and fearless action, would be ready to lend their aid to obtain the political rights of the unrepresented masses, and secure justice to the poor and the needy of the land.



But the spirit of progress and improvement is abroad, and none can set bounds to its march. If there is to be improvement, it must be improvement everywhere, and it must progress till all are free—till the whole world recognise the great truth that “all men are brethren.”

While we are told that men like the Messrs. Chambers of Edinburgh are endeavouring to improve the social and intellectual condition of the people, we regret that they are not ready to allow that the social condition of the people cannot be materially alleviated, until the people obtain their just political rights. There are too many who have an interest—or, at least, who think so—in keeping things as they are; and until these are either convicted or convinced, all the efforts of a few philanthropic minds will be almost entirely abortive.

Instead of endeavouring to improve the condition of a few among the operative class, who are already in comparatively easy circumstances, “the good and the true” of all classes should unite in one great invincible phalanx, to secure the political rights of the people; and the people would then have the power to benefit themselves, socially, morally, and politically together.

Why should we continue to spend our strength, lopping off the branches? let us strike at the root of the evil at once; instead of mere superficial remedies, let us have a radical cure—let us purge the system from the very core, and then we may succeed.

It is the duty of the people themselves to keep facts of this kind continually before the eyes of such men as the Messrs. Chambers, and as there is some chance of one, or both, of these gentlemen coming north, I beg to assure them that they shall not leave this city until they either retract their statement on the Land Plan, or endeavour to prove their assertions, for they shall at least have a public opportunity.

The men of Edinburgh are not doing their duty to the Land Company, if they allow these statements of theirs to go unquestioned—they should wait upon them, and get their reasons for the denunciation of the Land Plan.

We should always be ready to court inquiry, and to invite discussion—for truth will stand the test of the fullest investigation: but those who imagine that the baseless denunciations of the servile press will shake the people's confidence in Mr. O'Connor and the Land Plan, are, indeed, most miserably mistaken.

The same press has denounced the principles of “equal

rights and equal laws," and the people know well at what value to estimate the proofless statements of those who have proved themselves the hirelings of those who live by upholding things as they are.—*Pro Patria.*

*Aberdeen.*

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## THE ROMANCE OF A PEOPLE.

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### AN HISTORICAL TALE

OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

(*Continued from page 275, Vol. 2.*)

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#### CHAPTER VI.

In an ancient and lofty apartment of the Sandomir palace in Warsaw, an aged man was pacing to and fro with a firm, proud step, that belied his years, and the snowy whiteness of his scanty hair. It was the Palatine. Yet, though his bearing was elate, he seemed not to join fully in the general enthusiasm of reconquered liberty. It was a selfish joy—it was a home thought that flavoured the cup of what, to him, was but a partial triumph; victim of incomparable wrongs, it was but natural that they should absorb the last faculties of his waning life, and that in the vast machinery of insurrection he saw but the agent of personal retribution.

As he paced that chamber, he gazed from time to time at the portraits along the walls, but they were not the portraits of his ancestors; by the black stamp of passion on those rigid faces, you might recognise the ancestry of Orloff, to whom the mansions and estates of the Palatine had been given. It is strange how nature will often write on the countenances of a race through many generations: "beware!" how the corporeal and mental likeness will be transmitted; and thence a claim in favour of an hereditary aristocracy be adduced. Yet is the claim on this ground invalid. The proudest blood—unmingled, produces bodily and mental ruin. Take, as an instance, the famous "blue blood" of Spain; so haughty, that the proud grandees of the antient houses would not stoop to marry with the modern nobility; and what is the result? Few in number—intermarrying with each other's families, the "blue blood;" of Spain flows in the veins of physical and intellectual cripples—dwarfs in body and in mind. In other countries,

where they have intermarried with the middle and working-class, the aristocracy retained their old standard—not more than the rest of men, but as much. What does this prove? That in the boasted blood, in hereditary exclusiveness, there is no intrinsic merit; but that, since it can only retain its average standard of worth by union with those classes faction calls more “humble,” it is in those classes that genuine manhood rests, and it is only by an infraction of the very boundaries of exclusiveness, that aristocracy can save itself from contempt and retain its position in the ranks of men.

These thoughts, however, never crossed the brain of the Palatine as he gazed on the fatal portraits of the Orloff.

He was an aristocrat by birth, breeding, and character, and though love had made him once contradict himself, that very fact seemed to render him more tenacious of his own nobility. Misfortune, the leveller of distinctions, had not altered those feelings, and when we find him treating a Scyrma or an Anselm in familiar terms, we must recollect it was the familiarity of feudalism, as the proud rider may stroke the neck of his favourite horse.

“Upstarts and murderers!” cried Sandomir, as he stood before the imaged forms of the hated race. When the Palatine first recovered possession of his town mansion, his attendants had prepared to tear the obnoxious portraits from the walls, and commit them to the flames.

“Let them remain!” said their lord, “I like to walk through their silent ranks, and think of retribution. They reproach delay—they stimulate action—*when Orloff has fallen*, then these may disappear!”

“Palatine! the Dictator has conferred on you the command of—”

“I refuse it, Prince Tsartima!—I must have liberty—freedom to act—men! men! are all I want—but they must be mine—and I can command them at a moment’s notice.”

“But that is exactly what the Dictator knows—he therefore requests you to raise the peasantry of Sandomir and the surrounding country, form them into a division, of which he gives you the command, and rest assured he will find work enough for you to do.”

“No doubt! no doubt! Tell the ‘Eagle Eye’ of the Corsican upstart\* I will not be tied by his dictation. I will raise my peasantry, and I will command them too—but it suits me not at present that another should command them and me.”

“But our country demands—”

“Our country shall receive some service at my hands. I

\* Chłopiński was a favourite of Napoleon, who presented him with a silver dart, in compliment of his “Eagle Eye,” or prompt discernment on the field of battle.



will fight for her—bleed for her—die for her—I have suffered for her”—and his brow darkened. “Tsartima ! when I have crushed the serpent, command Sandomir and his peasantry.”

Thus the insane pride and selfish passions of the aristocracy were ruining the strength of the insurrection at the very outset. The same personal ambitions and private hatreds of the nobles had given the ancient kingdom into the hands of the Muscovites, that were now keeping it in their chains.

Out on aristocracy ! Had the proclamation of the Diet been a Cracow manifesto—had the peasantry and working-men guided the movement, it would have succeeded, for there would have been unity ; but an aristocrat, to serve liberty, must forget his aristocracy.

Some of the above thoughts may have occurred to Tsartima, though he, too, was a proud, bigotted aristocrat, although a sincere lover of his country—but he forbore to mention them. He loved Zaleska—the Palatine knew it and favoured his hopes ; he even desired to see the last scions of two of Poland’s noblest houses thus united, and the prince feared, by any word or deed, to estrange the good will of his beloved one’s father. His affection, however, was not responded to by Zaleska—the image of the banished conscript still haunted her heart—and bitter were at times the words of the Palatine, even though he saw her fade beneath the canker of a blighted love. It seemed to him like a retribution on his head, for having, himself, married below his rank, and it was strange, but too true to human nature, that he should reprove with bitterness in his child, that which he had committed in his youth. Doubly anxious, from these reasons, that his daughter should marry into so illustrious a family as that of Tsartima, whose immaculate nobility might efface the stain he had brought on his own escutcheon, he endeavoured, by every means short of force, to accomplish this union ; an object in which he was powerfully seconded by the beauty, the talents and the chivalry of the prince. First love had hitherto proved too strong for the assailer ; but who can answer for the heart of woman, when a grey haired father’s love asks forgetfulness of an absent lover.

“Prince !” said the Palatine, and smiled, “to-day is my birthday, and I have not seen my daughter, though she has been seeking me. You perceive I have first come to receive the greetings of my old acquaintance here !” and he pointed to the portraits. “Now we will to my daughter. Come with me, Tsartima ! I know it is a welcome summons.”

“Zaleska, child !” said the Palatine, as his daughter bounded to his arms, and he received and replied to her affectionate greetings, “I have brought you a guest, whom, for your father’s sake—and for his own, too—I trust you will receive, as——”

“Father !” said Zaleska, interrupting him, with a pale

cheek and eager voice—"Father, is it true the Muscovite is marching on Warsaw?"

"As that you are making a scarf for a Polish soldier," said the Palatine; and repented of the incautious words, that recalled the original destination of the fatal scarf we found Zaleska embroidering, when first we saw her in the old farmhouse. Alas! it recalled the absent and the loved, and the liquid sorrow gathered in the young girl's eyes.

That scarf had been long embroidering; day by day had Zaleska bent over it—but it progressed not, while she beaded it with her tears. Of late, however, her work had proceeded with wondrous rapidity, and both Tsartima and the Palatine drew good augury from the fact.

Anxious irrevocably to commit his daughter to an union with the Prince, by obtaining from her a favourable recognition of his suit—well knowing that this would be as binding on her high sense of honour as a marriage rite, as long as the Prince remained worthy of her hand—Sandomir resumed:

"And here," pointing to Tsartima—"here is the soldier to whom you destine it. Give it, child, and take the blessing of a father!"

"He is here, indeed!" said Zaleska, rising, and throwing the scarf around her father's shoulder—"My birthday gift, dear father!" she exclaimed, with a flood of tears, and sinking in his arms.

A drop trembled in the old man's eyes, and even Tsartima's pale cheek quivered with emotion, as, with a look of indescribable admiration and love, he gazed upon Zaleska. Well did he understand the feelings then convulsing her heart—as well did he behold in that gift the denial of his fondest hopes.

## THE POOR MAN'S LEGAL MANUAL.

### VI.—THE LAW RELATING TO VOTERS FOR MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT.

We have considered that we cannot be doing our readers a better service than to lay before them, briefly and clearly, the present state of the laws regarding elections of members of parliament. We begin with the qualifications of voters, and shall afterwards treat of the qualifications of members (that is the legal, not the moral or intellectual qualifica-

tions), the proceedings before and at elections, and any miscellaneous points relevant to the subject.

### I.—RIGHT OF VOTING IN COUNTIES.

The different persons entitled to vote at elections for counties may be thus classed:—1st, Freeholders; 2nd, Copyholders; 3rd, Leaseholders.

#### 1st. FREEHOLDERS.

All freeholders seised of estates of inheritance of the clearly yearly value of forty shillings.

Freeholders having estates for life, if in actual and *bona fide* occupation of the same, or if the same shall have come to them by marriage, marriage settlement, devise or promotion to any benefice or office, or if seised of their estates before the 7th of June, 1832, are entitled to vote, provided their estates are of the clear yearly value of forty shillings.

In all other cases freeholders for life must have estates of the clear yearly value of £10.

Freehold estates are,

#### 1. *Estates of Inheritance :*

Which are in fee simple, which is an estate given without qualification to a man and his heirs for ever.

In fee-tail, which may be described as an estate of inheritance to a man and certain inheritors designated in the legal instrument by which the estate is conveyed and limited.

#### 2. *Estates not of Inheritance :*

In which the tenant has only an interest for life ; which are estates for the life of the tenant or any other person.

Tenancy in-tail after possibility of issue extinct ; as where a man has an estate to him and his heirs on the body of his present wife begotten, and the wife dies without issue, the husband has an estate tail which cannot descend to any one.

Tenancy by curtesy ; which is where a man marries a woman seised of an estate of inheritance and has issue by her capable of inheriting. In this case the husband holds the estate for his life.

Tenancy in dower.—Where the husband of a woman is seised of an estate of inheritance and dies, the woman (if not barred by settlement, or otherwise) is entitled to a third of the estate. If the widow marries a second husband, he becomes entitled to vote in respect of such estate.



*Incorporeal freeholds.*—An estate to be freehold need not necessarily consist in lands. It is sufficient if it be an interest existing in and arising out of land. Such an estate is called incorporeal; and if in other respects qualified, is sufficient to give a right of voting—such are,

Rents, as fee farm rents, and other perpetual rents charged upon lands.

Annuities issuing out of lands.

Tithes, which constitute a freehold estate, whether they issue out of freehold or copyhold lands.

Shares in rivers or canals, where the shareholders have an interest arising in and out of the soil.

Tolls of markets, and fairs held apart from the land.

Offices, in respect of which the holder is possessed of a freehold interest in land, or profits issuing out of, or charged on lands. Thus, parish clerks and schoolmasters not liable to removal, having salaries paid out of lands settled to such uses, are entitled to vote.

Purchasers of land tax are to be taken to have a fee farm rent to the amount of the land tax purchased; and if the amount be sufficient, the tax so redeemed gives a right to vote.

Persons having an interest in lands as members of a corporation aggregate, are not entitled to vote in respect of such lands.

But corporations sole, as parsons, may vote for lands holden in their corporate capacity.

Joint tenants, and tenants in common, are entitled to vote separately.

## 2nd. COPYHOLDERS.

Persons seised of estates of copyhold or any other tenure than freehold, whether of inheritance or for life, are entitled to vote, provided such estates are of the clear yearly value of £10.

## 3rd. LEASEHOLDERS.

Lessees, or assignees of estates, whatsoever may be the tenure thereof, for any unexpired residue of a term, originally for sixty years, are entitled to vote, provided the clear yearly value of the estate be £10.; tenants of any term, originally not less than twenty years, provided the estates be of the yearly value of £50. And lastly, any tenant occupying lands or tenements for which he

is bona fide liable to a yearly rent of not less than £50. is entitled to vote.

Sub-lessees, however, and assignees of any under-lease, are not qualified.

## II.—RIGHT OF VOTING IN CITIES AND BOROUGHES.

The right of voting in cities and boroughs is vested in every person occupying as owner or tenant any house or other building which, either separately or jointly with any land within the same city or borough, is of the clear yearly value of £10.

If the amount of value be made up (as it may be) by different buildings, or by buildings and lands jointly, such buildings and lands must be held under the same landlord. The value should be “above all rents and charges, payable out of the same.” Public and parochial taxes are not to be considered as charges by which the value may be diminished.

The exercise of the right is made to depend on the following conditions:—

The voter must be registered: and in order to be registered; he must have occupied the premises twelve calendar months next previous to the last day of July in each year.

In parishes or townships in which there is a poor-rate, the premises must have been rated to all rates made during the period of such twelve months' occupation.

He must have paid on or before the 20th of July in each year, all rates and assessed taxes which have become due in respect of such premises previously to the 6th of April next preceding.

Lastly, he must have resided in the borough or within seven statute miles thereof before the last day of July in each year.

## III.—PERSONS DISQUALIFIED TO VOTE.

Persons incapacitated by law to exercise the right of voting are:—

Aliens; persons under age; women; idiots; lunatics (except during lucid intervals); persons outlawed on criminal process; persons convicted of felony (until the sentence of law has been suffered which operates as a pardon). But persons convicted of perjury or bribery are disqualified for ever.

Persons having received parochial relief twelve calendar months before the time of registration.

Peers, except Irish peers when members of parliament for any county or town in England ; officers of the excise, customs, stamps, post-office, post-office packets, and collectors of salt duties.

Persons on the establishment of the eight metropolitan police offices are disqualified from voting for Middlesex, Surrey, Westminster, or Southwark, till six months after leaving such offices.

And persons in the service of the police established by 10 Geo. IV. c. 44., are similarly disqualified from voting for Middlesex, Surrey, Hertford, Essex, Kent, Westminster, and Southwark.

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## NATIONAL LITERATURE.

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### I.—POLAND.

(Continued from page 288, Vol. 2.)

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“ *Pancrates (entering)* : Hail, Sir Count ! That title of Count sounds strangely from my lips. (*He sits unbidden.*)

“ *The Count* : I thank you for your confidence in the penates of this feudal hall. True to old national customs, I drink health and happiness to you. (*Offers him the cup.*)

“ *Pancrates (looking round him)* : If I am not in error, these emblems, red and blue, in the language of the departed world are called coats of arms. Already these baubles are disappearing from the earth.

“ *The Count* : God willing, they will be soon restored to it.

“ *Pancrates* : That is what I call answering like a gentleman of the olden time—always positive. Full of pride and obstinacy, and puffed with hopes, though without money, arms, or warriors ; feigning a faith in God, because without faith longer in themselves. Why do you not let me see something of those thunders, which you threaten to launch at my devoted head ? Are legions of angels to descend and make us raise this siege ? where are they then ?



" *The Count* : You are jesting. Atheism is a hacknied formula. I had hoped something less stale from you.

" *Pancrates* : My formula is more vast and mighty than your own. The cry of agony and despair of millions of men—the misery of the poor—the sufferings of all humanity fettered in its prejudices—exhausted by its doubts and fears, and chained down to its bestial habits. Such is the symbol of my faith. My God of the present hour is my own thought, and that power which will achieve for mankind glory—give it bread.

" *The Count* : And my strength I derive from him who conferred power on my father.

" *Pancrates* : Yet you have rather served the devil. But let us come to the point, Sir Count.

" *The Count* : What seekest thou of me, Saviour of Nations, Citizen-god ?

" *Pancrates* : I have come because I longed to know thee, and that I wish to save thee.

" *The Count* : Thanks for thy first intention : as to my safety, believe me, I shall find it in this sword.

" *Pancrates* : Your God ! your sword ! chimeras ! millions of anathemas already menace, myriads of threatening arms surround you. What have you to oppose them ? some scanty acres, that will scarce afford you graves. And how resist ? Where is your artillery ? Where are your stores ? Above all, where is the valour on which you may rely ? If I were in your place, I know how I should act.

" *The Count* : Go on—I listen, you see with how much patience.

" *Pancrates* : Well, were I Count Henry, I should say to Pancrates, 'Let us make peace ; I disband my army, and I keep my titles and estates, of which you, Pancrates, guarantee me the possession.' What is your age ?

" *The Count* : I am six and thirty.

" *Pancrates* : Fifteen years more of life at the utmost. Men of your stamp do not last long. As to your child, it is nearer to its grave than to its manhood. One exception may be tolerated without prejudice. Remain, therefore, last of the counts, reign over your possessions peaceably, cause portraits of your ancestors to be painted, sculpture their coats of arms and shields according to your pleasure, only give up the wretches of your caste, making way for the justice of the people.—I drink to your health, last of your order.

" *The Count* : Thy words are insults. The providence of my plighted word protects thee.

" *Panocrates* ; Thy knightly word ! thy knightly honour, forsooth ! Thou art unrolling there a faded rag which is scarce discernable, contrasted with the gorgeous colours of the banner of mankind. Yes, now I know and curse thee. Full of life, thou art voluntarily wedded to a corpse ! Thou seekest vainly to believe in castes, in relics, in a country ! But in thy inmost heart thou knowest well that thy fellows have deserved to perish—to perish and be forgotten.

" *The Count* : And you and yours, what have you deserved ?

" *Panocrates* : Life and victory ! I know only one law to which I bow, that law by which the world passes from one sphere to another. It is destruction of your existence. It tells you through my mouth,—‘ Oh you all—old, corrupt and bloated, filled to satiety with meat and drinks, and with destroying worms—make way for the young, the hungry and the healthy !’ But I wish to save thee, and thee only.

" *The Count* : Now heaven confound thy pity ! I know thee, thou and thy followers. I have penetrated to thy camp by night, I have noted well the revels of the multitude, whose head thou usest as thy footstool ; I have recognised among it all the crimes of the old world dressed up anew, singing to a new tune, but one which will end in the old chorus—flesh and blood ! But thou wast not amongst them—thou didst not deign to commingle with thy own children because thou despisest them at heart. Wait only awhile, and if thou becomest not mad, thou wilt despise thyself.

" *Panocrates* : My world, it is true, is not yet developed in its reality. The giant child has not attained its growth, it still wants to be fed and cherished. But the time will come, when having grown self-conscious, it will say :—‘ I am !’ and there will not be throughout the universe another voice to echo :—‘ I am, too !’ ”

This *Panocrates* supposes to take place under a communistic brotherhood, the working and realisation of which he describes.

" The earth (he continues) will become one vast, flourishing city, one immense house and home, one wide laboratory of industry and wealth.

" *The Count* : Thy voice expresses well the falsehood,

but thy features, motionless and pale, cannot succeed in aping inspiration.

“ *Pancrates* : Interrupt me not ! myriads of men have on their bended knees craved of me words like these, and I have been chary of them. Then, in that future world there will appear an imperishable God—a God, whose existence the suffering and toil of centuries will have succeeded in laying bare at last—a God, who will have been drawn down from heaven by his own children, whom he had banished to the earth, but who, having grown apace, felt that they were entitled to the truth. The real God of humanity will be there revealed.

“ *The Count* : Ages have elapsed already since he revealed himself.

“ *Pancrates* : Let him delight then in the fruit of that revelation, in the misery of two thousand years, which have flown by since he died upon the cross.

“ *The Count* : Blasphemer ! I have seen that cross, I have seen it in the centre of old Rome, of the eternal city, planted upon the wreck of a mightier power than thine ; and the unpedestalled heads of Gods by hundreds, such as thine are, were scattered in the dust around, shivered and trampled where Christ was triumphing.

“ *Pancrates* : Thy God imposes on me no more than the clattering of those trophied arms. But I read thy thoughts. Listen to me. If thou art capable of aspiring towards infinity, if thou hast a real thirst of truth, and hast even sought for it sincerely,—if thou art made after the likeness of thy kind, and not after the image of some hero of a nursery tale, then hear me ! Let not the hour of salvation pass. I speak for the last time. If thou art what thou seemest, rise ! quit these walls and follow me.

“ *The Count* : Younger brother of the old serpent ! (*aside*) No, these are dreams which man may never realise ! *The first of his race died in the wilderness, and he can never re-enter Paradise.*

“ *Pancrates* : (*aside*) I have made the most sensitive fibre of his heart to vibrate.

“ *The Count* : Progress and happiness ! I too had dreamed them once. During past centuries, a hundred years ago, a compromise might have been still possible ; now nothing is left us but to combat, for you design the extermination of a race.

“ *Pancrates* : Woe to the vanquished ! shout with us, ‘ Woe to the vanquished ! ’ and be with us a victor.



" *The Count* : What ? Hast thou so accurately followed the map of the mysterious future ? Has fate communed with thee in visible form ? Has it stood in the lonely night at the entrance of thy tent ; or hast thou heard its voice at drowsy noon, when thou alone wert watching and all around thee slumbered, outworn with fatigue and heat, that thou dardest threaten with such certainty thy future victory ? Man as thou art, moulded like myself from clay, and liable to be the prey of the first bullet, or the slave of the first sabre's edge.

" *Pancrates* : Illusion, vain illusion ! Lead will not harm, steel injure me, so long as one of you resist my will. That which may chance when you have been swept away, concerns you not. (*The clock strikes.*) Time is mocking us ; if thou art weary of thy life, still save thy son.

" *The Count* : The salvation of his pure soul is assured in heaven. On earth he will share his father's fate.

" *Pancrates* : Thou dost refuse, and meditate ? 'Tis well, meditation is befitting him who sits beneath the shadow of the tomb.

" *The Count* : Begone ! disturb no longer the mysterious working of my soul, bent upon things above the sphere of thy terrestrial thoughts. Begone ! live on in thy grovelling world ! enjoy it ; but seek not to rise above it. Leave me ! leave me !

" *Pancrates* : Slave of one thought—of one idea ! Warrior, poet, pedant ! out upon thee !

" *The Count* : It is in vain ; thou couldst never understand me, never ! Thy sire and his sire disappeared,—they died, and they were buried pêle mêle with the people, like commonplace things without worth or value. There was not one *man* amongst them ; that is to say, not one being gifted with the strength of a superior and undying mind. (*He points to the portraits of his ancestors.*) Look at those venerable images. A thought patriarchal, social, patriotic,—an idea, antithetic to thine own, dwells in the lines severe which mark those pensive brows. That thought has passed to me—lives in me. Now thou, oh man, art even without a recognised birthplace. Each night thy tent is pitched upon the ruins of thy neighbour's dwelling, and each succeeding morn it is struck to wander farther. Till now thou hast not even found a hearth and home, nor wilt thou, so long as a hundred men of the old world remain to shout with me : ' Glory to our fathers ! ' "

And what was the history of those boasted ancestors ? Pancrates unfolds the stereotyped page of aristocratic vices, wrongs, or weakness ; the blot on every scutcheon is held up to our view.

“ *The Count (interrupting him)* : Son of a plebeian ! Thou and thine would not exist, if our sires had not fed you with their bread, and made a rampart for you of their bosoms. When, from a herd of animals, they humanised you, building you churches, rearing you schools, sharing all with you, but the perils of war, for which you were unfitted. Such bitter words, Pancrates ! fall edgeless from their glory, as formerly the Pagan lance rebounded from their armour. Thy voice cannot disturb the repose of their ashes. It will waste itself like the howl of a mad dog, which slaving from its fangs the foam, tears as it rushes past, and passes on to die, no one knows whither. And now, my guest, it is time that we should part. Thou art free to go.

“ *Pancrates* : Then fare thee well until we meet upon the ramparts of the Holy Trinity ! but when thy ammunition is exhausted ?

“ *The Count* : We shall meet at our swords’ length.

“ *Pancrates (departing)* : We are two eaglets of one brood, but thine eyrie is lightning-stricken. Before I cross this threshold, I leave my curse on thy senility, and I devote thee with thy seed to ruin.

“ *The Count* : Lead this man to the outposts.”

We ask our readers to peruse attentively the above scene. There is no melodramatic effect—no striving after clap-trap ; it is natural—quiet, but grand in its calmness, as befits the meeting of the two mighty beings, supposed to hold the destinies of man in the balance. The author mistakes, if he thinks he has portrayed a Democrat—we see nothing, but the DESTRUCTIVE and the CONSERVATIVE, who have met and parted. Pancrates is “ the avenger,” not the “ Reformer.” Count Henry, the conservative of past forms and relations, incapable of separating their bad qualities from their good, and of adapting the latter to the new phases of a progressing social state. Pancrates is the *merely* practical man of the earth, earthy,—who desires only to “ achieve glory ” which is to “ give bread.” Count Henry is the *merely* ideal, who thinks earthly happiness may be sacrificed to the attainment of a mental triumph, and thus they both err in their object. They forget, that as the link between soul and body is

immediate, though imperceptible, so ought to be the union between our mental and material progression. Again they err in the means—those of physical force. Human nature cannot be changed by the thrust of a bayonet. Force may alter the form, it can never change the spirit. It cannot make a bad man good—nor an infidel religious. Thus, had Pancrates been a true reformer, his armies ought to have been words, his batteries, the printing-press. Then, if class legislation used force to prevent the voice of truth from being heard; then, indeed, the spiritual ought to have combined with the temporal, and physical might have cleared the way for progression. But this is not the case, as represented by our author. Pancrates rallies the millions to the cry of “bread!” gathering “the young, the hungry, and the healthy.” His “formula” is “the cry of agony and despair of millions,” instead of their hope and their enlightenment.

It is not mind, but matter, on which he relies, therefore the Count is justified in retorting: “I know thee, thou and thy followers!” I see in them “all the crimes of the old world dressed up anew, singing to a new tune, but one which will end in the old chorus—flesh and blood.” Therefore, the Count prognosticates the renewed result, taught by experience—failure, when, pointing to the merely destructive tendency of Pancrates, he says, comparing him with Cain, “The first of thy race died in the wilderness, thou wilt do the same.”

Thus much for the social and political truth of this scene; in this point of view, it is a mistake; but, unknown to himself, the author has read a lesson for the future, and pointed out the reason for the failure of past revolutions. As a dramatic scene, and as delineating two great characters, such as history has frequently presented to our view, we hold this work unsurpassed. The coldly calculating (but not really cold,) nature of Pancrates is drawn to the life. How felicitous is the remark, (when the Count says, “I am six and thirty”)—“Fifteen years more of life at the utmost. Men of your stamp do not last long.” Do we not read the very soul of this man? Again, the cruel coarseness of the words: “As for your child, it is nearer to its grave than its manhood!” But this cruelty is only apparent. Toiling for his great object, he had smothered feeling in himself, and forgot that it lived in others; while the fact of his seeking an interview with his rival and reasoning with him, when on the eve of triumph, shows the inward doubt, not



of victory, but of his cause ; of the wisdom of the means he was applying to a fancied end. The arguments, too, for and against aristocracy, are magnificent, *as coming from the speakers*. Yet, they are fallacious. That aristocrats have been bad, despotic, licentious, is no argument against aristocracy. Yet it is the one commonly urged. That they have been chivalrous, high-souled, generous, is no argument in their favour. Yet it is the one invariably advanced. There will be good and bad in all classes. Enrich the poor, they will have the vices of the great. Impoverish the great, they will commit the crimes of the poor. Neither does it matter, which state of things is the most natural—since refinement is as “natural” as brutality ; so-called “artificial” life as much an emanation of human “*nature*,” as the savage “liberty” of the western Indian. Neither is the question, which state is it man’s “natural right” to live under. These are mere unmeaning words. It is man’s “natural right” to establish that state of society which will be most conducive to his individual good, while it is his duty, that it should not infringe upon the equal right of another. Any form of government, therefore, or any state of society that gives one man advantages to the detriment of another, must be defective, inhuman and irreligious. That aristocracy, or class domination does this, needs no argument, since the condition of society speaks for itself.

This line of argument has been entirely overlooked by the author, who, however, feeling the weakness of his position, without being able to account for it philosophically, seeks refuge in religious mysticism.

This is forcibly illustrated in the conclusion of the work. The Count has held a last interview with his son in expectation of the final assault—and in the wildness of his imagination the boy reveals to his father scenes of torture and tyranny his ancestors enacted in the past, and foretells the retribution in the present. Thus the poet justifies to his readers, by this historic retribution, the fate of Count Henry. This is skilfully done to reconcile us with the catastrophe. The scenic effects, too, are arranged with a view to harmony between the theatre of action and the action itself, a point always tenaciously and wisely observed by foreign authors, and carelessly neglected by our own. Vast misty plains—flat—dull but grand—the bed of a past deluge, form the scene, where the political deluge submerges the tame enchanted level of society under its olden aspect. The rising

sun reveals the black ruin-like castle, and the living ocean of armies booming around it.

The battle rages along the ramparts—all is lost—a ball strikes down the child by Count Henry's side. He presses his sword-blade to the lips of the dying boy; but no breath dims its brightness. The last of his faithful servants is killed by his side, and dies cursing his master. The reader will remember the devotion of the poor servant-girl at the commencement of the tragedy—contrast it with the imprecation of the expiring serf, and draw the moral. The poor could sympathise with the suffering of the great, but not with their ambition. That alone is true, which awakes universal sympathy. *Aristocracy does not, and therefore it is false!*

The Count, now stifling the curse on his lips, having no hope, no expectation, plunges over the castle precipice and perishes as the triumphant army takes possession of his stronghold.

The earth is conquered by Pancrates.

"Where is Henry?" cries the victor. "A sack full of gold for Count Henry, dead or alive: a sack full of gold for his body."

He is told how Count Henry perished.

"*Pancrates*: Ah! I recognise his arms; it is his blood-stained sword! He has kept his word; glory to him! To you (*turning to the prisoners*) the guillotine."

Pancrates is now on the pinnacle of triumph; the world is at his feet; he can say, "I am!" and, in the sense of the victor, there is none other can say, "I am, too!" The physical revolution thus perfected, it is time for the moral one to begin. Is he the man to achieve it? Has he laid the right foundation? On that rampart, in the moment of his unparalleled victory, he is thus addressed by his friend and confident.

"*Leonard*: Master! after so many sleepless nights thou shouldst take some repose; thou seemest wearied.

"*Pancrates*: Child! the hour of sleep is not yet arrived. The last breath sighed out by the last of my enemies marks only half my toil. Behold those tenantless plains, which stretch like a gulf betwixt me and my intent! Those plains must yet be peopled, those rocks dug out, those lakes united. Those plains must be divided out amongst you, so that they may rear twice as many living men as there are now dead bodies stretched upon them; otherwise the work of destruction would not be redeemed."

Pancrates then shadows forth the future he intends to create, and his triumph is heightened by the joy of his beneficent intentions; for at this moment the cold armour falls away from his heart; he had shed blood but to remove human obstacles; he had been stern but to obtain power to be kind.

"Leonard: And the God of liberty will give us strength to achieve this gigantic work.

*(The man of destiny suddenly becomes troubled at the name of God, pronounced for the first time by his friend.)*

"Pancrates: Why dost thou talk of God? It is slippery here with human blood. Whose blood? Behind me I see nothing but the castle-yard. We are alone, and yet I feel as if there was some one near me.

"Leonard: Do you mean that human body?

"Pancrates: The body of his faithful servitor—that is lifeless. No, some spirit—whom I know not—hovers here. See, Leonard, that dark point of rock which juts out from the precipice, 'twas there his heart burst into fragments.

"Leonard: Master; thou growest pale!

"Pancrates: There! seest thou not, above us? There!

"Leonard: I see nothing but a cloud, red with the sunset, and stooping towards the summit of the rock.

"Pancrates: Oh! a fearful sign gleams there.

"Leonard: Lean on my arm; what ails thee, master? thou art deadly pale.

"Pancrates: A million of men—a people obeys me! Where is my people?

"Leonard: Why, its shouts are audible from here. Thy people waits thee, it is calling for thee now, no doubt; but oh, in mercy, avert from that point of rock thine eyes, which look as though their light was going out.

"Pancrates: Oh! He stands there upright before me, with his three nails and his three stars! His arms spread out like lightnings.

"Leonard: Master, compose thyself!

"Pancrates: VICISTI GALILAE!"\* *(falls back dead.)*

In this magnificent scene we have revealed to us the secret of the author's utter abstraction from all party-feeling. He is a religious enthusiast. Mitzkiavitch, the rival and commentator of Krasinski, says:

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\* "Galileean, thou hast conquered!" The dying exclamation of the Roman emperor, Julian, when, after persecuting Christianity, he felt internally, that he was baffled.



"The termination of this drama is so fine, that I know of nothing comparable to it. Truth was neither to be found in the camp of the Count, nor in that of Pancrates; it was above them both, and it shone forth to condemn them. Pancrates, after vanquishing all opposition, becomes suddenly troubled, and discovers that he has been nothing but an instrument of destruction."

He has, indeed, He has been the agent of one of those mighty revolutions, which teach men to *think*, but operate no other positive good. He has been a Napoleon, but not a Democrat; and with his life ends the work he had commenced. If the author, by the appearance of his vision, means to typify the futility of brute force alone attempting to regenerate mankind, he was right; if it was merely the exposition of religious enthusiasm, leaving to God that which God has designed man to do, he was wrong.

"Truth was in neither camp;" but the error was by supposing that the mind of one man, wielding the physical force of millions, could achieve a sure progression, unless the mind of at least the *vast* majority of those multitudes was impressed with the same thought, feeling, and enlightenment. The true reformer must *teach* and not *force*; and if obliged to use the sword, he must use it in defence, and not in aggression.

Thus ends one of the most remarkable and characteristic words of Polish literature. In our next we shall notice the other leading poets of Poland, and afterwards, in proceeding to those of Russia, narrate the strange history of Pushkin, their first and best.

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## OUR NATIONAL DEFENCES.

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A great deal has of late been written respecting our national defences. Some will have it, that we are utterly at the mercy of a foreign invader; others, that we could crush all the armies of the world, were they to land; some maintain that the foe could land with the greatest possible ease; others, that he would break his head against our wooden walls. We disagree with both parties, yet do we

see no danger of invasion (from France at least), while we also admit the necessity of strengthening our "National Defences." It is, however, in our estimate of what those national defences consist of, and of the way in which they ought to be strengthened, that we most materially differ from our Whig, Tory, and Sham-Liberal cotemporaries.

We believe that, abstractedly, an invasion would be possible despite our fleet; since it could not be present at every point in equal force, and a sham descent at one place might lure its main strength away from another, where the landing was really intended to be effected.

We also believe a standing army would not prove sufficient to prevent an invasion, from similar reasons, and the fortification of given points, however useful in one sense for the places fortified, would still leave the general line of coast open to an enemy. Again, we wholly disagree with our cotemporaries in considering a standing army the only or even the most efficient means to resist the invader after a successful landing. History, of both old and modern times, has taught us that nothing is more dangerous than solely to rest the defence of a country on a standing army—the result of a battle, or the tactics of a campaign. The finest army in the world may be defeated, and a country that has no other and no better "National Defences" is then cast prostrate at the feet of the invader. We possess those other and those better resources; they but need development, and we beg also to remind our cotemporaries that maintaining a standing army is UNCONSTITUTIONAL, wherefore government goes through the periodical juggle of having one annually re-voted. The constitution considered a standing army dangerous to the liberties of the people, and we are prepared to prove that it is so now, more than ever.

The main and the only permanent and safe defence of a country—is its PEOPLE; and we must here meet the assertions of those, who state that the English people are unwarlike, incapable of bearing arms, or of resisting an enemy. They laugh at the idea of our weavers, our emaciated mechanics and artisans, our half-starved labourers, resisting the French grenadiers. We admit that our weavers, mechanics, and artisans are emaciated, that our labourers are starved. True! we admit that THESE NATIONAL DEFENCES have been "neglected," nay! more, have been thrown into artificial ruin. The greater

the reason for strengthening them without delay. With regard to stone ramparts, we prefer the Spartan rampart, of brave, determined men ! If the government accuse the people of being too emaciated to bear arms as the people of Germany and France do, we ask them : " Were not the people of England once strong and martial ? "

Was it not the yeomen who fought the battles of Cressi, Agincourt, and Maupertuis ? What has weakened their descendants ? Where are the posterity of those brave freeholders, the terror of whose bows laid low the chivalry of France ?—Gone !—where their forefathers' lands have gone—to swell the luxury of the monied taskmaster. Their freeholds have been taken from them by unequal taxation, defrauded labour, and robbing laws ;—they have been driven to an artificial life in the heated and fatal atmosphere of factories—they have been made to work in those hours which nature designed for sleep—and they have been denied the sustenance necessary for the human body. Thus the " martial strength " has been taken from them ; they have been rendered for the time unable to use the sword, because they have been forced to use the distaff ; and their " martial spirit " has been taken from them likewise, by having been compelled to cringe for bread, and to receive tyranny, insolence, and unpunished outrage for their wage.

The way to restore these, the most glorious of our national defences, OUR MEN, to their pristine strength, is—not to increase their misery and weakness, by burthening them with fresh taxes for an additional army, militia, artillery, and mural defence—but restore to them air, health, and food,—the feeling of independence, and the pride of manhood. We would suggest to ministers the following means for reorganising and restoring our national defences.

I. *Restore to the People the LAND.* Wise was the fable of " Hercules and the Giant." When the latter embraced the soil, he was strong—when separated from it, weak. Thus a people is ever weak, when it is deprived of its inheritance—the Land. Every man who has a cottage and land of his own to defend, will make a good soldier to meet an invasion. Give him a musket over his fire-place, and make his country—to him—worth defending, be assured he will defend it.

II. Take the working-man out of the clutches of a taskmaster—not alone by opening the resources of the land—



but by destroying the unconstitutional power of factory despots ; by punishing, in reality, the frauds practised by the truck-system, which still exists, despite the law ; and, by repealing other monstrosities, open an opportunity for the independent industry of the working-man, abrogating those monopolies of trade which have so long existed, and which mis-named free-trade has consecrated anew. Secure “ a fair day’s wage for a fair day’s work,” by thus relieving the labour-market from its competitive reserve, and you will restore strength to the frame, and vigour to the intellect of our national defences.

III. Give the people the franchise : give them their right. A slave never makes a good *soldier*, he only makes a good *machine*. They will then feel their dignity as English citizens, their thoughts will be raised, and you will restore that gallant spirit, the loss of which you have affected to deplore.

IV. Train the people to the use of arms. This you fear ; but you need never have dreaded the people had you *never injured* them.

Do these things, we say to government, and you will have such an army, as would terrify the invaders from our shores. The “ Land Company” are doing much for our National Defences. You talk of fifty thousand Frenchmen invading the country. The “ Land Company” is raising fifty thousand men to meet them—freeholders—yeomen—well-fed and strong—with the frame invigorated by plentiful food, good air, and healthful exercise. With the gallant spirit that self-won independence gives. Do not waste the people’s money in useless fortifications ; if you will dabble in bricks and mortar—build cottages, and not batteries ; you will find them more useful as a “ National Defence.” But, on the contrary, you are disarming the people. Systematically you are starving them, and then reproach them with being weak ; you disarm the Irish serfs, instead of disarming the landlords of their impunity of wrong ; and now you are about extending your Bayonet and Brutality Bill, practically, to England—you are about to increase the army and militia, and as though the present bludgeon-men were not sufficiently effective, in Liverpool a *mounted and armed police* is to be established. Do you think thus to repress crime ? You will but increase it. For every wrong is echoed by an outrage.

We have dealt with the question of French invasion, as though such an event were probable. We do not believe in its probability. The people of all lands are waking to

a sense of their rights—the people of all lands refuse to be any longer the toys of kings—they all say :

“ If kings and princes can't agree,  
And priests of gospel light,  
Pray, what is that to you and me,  
Let *them* turn out and fight !”

The first French bayonet that bristled on the English coast, the first gun fired in the Channel, would be the signal for Revolution in Paris, and the beaten host, on its return, would find a republic where it had left a kingdom.

The approaching CONGRESS OF NATIONS, by ratifying the League of the people against the conspiracy of kings, will prove the best safeguard of international peace.

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## LITERARY REVIEW.

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### THE CHIEFTAINS AND OTHER POEMS. BY HENRY GRACCHUS.

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We have read the above work with great pleasure, since we have recognised in it both the genius of the poet and the feelings of the patriot. The writer of these poems must be a good Chartist, and we only regret that our limited space precludes our justifying our praise by copious extracts. We must, however, refer our readers to the book itself, and they will in turn admire the depth of feeling and the pungency of satire.

There is only one fault we have to find with our author ; that is, he is over prone to lavish personal praise, which, however deserved, is apt to lead the reader to suppose that “ measures ” are confounded with “ men,” and thus to damage the high appreciation we would otherwise form of the author's talents.

We would particularly recommend for perusal, “ The Apotheosis,”—“ The Silent Lyre,” and “ Death Punishment.” The principal production of the work is rather lengthy, and gives the book its name—“ The Chieftains.” As a *poem* and as a *political article* we particularly admire this production, which contains lines of remarkable truth and power.

## THE LABOURER.

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"The science of agriculture is only in its infancy."—PEEL.

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TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR ROBERT PEEL, BART.

SIR,—Having adopted your wise motto as my text, I select its author as the most fitting person to whom the following Treatise should be dedicated; and, if I have assumed too great a liberty, my apology will be found, firstly, in the fact that I seek no patronage, and am not therefore shackled by those usual conventionalisms which but too frequently induce writers rather to consult the feelings of a patron than to attempt a fair exposition of their subject according to their own convictions; and secondly, because I look upon you as the most fearless, the most independent, the most able and bold minister of ancient or modern times.

It is true that by-gone circumstances, connected with the name of a departed statesman, confer a kind of fairy impression as to his policy and actions upon the living generation; and there is no greater truth than that justice is never done to the living.

Pitt was considered a great statesman in his day, but as time wears on the charm wears off, and I am sceptical enough, or mayhap ignorant enough, to challenge the admirers of that canonized politician to point out, or rather to prove, any one single act deserving the name of greatness performed by their saint. He lived in an age when either daring or cunning, in proportion as they operated upon the thoughtless or timid, might pass as wisdom. He had the convulsions of other nations to aid him in operating upon domestic fears, and, although his policy might be considered expedient by those who still swear by him, I deny that it possessed other merit than that of arresting events which were sure to occur in increased violence by his mere 'stop gap' policy.

Moreover, Pitt had a maiden soil, an untaxed nation, and an affrighted property class to experimentalize upon, and had all the glory of the triumphs of a chivalrous nation, as well as the enhanced war price conferred upon property, to reconcile his policy; while, upon the other hand, you have



had to deal with the difficulty of reconciling a more thoughtful people, because at peace, to the several burdens imposed by his policy.

You will not suppose that I am digressing from my subject by entering into this wide field of argument, when my object is to shew, that, by the adoption of a perfect system of domestic economy alone, can the minister of these times hope to rescue the country from the wild, the extravagant, and exhausting system introduced by Mr. Pitt.

It is folly to talk now about the 'British Constitution,' and it is as idle to attempt to maintain institutions based upon a universal war system as it is much longer to perpetuate a war tax by any financial scheme that can possibly be adopted, and therefore I come to the legitimate conclusion that the policy of future ministers must be so to cultivate the national resources of this country as to enable the idlers, who now live on the taxes of the country, to live upon their fair share of the increased produce, because, though labour is the only true source of wealth, nevertheless I assert that it is wholly impossible to place the labourer in a remunerative system of employment, without at the same time improving the circumstances and increasing the property of all other classes, either by an increased demand for skill, of which industry would require a supply, and which would be furnished from the now indolent, because pampered class, or from a diminution in the price of all consumable articles consequent upon an increased surplus after consumption, or from both of these sources.

If then the adoption of your motto was based upon reflection bestowed upon the science of agriculture, it becomes your duty to see to the full developement of our agricultural resources, and, although placed just now as a breakwater between the confluence of contending factions, without other than obstructive power, I undertake, humble as I am, to guarantee to you such an amount of national strength, as will enable you to take fast hold of the helm of the state, if you are prepared to carry your theory into full and equitable practice.

However, as I have described the false position of parties, which enabled Mr. Pitt in his day to sustain a disastrous policy, permit me, with equal faithfulness and unreserve, to caution you of the error into which you are likely to fall, and I found my opinion upon past experience of your policy.

From the manner in which you have brought legislation to bear upon the questions of Irish Protestantism, Catholic

Emancipation, the Reform Bill, and Free Trade, it must be evident to every thinking man that your mind was made up upon those several subjects before you ventured to declare your convictions; and the effect of such policy ever is, and ever has been, either that the recipients receive the boon ungraciously, or, after the admission of its justice, propound some ulterior objects, the agitation of which invariably mars the object of the donor. Hence the continuous resistance offered to Emancipation led to the concoction of ulterior measures after repeated struggles between the crown and the people, and the tardy concession was received as a proof of ministerial weakness, which would have been accepted as an act of justice if seasonably granted. So with Reform, and so with Free Trade, both of which measures were conceded to fear.

If then I am right in the conclusions I have drawn from your past policy, I am apprehensive that you will confine the practice of the theory, as regards agriculture, within the landlord and large farm sphere, looking to the monopolists of electoral power, rather than to the industrious unrepresented, as your strength.

I am led to this conclusion from the fact, that the Free-trade party compelled you to abandon every one of those propositions in your Free-trade policy which were calculated to bestow any, even the slightest, benefit upon their slaves. For instance, upon their demand you relinquished your five years' settlement and other clauses.

Free-trade is a measure of which few men have yet dared even to think in its entirety. I admit that you were preparing your centres for the new social arch, and that Russell, not comprehending your design, struck those centres before the new arch was completed. I am aware that your comprehensive tariff of 1842 was a good foundation for your stupendous work. I am aware that you were prepared with some prudent, necessary, and timely concessions, which, however, in the outset were in favour of the landlord and consuming classes; and I was aware that, having placed their interests in the basement, you would have established those of the producing classes in your superstructure. But as it is an ungracious and a difficult task for one architect to undertake the completion of another's design, Russell failed in his attempt to complete your stupendous work—the possession of power constituting his main object in the undertaking.



You surely cannot view the present position of Europe, and especially of Ireland, without alarm.

You cannot contemplate the apprehensions of a successful invasion entertained by the Duke of Wellington, without dismay.

You cannot reflect upon the progress America is making in manufactures, without arriving at the conviction, that all hope of prosperity in that department of English superiority has vanished.

You cannot anticipate Britain's necessity to sustain periodical seasons of famine, caused by an imperfect and monopolising system of domestic agriculture, without dread.

You cannot rely upon the loyalty of the famishing, the outlawed, and the disinherited, to aid in the mitigation of any of those disasters, one and all arising from an imperfect social system, which the practical realization of your theory would destroy, without alarm for the safety of the present famine-producing, hatred-fostering institutions of the country.

Nor, having propounded the great truth, can you hope to confine its operations to the strengthening of privileges to which the progressive mind of the age, as well as the industrial interests of the country, are hostile, not from any perversion of mind, not from any disposition to subvert the legitimate institutions of the country, or capriciously to disarrange the several gradations of society, so necessary to the sustainment of the one great whole.

You cannot presume that the industrious classes will tamely submit to the payment of seven millions annually, for no earthly purpose but that of preserving a reserve of unwilling idlers for speculators in labour to fall back upon as a means of increasing profits by diminished wages; while at the same time the mind is struck with the anomaly, that there are not fifty acres of land, lying together within the British empire, cultivated to one fifth part of their capability of producing. And you must understand that the active mind of the present day looks with suspicion upon a system which tolerates the raising of seven millions annually, as a pauper tax, while the land of their birth calls for their labour and is capable of sustaining them honourably by its application.

You must abandon your system of centralisation, and, instead of relying upon commercial and mercantile cunning as the basis of English character and England's greatness,



you must henceforth make her character, her grandeur and her power depend upon her individual greatness.

A nation of happy individuals will be a better defence against foreign invasion, domestic convulsion, and the gaunt monster famine, than all the maritime defences and military preparations that the mind of the most daring or profound projector can invent. And although every proposition advocated, which has for its object the amelioration of the condition of the working classes, is invariably branded as visionary or revolutionary, I am prepared to assert, without equivocation, that the people of this country seek no improvement in their condition by plunder or rapine; but, on the contrary, so attached are they to the real principles of the English constitution, and the immutable laws of justice, that they are prepared, if allowed, without the law's let, hindrance or molestation, to buy their freedom and establish upon it their country's greatness; but Sir, you cannot be weak enough to expect unconditional loyalty, passive obedience, and non-resistance from an outlawed, disinherited, famishing people.

In conclusion, I once more invite you to the realisation of the theory propounded in that motto which I have selected as a heading, and, gathering wisdom from past experience, bear in mind, that an honest people, thwarted in the realisation of the hope contained in a wise minister's maxim, will be a dangerous people if checked in the pursuit of the blessings, the comforts, the happiness and independence anticipated from its result.

I have the honour to remain,

Your obedient servant,

FEARGUS O'CONNOR.

*Snig's End,*

*Gloucestershire.*

A TREATISE  
ON  
THE SMALL FARM SYSTEM,  
AND  
THE BANKING SYSTEM,  
BY WHICH IT IS INTENDED TO BE DEVELOPED,  
BY  
FEARGUS O'CONNOR.

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A true labourer earns that he eats ; gets that he wears ; owes no man hate ; envies no man's happiness ; glad of other men's good ; content under his own privations ; and his chief pride is in the modest comforts of his condition.—*Shakespeare.*

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Did I not consider the task of converting man from an artificial state to which he has been wedded by dissipation, carelessness, and thoughtlessness, to a more natural state, rendered valuable by improved civilization, one of surpassing difficulty, I should have rested satisfied that the many Treatises I have already published upon the science and practice of agriculture, would have convinced all, who now depend upon the caprice of employers for their very existence, of the value of the Land Plan ; however, notwithstanding the extensive circulation of those works, and notwithstanding the deep impression that my many addresses upon the subject have made upon the working classes, evinced in the fact that nearly, if not fully, one hundred thousand heads of families have invested their hard-earned savings in the hope of one day becoming their own employers and first partakers of the fruits of their own industry—I still find a repetition of the leading features of this new experiment indispensable, while its progress enforces the necessity and justice of many salutary alterations.

Indeed, it would have been impossible to usher a new system of so comprehensive a nature into perfect existence, while my gratification consists in the fact, that every alteration heretofore proposed, and those that I am now about to suggest, are justified by the vast amount of co-operation enlisted on behalf of the Plan, which was originally concocted upon a much narrower anticipation of that indispensable helpmate—Co-operation.

I have been at great pains to impress upon the minds of the working classes the difference between the terms 'Communism' and 'Co-operation.' The one—'Communism'—has become a favourite theory throughout Germany and France, in consequence of the excessive indulgence which the fascinations of the theory confers upon its propounders, while in practice it is not less destructive of the rights of

labour than the most grinding system that has been propounded by political economists; while, upon the other hand, 'Co-operation' simply means equal remuneration for an equal amount of help bestowed by the several parties engaged in any undertaking. 'Communism' is a fascinating theory, inasmuch as it opens a wide field for the indulgence of the wildest visionaries, and always admits of a marked distinction between man and man, not regulated by any standard of the relative strength, industry, or intellect of individuals, but by the extravagance of its propounders; and it is a theory to which I have ever opposed myself.

By 'Co-operation' I mean, that if A, B, and C pay £5 each in money, they shall have equal returns; while as to Labour it means, that if A gives to B his day's labour when B stands in need of it, B, in return, shall give A a day's labour as repayment.

The Land Plan then is based upon the principle of co-operation as regards money and labour, as I have stated; and, previously to entering upon the consideration of the changes that I mean to propose as regards both the Land Plan and the Banking System, which is an indispensable auxiliary of the Land Plan, I may, without vanity, be permitted to take a review of its progress, and from it to deduce my hope of its triumphant success.

In April, 1845, I propounded the Land Plan to a few operatives, convened in London from different parts of the country; and, although the ultimate prospects held out to them were so cheering as to enlist their entire concurrence in support of a principle of which they were wholly ignorant, and of which they had been studiously kept in ignorance, yet has it marched on with such rapid and irresistible strides, that, in less than two years and three quarters, it has astounded all, and has achieved the merit of having forced a large portion of the Press of the middle classes into deadly hostility. This is another strong feature of the Plan, that it has enabled the poorest of the poor, and the heretofore most ignorant, to distance the Press in the knowledge of the literature of the day; and hence we find some score of hireling journals arrayed in deadly hostility against a principle of which they are hopelessly ignorant.

The Press of this country has heretofore been a powerful engine for good or for evil, nevertheless, great as its character for progress has been, it has always lagged immeasurably behind the mind's progress; and to the fact of its ignorance of Agriculture, and of the Land Plan, we are to ascribe its manifold attacks upon the propounder of that plan.



But I should hold myself in utter contempt, and unworthy of your confidence, if I was capable of being diverted from my course by a set of hired prostitutes, who are ever ready to do the bidding of their employers. And so much more powerful has been your confidence than their insolent abuse of me, that your weekly subscriptions have increased in the same ratio as that abuse, until at length your resolution has gagged the "Press Gang."

In propounding the Land Plan, I announced that my principal object was to throw the industrious upon their own resources, and to make idleness a crime when the road to industry was opened; and so great has been the success of my project, that I frequently doubt the propriety of having undertaken it when I reflect upon the hope it creates and the amount of responsibility it imposes.

In our enthusiasm we decided that the receipt of £2,000 in our Exchequer should be the signal for the commencement of operations, and the sceptic, with a smile, declared that we had given ourselves a 'long day.' During the first year our receipts did not reach £5,000, while in the second year, and that portion of the third which has transpired, they have reached nearly £100,000—some weeks amounting to £5,000—while the receipts in the Bank, which was intended as an auxiliary to the Land Plan, have exceeded £12,000 in the first eleven months; a fact, fully proving my oft-repeated assertion, that it is in the power of the working classes, whenever they will it, to redeem themselves from every single grievance which they now attribute to the operation of the law.

I think the society now numbers nearly one hundred thousand heads of families, representing half a million of people; a fact which should convince those who have been ignorant of the strong fraternity that exists between the members of the labour order, that the active mind of the industrious classes of this country is now stedfastly directed towards the emancipation of labour. And as I write more for the enlightenment of those classes who are ignorant of those "great facts," than for the purpose of impressing them upon the labour-mind of this country, it may not be out of place to state here the present condition of the Company.

The Company has purchased nearly two thousand acres of land of the best quality; has erected one hundred and sixty cottages and three noble schoolhouses; and has in course of erection ninety more cottages; and its members have a right to expect, that, between the present time and the month of May, all who have been balloted for will be located—the located members then numbering between four

and five hundred. Besides the sum of £23,000 paid for the purchase of land, the erection of one hundred and sixty cottages and three schoolhouses, and giving the aid-money to those occupants who have been located, there is now available cash in hand to the amount of nearly £50,000, while the Company possesses fifty-seven horses, together with a valuable stock of agricultural implements.

This, at the commencement of a New System, I esteem a very stable position, and one which the strictest economy alone could have secured; and it is curious to be able to state, that while most other societies fail after an unsuccessful experiment, in consequence of the reckless expenditure of its managers, that the National Land Company has not been put to the expense of one guinea for advertising, a fruitful source of extravagance with other companies, and to the absence of which a large portion of the spleen of the Press may be attributed.

That a large profit has been made of printing, another source of great extravagance to other companies, and that not a guinea has been expended except on profitable labour; nothing for engineering—nothing for mapping—nothing for land tating, and the thousand 'et-ceteras' consequent upon the transfer of landed property; nothing for the travelling expenses, the trouble, the labour, the stationery, postage, or losses sustained by the principal of the Company; while it has not sustained the loss of one guinea in accidents or failure of any kind. Indeed, so free has it been from those peculations and casualties, that one must attribute its good fortune to that beneficent Being who appears to smile upon the undertaking.

The object of the National Land Company is to place its members respectively upon two, three, and four acres of land, with a comfortable cottage in the centre of each labour-field; and the conditions are—that the two acre allottee shall pay the sum of £2. 12s. 4d. to entitle him to location; that the three-acre shareholder shall pay the sum of £3. 18s. 6d.; and that the four-acre shareholder shall pay the sum of £5. 4s. 8d.; and that those for location shall be selected by ballot from the paid-up shareholders; and that each member, upon taking possession of his allotment, shall receive £7. 10s. per acre aid money, and which, added to the cost of the land, and expense of erecting the cottage, shall bear rent at the rate of £5. per cent. upon the outlay; the land being cropped, and an abundance of manure expended upon each allotment on possession being taken.

Every cottage is built with the very best materials that can be purchased; slated with countess slates, stuccoed



outside, and consists of three rooms, each twelve feet square, a dairy, back kitchen with a pump in it, a cow-house for two cows, a stall for a pony or donkey, a house for roots and vegetables, a place for four pigs, a place for fowls, ducks, and geese, a privy, a walled-in yard with gate, and within thirty yards of a good road—the plan being to make roads through the estate where good ones are not in existence; and each allotment enclosed with a French furze hedge, supplying the very best food, when properly manufactured, for cattle and horses; with all the roots grubbed from old fences and faggots, placed in equal proportions behind the several cottages for fire-wood; while draining tiles to any amount are supplied to those occupants who prepare the drains to the depth required; in addition to which, upon proper representation of the industry of the occupant made by the Observation Committee, and upon the security of the joint note of hand of two responsible householders, a loan of five pounds per acre is granted, if required, after six months' residence. Such is a brief outline of the objects and rules of the society; a society which bids fair not to rival, but to displace, all others in man's affection.

I have stated that the condition of tenancy was the payment of £5 per cent upon the outlay, while the original rules imposed a rent of six and a quarter per cent upon the first 82*l.* 10*s.* expended, and £5 per cent upon the remaining amount. So evident, however, had the value of co-operation become in a very short time, that I was justified in recommending the reduction of rent to £5 per cent upon the whole outlay, and now that I have discovered the amount of confidence that the working classes repose in me, and the consequent strengthening of the principle of co-operation, I feel myself justified in proposing a further and a much larger reduction of rent.

Although difficult to propound a new theory to the understanding of simple minds purposely kept in ignorance of all matters connected with the interests of the labouring classes, yet I see my value in the fact of being able to communicate my own opinions in such a manner as that the most obtuse can understand them. I have frequently shewn the working classes of this country, who would fantastically trace their every grievance to the violation of some act of parliament, that every injustice, whether great or small, of which they complain, is traceable to their own want of co-operation, self-reliance, and confidence in each other. For instance, the law of primogeniture, of settlement and entail, is trumpeted by theoretical reformers as a great grievance, while that co-operation established by the Land Plan at



once nullifies that law, and destroys that grievance as far as the occupants are concerned, and, admitting that those customs, for they are not law, press hardly upon the rising generation, I will show the reader how the vices of one system sometimes originate the virtues of another.

The effect of the law of settlement and entail is to leave the possessor of property in a dependent state, and to shackle him in his resources just at the time when he may be encumbered with the heaviest necessities for bringing up and educating a large family; and although free trade in labour and capital has been established, yet is every landlord restricted in his several operations by the barbarous customs still in existence.

When the Land Company, however, purchases an estate, it is relieved of all those burdens, and may be cut up and disposed of according to the demand and to present necessity; while nothing presses more hardly upon the people's means of subsistence than the pertinacious adherence to the old feudal system, which induced the lord to attach other than agricultural importance to the land; and when vassalage, political power, and exclusive privileges, were ample substitutes for a better system of cultivation.

I set out with shewing you how those laws or barbarous customs pressed hardly upon individuals when they most required aid; and as the charge of £5 per cent. upon the outlay was established as the rent upon occupants, with the intention of creating a large reserve fund, to be re-distributed when the several members of any section were located, and as I have come to the conclusion that members in their first struggle will stand most in need of aid, and as I believe the value of any reduction in the amount of rent in the commencement will be increased ten-fold by its application to profitable labour before the reserved profits could be so distributed, I have resolved upon propounding the following changes in the mode of establishing the standard of rent to the next conference.

My proposition is as follows:—

That as we pay £4 per cent. for all monies deposited in the Bank, and as there is no possibility of a defalcation, that the rent shall be reduced from five to four per cent. upon the outlay; and when I come to consider the question of the Bank in connection with the Land Plan, I shall be able to shew the justice of this alteration, because it must always be borne in mind that the funds subscribed by the members of the Company located upon any one estate, would not pay the expense of making out the title, and surveying that estate; and, as we have decided against mortgage or sale, it becomes our duty to confer such a security, at such a rent,

upon the several occupants as will guarantee an indisputable security to the depositors in the Bank.

I know that I may be told that a Reserve Fund is necessary, but my answer is, that whether the rent be fixed at four per cent. or ten per cent. upon the outlay, the Reserve Fund would always remain the same, that is, there would be as rapid a conversion of money into land in one case as in the other, while, if mortgage or sale was rendered necessary to meet any sudden emergency, either would be more easily effected upon the lower, and therefore more substantial, standard of rent; while the inducement to redeem allotments would be increased tenfold, and the value of shares or allotments to the present members would be considerably enhanced; for instance, the four acre allotment, now worth £100, according to the market price at which many have been sold, would be worth £200, and so proportionately with the two and three acre allotments.

However, as comparison is the best mode of judging, I will describe the effect which my proposed alteration would have in the establishment of rent. I will assume £40 as the standard price per acre paid for land, and £120 for cottage and agricultural operations performed upon four acres, and I will then shew the difference between the present standard of rent, and that which I propose to establish.

#### PRESENT STANDARD.

##### FOUR ACRES.

Four acres of land at £40 an acre . . . . .	160	0	0
Cost of Cottage and Agricultural operations . . . . .	120	0	0
	<u>£280</u>	<u>0</u>	<u>0</u>
Interest on £280 at 5 per cent, (the present standard) . . . . .	14	0	0
Interest on £280 at 4 per cent., (the proposed standard) . . . . .	11	4	0
Saving per annum to the Four acre allottee of . . . . .	<u>£2</u>	<u>16</u>	<u>0</u>

##### THREE ACRES.

Three acres of land at £40 per acre . . . . .	120	0	0
Cost of Cottage and Agricultural operations . . . . .	115	0	0
	<u>£235</u>	<u>0</u>	<u>0</u>
Rent according to present standard . . . . .	11	15	0
Ditto according to proposed alteration . . . . .	9	8	0
Saving per annum to the Three acre allottee of . . . . .	<u>£2</u>	<u>7</u>	<u>0</u>

## TWO ACRES.

Two acres of land at £40 . . . . .	80	0	0
Cost of building cottage and agricultural operations . . . . .	110	0	0
	<hr/>		
	£190	0	0
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Rent according to present standard . . . . .	9	10	0
Ditto according to proposed standard . . . . .	7	12	0
	<hr/>		
Saving per annum to the Two acre allottee of	£1	18	0
	<hr/>		

When I propounded the Land Plan in the first instance, I announced that the principle of co-operation alone should be relied upon, and that the details by which the Plan should be governed must be altered according to circumstances; and my principal reason for propounding the present alteration is, because I find that increasing resources place at my disposal improved means and economical means of performing the several operations. I may be told that this discovery, of itself, would lead to a diminution of rent consequent upon a diminution of expenditure; but to that I answer, that, if the savings were ten-fold, those by whom the means have been furnished are entitled to all the advantages. However, as every member has a right to suggest any alterations he thinks proper, I but exercise that right and leave ample time to the several localities to instruct their delegates upon the subject.

For myself, in case of sale, which I by no means anticipate, I should like to see the reserved rent as low as possible, as an inducement to the allottees or their friends to purchase. Another great advantage to be derived from the proposed alteration is, that allottees will be enabled to redeem their allotments at a much cheaper rate; for instance, the four acre allottee, paying £14 rent and purchasing at twenty-five years' purchase, should pay £350; while purchasing at the reduced rent he would only have to pay £280, thus saving £70; whereas many now receiving £4 per cent. interest in the Bank, prefer depositing their money there to redeeming their allotment at the higher rate of purchase.

According to the present standard of rent, the three-acre allottee should pay £293. 15s.; while according to the proposed alteration he would have to pay £235, thus saving £58. 15s.

According to the present standard of rent, the two acre allottee should pay £237. 10s.; while according to the pro-



posed alteration he would have to pay £190, thus saving £47. 10s.

Now, taking the three acre allottee's saving as the standard, we arrive at the conclusion that the amount saved to two hundred three-acre members located upon an estate of six hundred acres and wishing to redeem, would amount to the sum of £11,750, a very strong inducement to make their own Land their own Bank, and a very great auxiliary to the reproductive system; and one which will be speedily acted upon as soon as the allottees receive their conveyances.

There is another, a very comprehensive but necessary change, which experience has taught me the necessity of adopting; it is the propriety of extinguishing much which is now left to chance and substituting certainty in its place; and the only chance of which I can at all recognise the justice, because the necessity, amongst a number of persons who all co-operate equally, is the ballot; and, according to the present system, much that may be reduced to certainty depends upon chance; for instance, I may chance to light upon a very cheap purchase, while proximity to a market-town, good roads, and a large surrounding population, may make land of a worse quality more valuable when subdivided into labour fields for the industrious; again, I may frequently buy an estate with building materials not valuable if limited to the use of one farmer, but very valuable if extended to the erection of several houses, and the making of two or three miles of road: in short, although it is perfectly easy to establish the relative value of several estates, and therefore the positive value of each allotment, and in order that no one set of men joining another set upon the same principle, and equally co-operating to aid each other, should have the slightest advantage one over the other, what I mean to propose is, that the positive value to the Company of any given number of estates, or any given number of acres, shall be ascertained by a fair and equitable standard, and that the rents shall be apportioned accordingly; that is to say, that if I chanced to purchase three estates under their value, either from possessing building materials, or greater proximity to building materials, than three estates at the farming value of land, but rendered dearer to us in consequence of their deficiency in building materials, their greater distance from building materials, or the necessity of making more roads, or expending more money in agricultural operations and the purchase of manures, I shall propose that all the benefits arising from those great facilities shall be equitably distributed, either amongst the allottees of a given number of estates, say six, or amongst the allottees,

upon a given number of acres; and, if we adopt my proposition for the reduction of rent, it will be necessary to adopt my proposition for equalizing the rent, because, if each estate is valued according to the price given for it, a capricious estimate must be made of the wear and tear of carts, waggons, ploughs, harrows, harness, as well as screens, buckets, scaffold-poles and boards, ropes, ladders, wheel-barrows, tools and all articles used for building and agricultural purposes; whereas the wear and tear may be justly distributed over six estates. Let me give you a very striking illustration: last year I paid 44s. a quarter for *bad* oats, this year I buy them for 26s.—a large item, and one which, if distributed over six estates, would not be excessive, but if confined to Lowbands would be unjust.

Again, it is impossible to keep the exact accounts with reference to one single estate, as much property which may be capriciously valued may have to be transferred to another estate, and the materials of an estate may be valuable at an adjoining estate to where they would be worth removing.

At present it is understood that all the allotments, even upon the smallest estate, shall be valued according to their respective quality, and that the rent shall be fixed according to the respective value of each allotment; thus, one four-acre allottee may have to pay £16 rent, and another four-acre allottee upon the same estate may not have to pay more than £10. As justice is the great object of the Company, nothing would be more unjust than to subject the several occupants to the same amount of rent for different qualities of soil, independently of the injustice that would be thus imposed upon those depositing their monies in the Bank; for instance, we will presume fifty four-acre allotments that would be subject to £12 each, irrespective of the quality of the soil; in such case the allottee paying £12 for an allotment worth £16 would only be security to the amount of £12 a year, while the allottee paying £12 for an allotment only worth £8, would be bad security for the larger amount; while the one paying £14, and the other £10, would be justice to both, and make each a good security—the only difference being that the man who paid the higher rent would have the best bargain, as I have often illustrated for my several readers, and shall here repeat.

I would rather give £5 an acre for four acres of land worth £4 as an acre, than take a gift of four acres of land worth £1 an acre, and for this plain and simple reason, because I would save, and money saved is money made, more than twenty, thirty, or forty pounds a year, more upon farming the better description of land than by farming that



of inferior quality. The labour is infinitely less, the seed is less, the casualties are less, and the profit would be much larger, even in proportion to the rent of £20 in the one case and a free gift in the other.

This illustration, however, only applies to that amount of land which a man can cultivate by his own labour to its greatest capability of bearing, because, if we apply it to the case of a farmer holding 400 acres of land, we find that the additional rent of a pound an acre beyond the value, would impose a burthen of £400 a year upon him; and, perhaps, this may be the most proper place for a word or two upon the capricious manner in which farmers and land surveyors estimate its value in bulk. They profess to go within a shilling or two per acre of the value of land, because the man who holds a thousand acres, and pays 2s. above the value, is subject to a loss of £100 per annum, or a loss of four per cent. upon £2500 of his capital. The farmer who pays 5s. too much is subject to an annual loss of £250, or four per cent. upon a capital of £6250, while a day's attention to weeding, steadyng plants, or watering, would make a difference of 5s. an acre, or £1 a year to him who cultivated four acres; but these are minutiae which the large farmer cannot attend to, and to the non-performance of which must be wholly attributed the imperfect cultivation of the national resources.

My opinion is, that no rent can be considered too much for that quantity of good land which a man can cultivate by his own labour, as I have often shewn that £5 paid for one acre of land will make a larger return to the husbandman than if he received £1 a week for his hired labour throughout the year. And if I am met with the argument, that so large an amount of labour applied to the cultivation of the land would lead to reduced prices, through increased production, I answer—

*Firstly*,—That sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof, if abundance can be considered an evil.

*Secondly*,—That five generations, multiplying in perfect peace, would not see the day when Britain would be sufficiently populated to insure the cultivation of one-third of her resources,

*Thirdly*,—That the better cultivation of the soil would lead to the more extensive developement of our mines and minerals.

*Fourthly*,—That the application of so much more labour to self-remunerating work would act and re-act upon all classes of society. It would make the landlord class richer by enhancing the value of their property by an increased de-



mand in the retail market ; it would increase the manufacturer's profit by increasing the value of his produce in the home market ; it would increase the shopkeeper's profit by the increase of customers ; it would increase the operative's wages by increasing competition in the labour market ; and it would increase the value of consumable produce by the increased capability of all to purchase it.

*Fifthly*,—It would increase the value of intellect, skill, and industry, by setting the several branches of trade to full employment.

*Sixthly*,—I will hear of no argument based upon the dread or anticipation of over-production, while we are startled by the fact that thirty-three millions of English money has gone out of this country to pay foreigners for food which might have been profitably produced at home ; the exportation of that money diminishing the amount of wages in consequence of the inevitable reduction in the price of manufactures by more than the sum paid for corn, and throwing thousands out of employment, in consequence of the inability of the manufacturer to deal advantageously with the foreign merchant, in the exchange between a precious metal, enhanced in value by our poverty, and goods deteriorated in value by our inability to consume them.

*Seventhly*,—I will hear of no argument based upon the dread of surplus food, while a million of my countrymen have died of starvation, and her whole people are tottering upon the brink of the grave, and when hundreds of thousands of your people, with their wives and poor little children, rise in the morning willing and able to work but are denied labour, and compelled to starve, while the land of their birth, which the Lord gave unto them, commanding them to live upon the sweat of their own brow, is calling for their labour and ready to yield them abundance in return.

*Eighthly*,—I will not hear of such an argument while the industrious are compelled to pay seven millions a year poor rates, for no other earthly purpose than to supply a competitive reserve of unwilling idlers for speculators in labour to fall back upon as a means of reducing wages, upon which, without reference to other profit and loss in trade, a majority of employers make large incomes, amass immense wealth, and live sumptuously while the producers are starving.

*Ninthly*.—I will not listen to such an argument, because I believe in my conscience that the longer withholding the land from its legitimate purposes will lead to a revolution which cannot be stayed by any amount of bloodshed ; while

the adoption of the Small Farm System would preserve the several grades of society, making the rich richer and the poor rich; and thus giving all an equal interest in the maintenance and preservation of those national institutions which would then be equally protective of all; thus making Britain indeed and in truth, 'the envy and admiration' of surrounding nations; when every British soldier, stationed in his own sentry-box, in the centre of his own labour-field, would fly to the cry of 'My cottage is in danger' with greater alacrity than the mercenary flies to the cry of 'The constitution is in danger.' Then you may spike your guns, level your maritime defences, and laugh at the threat of the proud invader.

When protection is not extended in return for allegiance, loyalty is but a fragile thing. The effects of free trade, if not qualified by prudent and necessary concessions, will weaken the loyalty of the landlord class, when their estates, diminished in value, are unable to sustain a permanent burden; and, high-sounding and mighty as the loyalty of the church now is, take away tithes to-morrow and clerical loyalty would follow them on the next day. What right, then, has a country to expect unconditional loyalty from those in return for whose allegiance no protection is rendered?

Having so far digressed, and having established the price of land capriciously at £40 an acre, I may draw a very fair conclusion as to future prices from the amount paid for the several estates that I have purchased. I find then that the exact average is £35 per acre, at which price we may establish the standard of value of the relative holdings, and will find the account to stand thus:—

FOUR ACRES.		£	s.	d.
Four acres of land at £35	.	140	0	0
Expence of erecting cottage, making roads, and performance of agricultural operations		120	0	0
Value of four acres with building, according to the above prices		260	0	0

Rent at four per cent. upon the outlay 10*l.* 8*s.* 0*d.*

THREE ACRES.		£	s.	d.
Three acres of land at £35	.	105	0	0
Expence of erecting cottage, making roads, and performance of agricultural operations	.	115	0	0
		£ 220	0	0
Rent at four per cent.		8 <i>l.</i>	16 <i>s.</i>	0 <i>d.</i>

## TWO ACRES.

Two acres of land at £35 . . . . .	70	0	0
Expende of erecting cottage, making roads, and performance of agricultural operations . . . . .	110	0	0
	<hr/>		
	£ 180	0	0
	<hr/>		
Rent at four per cent. . . . .	7l.	4s.	0d.

In the above table the difference between the erection of a cottage and the performance of agricultural operations, will be found to consist in the different size of the allotments to be cultivated, and the proportions of road relatively required, £5 per acre being fixed to cover both those operations. In this calculation it is not presumed that every allottee will pay an equal amount of rent, but that each will pay relatively according to the value of his land, measured by the wholesale scale of price given for all. For instance:—

‘ Lowbands ’ cost £50 an acre, and  
‘ Minster ’ „ £30, „

while some allotments at Minster will be subject to a higher rent than those of the same size at Lowbands. But what I mean is, that the rent shall be estimated at four per cent. upon the aggregate amount of expenditure, and that the rents shall be fixed according to the value of the several allotments.

Let me give a few striking instances of the justice of this mode of establishing the standard of rent upon an aggregate expenditure. At Lowbands I paid 6s. a yard for river sand delivered for stuccoing, while each yard of sand used for building and plastering cost 3s. Each yard of stone cost 1s. 6d., and 1s. 6d. for carriage; and lime costing in the same proportion and carrying it five miles; while at Minster I had stone, lime, sand for building plastering, and stuccoing; flags for paving kitchen, dairy, and back-kitchen; and the best of gravel for making roads also upon the spot. Upon the other hand, at Lowbands, the carriage of timber cost 4s. a ton, while at Minster it cost £1 a ton, and so with slates. At Minster, with materials for making roads on the spot, I had not to make more than three-quarters of a mile for three hundred acres; while at Lowbands, for one hundred and fifty acres, I had to make nearly a mile and a half of road, having to draw the materials a considerable distance and to pay for them. A yard of road stone cost 6d., and carrying it cost 1s. 6d.

I will illustrate this part of the subject for you by a com-



parison between the expense of simply making paths from the road to the house. At Minster it cost me about 2s., in carriage, to make thirty yards of a path, while at Lowbands it cost me from 16s. to £1. I think I have now fully established the propriety of fixing the rent according to the larger scale of operations rather than confining it to the narrower sphere, as in my opinion no man can grumble when he has his fair share of the several advantages derived from co-operation; while I think the present system of establishing rent, according to the price given for one single estate, would furnish just cause of complaint.

Moreover, with the immense stock and stud of horses that we shall possess before the summer is over, it may be matter of prudence with me, and of economy to the Company, to give a few pounds an acre more for an estate than I should otherwise be inclined to give; as the cost of a large stud of horses, which will probably within that time amount to £20 a day, would be more than saved, while it would be an injustice to those located upon that estate to subject them to an additional tax in the imposition of which there was a general advantage to the Company, and which should be borne by the Company, or rather divided amongst the Company, as I have shown there would be a saving in the one case, but an imposition in the other.

As I am upon the subject of the retail value of land, I will now present you with a fair picture of the advantage that the Small Farm system would confer upon the landlord class. I will take for example an estate of one thousand acres, now let at a pound an acre, in four farms of 250 acres each, and I will presume the proprietor to be possessed of £25,000 secured on mortgage at four per cent., or in the funds. This property, from these two sources, land and money, would be £2000 a year, while in less than six months he would entitle himself to and receive the gratitude of the neighbourhood and the country, by increasing his property to £3000 per annum. I will carve that property up for him, and in less than six months I will engage him twenty competitors for each dish. I would divide the thousand acres into two hundred and fifty allotments of four acres each, and would expend £120 upon a cottage, making roads, and the cultivation of each allotment, amounting in all to £30,000, allowing £5,000 worth of building materials to be on the four farms at present, which, added to the £25,000, would enable him to meet the outlay I propose. For each of the two hundred and fifty cottages and four acres of ground, I would guarantee him good and solvent tenants, for whose accounts their need be

no column for arrears, at £12 an allotment, or £3000 a year for the property. It may be said, 'You have told us that you would rather pay £5 an acre for land worth £4, than have land worth £1 an acre as a gift.' I would so; but I was speaking comparatively, and I merely took the standard of rent at £1 to make the solution more simple; whereas, if the one thousand acres were worth £2 an acre, the allottee would more cheerfully pay £16 a year, thus making the profit of the landlord equal in both instances.

In this calculation I set down the value of building materials on a thousand acres of land, according to my knowledge derived from more extensive experience than any other man, (because, in the inspection of more than one hundred estates, it is the item to which I have paid the greatest attention,) at less than one half their value; whereas, I have left out of the question the quantity of manure likely to be upon the estate, and the whole of the firewood supplied from the fences which now press hardly upon the means of subsistence, and which I would estimate lowly at £500, or 10s. per acre.

At the present time, when encumbered landlords, who are tenants for life, are pressing as an incubus upon society, what possible reason, beyond the preservation of game, and the objection to grant additional privileges to the poor, can be urged against this mode of relief.

The reader will bear in mind that in the case of an improving proprietor, I do not adopt the standard of rent fixed by the rules of the Land Company, but I am contrasting the present with what might be the altered position of the landlord. And although I have never witnessed any great fastidiousness in that class, as to the mode by which profits may be increased, many flying to the alternative of disposing of their patrimony from the prospect of increasing its value in railroad, mining, and other speculations, yet I am prepared to meet any coyness or delicacy which might interfere with the establishment of a connexion between the natural patron and the natural client. And, in such case, if the landlord was unwilling to encumber himself with the additional trouble of receiving rent from two hundred and fifty tenants instead of four, I will place him in a still better position.

I will guarantee him £400 (in money paid down), for every allotment of four acres and the house, in less than one month after the work is completed, and £500, if the land is worth £2 an acre, and the cottages are built upon the same principle that ours are erected; thus returning him £100,000 for his one thousand acres of land worth



£30,000, and his £25,000 expended, or giving him a profit of £45,000 upon that property in six months.

I am aware that the sceptic will smile at my flight of fancy, but, nevertheless, I undertake to perform what I say and more, as some of those cottages, with four acres of land, would fetch £600, and would all be bought up in a day. I have fixed the rental of this property at £3,000 a year, and, always bearing in mind that I am not now treating of the principle of the Land Company, but of the improvements that may be made in the landlord system, I will continue the proprietor as owner in fee, leasing each allotment at £12. a year for twenty-one years. And in such case I assert, without fear of contradiction, and without reference to any fall that may take place in the wholesale price of land, that, if leased, with the proper repairing covenants, for that time, at the end of that period every allotment, without exception, would let for, and be cheap at, £20 a year, as within that period all would have discovered the value of a free labour-field; and, however harsh it may be to compel a man to pay £8 a year for his own improvements, yet I esteem it a greater hardship to deny him the right and the opportunity of discovering his own value.

Moreover, not a man of the two hundred and fifty who was alive at the expiration of the twenty-one years would owe a fraction of rent, as those who were unfitted to the task would sell their interest at a profit, which may be accomplished with the landlord's consent, according to covenant, and thus, at the end of that period, he would have two hundred and fifty seasoned tenants wedded to the homestead, not one of whom for the whole period would be guilty of, or charged with, a single violation of the peace. The only thing that I have omitted in this calculation, is the erection of a commodious, comfortable school-house, and for the cost of which I have more than amply allowed, being about £400.

Those who are not practised in the mode of estimating the value of old materials to a Company like ours, or to a landlord in the situation I have been considering, may be sceptical upon this point; but perhaps I may succeed in dispelling the doubt, when I state that I estimated the value of building materials upon an estate of one hundred and twelve acres at £2,000; the value of the materials upon an estate of one hundred and thirty acres at more than £2,000; that the old materials and fences grabbed on the Herringsgate Estate of one hundred and three acres were worth nearly £1,000; and that the materials upon



this estate (Snig's End) of one hundred and eighty acres, are worth £2,000; and I might put all down at a higher figure if I was to take into account the exact difference in value between materials on the spot and those which I have frequently to draw five miles.

There is another important consideration as regards the conversion of a thousand acres of farmed land into four-acre allotments, which I should not have omitted to notice in this free-trade age, when political economists are jealous of every thing that presses hardly upon the means of subsistence; it is this, that upon those one thousand acres there would be twenty acres, or more, which are now under useless hedges where and near which no crop can grow, while I would undertake to say that a French furze hedge enclosing each allotment would, after three years, furnish more food for cattle and horses from November to April than the best hundred acres of the land will now produce.

In a previous part of this Treatise I stated, as an apology to my own usual readers, who are now cognizant of most of these facts, that I was obliged to write simply, in fact the alphabet of our science, so that the ignorant, and especially the conductors of the Press, may understand it. And as those gentlemen in morocco slippers and dressing gowns, who write luminous effusions upon theoretical subjects not susceptible of proof, may drop their goose quills at the notion of the labourer giving so much more in proportion for four acres of land than the wealthy and skilful farmer can give, I would remind those gentlemen—

*Firstly.*—That they often pay a larger price for the pound of sugar in proportion to the value of a hogshead; that they pay more for a single cigar in proportion to the wholesale value; for a single cup of coffee; for a single “GO” of brandy—because these are the amounts (barring the single “go” of brandy) they require of those things, just as a housekeeper pays more for a rump steak than for a whole ox; in fact, the amount of land that I assign to each is just that quantity which supplies him with a labour-field, wherein he can work task-work every day in the year, and be his own master, and have the entire fruits of his own industry, instead of working at slave-labour for another, who fattens upon his industry while he toils through a life of care and uncertainty, until, in the winter of life, he is consigned to the solitude of a bastille and the tender mercy of a heartless master; shut out from the world, from family connexions and friends, amid whom, if suffered to labour for himself in youth and manhood, he

might have lived like a patriarch, surrounded by a rising family, grateful for his exertions and soothing his old age.

I get very hot when I come to the consideration of those results to be produced by my Plan, and, therefore, I must digress, lest the enthusiasm of the advocate may weaken the arguments of the writer.

Not seeing any great cause for distinction between the people of any two countries, as far as the application of industrial power to the cultivation of the national resources is concerned, I will now call your attention to the condition, in which I esteem contentment as an important item, of the Belgian agriculturist. Belgium has not the same advantage of transit that England has, either as regards her coasting trade or her internal communication. She has, it is true, a trunk line of railway, by which she is connected with France, Prussia, and the principal continental states; yet she has not those ribs which connect the interior with the back bone, nor has she, by any means, an equal advantage in roads. She has not the same outlet in other occupations for her comparatively more numerous population, Belgium being much more thickly populated than England; and yet we find the Belgian looking to the home market, that is the family stomach, a consideration of paramount importance, placed, not only at a considerable distance from a market town, and under the disadvantage of imperfect and bad communication, and obliged to contend against much lower markets for its surplus produce, able to pay from £200 to £600 per 'bundle' for as much land as will afford employment for himself and family.

In my letters written from Belgium in 1845, I described the situation of the generality of those small farmers—mentioning them by name, stating their locality, their condition, their operations, and prospects. A 'bundle' of land is an acre and a quarter, which is £160 per acre at £200 per bundle, and this is esteemed a low rate of purchase, notwithstanding the several disadvantages I have enumerated, as compared with those possessed by the English husbandman; but there is one other greater than all, it is this; that the Belgian attaches paramount importance to the building of his nest, and makes the proximity of his labour-field matter of secondary consideration, while my principle is to erect every man's castle in the centre of his labour-field; an advantage to which I shall presently call your attention.

The system pursued in Belgium is this :—the usual tenure is a nine years' taking, and interest at the rate of something more than two per cent. upon the presumed value of the land, is the usual standard of rent, £4 and £5 being considered cheap in those districts most remote from market towns, and £6, £8, £10, and even £12 per acre, not an unusual rent in the more favoured



districts, not including those immediately in the neighbourhood of towns; and, for the most part, the allotments thus held are deficient in the important item of a house—the first object of the Belgian being to purchase a sufficient quantity of ground whereon to erect a house. The process of purchasing and conveying land in Belgium, is more encouraged and less expensive than in England; and having first built his house, the next consideration with the husbandman is, to rent a sufficient quantity of land to employ his own time and that of his family, and which he does on a nine years' lease—three acres being considered a large holding; and, extraordinary as it may appear, in the majority of cases, during nine years' occupation, the Belgian farmer will have saved money enough to purchase his allotment at fifty, sixty, seventy, or even eighty years' purchase, while in England thirty years' purchase is an extravagant price. That is, the Englishman pays down thirty years' rent for the conveyance of the fee of his land, and the Belgian pays sixty years' rent for his, and this he has saved in nine years, besides maintaining his family, and having all the disadvantages that I have enumerated to contend against; added to which the quality of the Belgian land scarcely bears comparison with the land of England; a deficiency, however, which is made up in the case of the Belgian by unremitting attention; he never allows a particle of his allotment to remain uncropped during proper seasons; he never allows weeds to grow, and he takes the greatest possible care of every particle of manure; keeping the liquid manure, in the generality of cases, in a very imperfect and awkwardly constructed tank, and preserving every particle of the solid substances as free from wet and atmospheric exhaustion as possible.

I ask, then, if this man is capable of thus making himself independent by his own industry; where is the metaphysician, the free-trader or philosopher, who can argue against the capability of a British husbandman effecting the same object by similar means?

Let me now call your attention to the disadvantage of the farmer, whether large or small, who lives at a distance from his labour-field; a barbarous practice, a remnant of warlike and aggressive times, still existing in Belgium, Prussia, France, Switzerland, and other countries where the cultivators of the soil, for the most part live in 'villes,' as a kind of domestic protection against the invader. I once undertook to convince Lord Althorp, that every man holding 1000 acres of land, who cultivated wheat at the extremity of his farm, imposed upon himself a tax of over one pound per quarter, over and above the price at which the small farmer, whose homestead was near his labour-field, could grow it.

The Belgian, or any man who lives a mile, or even half-a-mile from his labour-field, will not put out as much manure, which is the weightiest agricultural work—will not draw home as much corn, hay, or roots—with two pair of horses and four men in the day, as the husbandman, whose homestead is in the



middle of his labour-field, will perform of any of those several operations within the same time with a wheelbarrow and a lad fourteen years of age, while in showery weather his attendance will not be so certain; he must either have his meals uncomfortably, or lose much time in going to his cottage to partake of them; while the man who lives upon his allotment is always free from trespass—has his eye continually over his crops and upon his nest, and takes shelter from a shower and advantage, of the sunshine.

Another practice of the Belgian farmer is this; he works his cow gently, which, if she is milked three times a day, rather increases than diminishes her milk, always keeps her in good health, makes her docile, and enables the farmer to give her better keep. If light ploughing or light harrowing is to be done, two neighbours, who have a cow each, join for that operation; but I mentioned in one of my letters a circumstance, which is by no means of rare occurrence, of a man near Alost having two cows, a heifer in calf, six full grown pigs, a large quantity of fowls, and a donkey, upon less than two ‘bundles’ of land, or about two acres.

I think I have now proved to you that the science of agriculture is only in its infancy, and that its cultivation and improvement to that state of perfection to which I propose to bring it, and which I do not pretend to say would be to one tenth part of its capability of extension, would make this country a paradise, the rich richer, and the poor rich, and not a pauper—except a willing idler, for whom I have not the slightest compassion, and whom I would rigidly punish as a vagabond—would be found in the land.

I very much fear, however, that those who are wholly ignorant of the capabilities of the soil, but who nevertheless possess vague and theoretical notions of the science, measure the improvement by comparison between the bad and worse, and devote themselves to the mere theory of the science, forming their opinions upon this unfair comparison. I will give you two instances—that of a noble and middle-class experimentalist—Lord Torrington—and Mr. Mechi. Having heard much of the improvements of Lord Torrington, I took the trouble of visiting his pet farm near Tonbridge, and upon enquiring for the astonishing sight, my attention was directed to an immense unsightly building, which, as a matter of course, I supposed was but the depot of large agricultural operations. This building was a huge house for fattening oxen, and, to my surprise, the whole of his lordship’s system was contained within these walls. The land was badly cultivated, according to the rudest system, and upon learning the amount expended, and seeing the number that it accommodated, I arrived at the result, that it would require an additional profit of £6. to what could be reasonably expected from each ox, in order to pay the interest upon the outlay expended on this non-productive pile of building; and yet this system was lauded by many of the farmers in the neighbourhood, whose approval was, no doubt, won by the fact, that feeding bullocks did not re-

quire many hands, and consequently did not create much competition in the labour market.

Having read such flaming accounts of Mr. Mechi's stupendous operations at Tip Tree, Essex, I resolved upon judging for myself, and in company with a friend I visited this far-famed paradise; when, to my astonishment, I discovered a perfect wild in the wilderness, also rendered notorious by an amount of useless buildings. The roads and land were in the worst possible condition, but the bailiff, who appeared to be a kind of showman, seemed to attach all importance to a large thrashing-machine, to which he exultingly called my attention. Well, until labour is perfectly employed, and until machinery is made man's help-mate and blessing, instead of man's rival and curse, I entertain rather a jealous feeling for the substitution of mechanical power for manual labour. However, anxious to ascertain the value of the system, the data upon which it was founded, and the results likely to follow, I enquired the amount of wheat likely to be produced by a proper succession of crops upon the farm, the amount expended upon the threshing-machine, the horse and manual power that it required to work it; and I discovered that the threshing of each quarter of wheat, under the best system the farm would produce, would stand Mr. Mechi in something more than £1, while the usual price paid for manual labour is about four shillings.

From these facts, you will learn that the Agricultural Association gentlemen understand about as much about the practice of agriculture, as the Press does about the theory.

I wish it to be distinctly understood, that I am highly favourable, not only to the use of every description of machinery (under certain conditions) which can be made a substitute for manual labour; but further, that I consider the extensive employment of manual labour to those agricultural operations to which machinery never can be profitably applied, as calculated to give the greatest possible impetus, and to lead to the greatest improvement, in useful machinery.

I believe, for instance, that two hundred and fifty allottees, located upon one thousand acres of land, would use a much larger amount of machinery than ten farmers holding ten thousand acres of land; and for the simple reason, that they would discover that they could realise a larger profit by the application of machinery to some operations, while their manual labour might be more beneficially devoted to other purposes; for instance, though Mr. Mechi's overgrown thrashing-machine would not repay the expense of erection, it does not follow that a threshing machine, erected upon a more economical principle and used more constantly, would not pay; my own impression is, that the Small Farm System, extensively acted upon, would very speedily lead to the introduction of a large amount of machinery, which would be profitable to the owner and the employer: to the owner, because constantly employed; and to the employer, because he would pay that exact amount for its use that he required.



So with sub-soiling ploughs, so with the heavy roller, the drilling machine, and other implements, which it would be very extravagant and foolish for a small occupant to purchase for a few days' work in the year, but very sensible to pay the owner for the amount of labour he required to be performed.

Having so far expounded the principle of the Small Farm System, and having pointed out the folly of expecting that the mere substitution of a better principle being generally applied to agriculture upon the present Large Farm System, will satisfy the demands of the people, or the requirements of the age, I shall now call attention to the greatest danger to be apprehended from the management of the affairs of a Company, and which could not occur in the case of individual proprietors.

The great danger against which a Company will have to contend is the selfishness of man; and he who acts justly, and is not prepared to brave the idle complaints of the querulous, or he who seeks to gain a dishonest popularity by pandering to individual caprice, is not fit to take any part in such an undertaking.

I have now had some experience in these matters, and I have discovered that every batch of allottees located look upon themselves as the society, and consider that the interest of their less fortunate brethren should be deferred, in order to insure their immediate comfort. Some of those who were located in August last, and whose allotments have been ploughed and harrowed three times, and nearly all manured, either with the best stable dung, or guano and ashes, cropped with half an acre of potatoes, a large portion of turnips—which, though not good, in consequence of the lateness of the season at which it was possible to sow them, and not being hoed and attended to by the allottees—a fair share of cabbages planted and well manured, and receiving the respective amounts of two hundred weight and a half of guano each two-acre allottee—three hundred weight and three quarters the three-acre allottee—and five hundred weight the four-acre allottee—with two, three, and four bushels of the best seed wheat, sent from the hill country to the valley as a change—more than a year's firewood placed behind each cottage—the sum of 15*l.* capital, given to every two acre allottee—22*l.* 10*s.* to every three acre allottee—and 30*l.* to every four-acre allottee: thus the men who received the least having got fifteen shillings a week since the day of their location—the three-acre men having received at the rate of twenty-two shillings and sixpence per week—and the four-acre men having received at the rate of thirty shillings a week since their location—and all supplied with a proportion of cabbages and potatoes, and few having employed labour—many I understand are anxiously waiting for the arrival of that time when the Loan Fund will be accessible to them: but as I never have construed the laws of the Conference unconditionally, and as I never did presume that it was the intention of the Conference that those who had



not expended their aid money should, without limitation, receive assistance from the Loan Fund upon the same conditions as the more industrious, although I am but one of five, I shall tender my strongest remonstrance against any loan being advanced out of the funds of the impoverished working men, constituting the exchequer of the Company, to parties whose allotments do not present the appearance of fair dealing with the aid money already advanced.

I see honest labourers glad to grub old woods to bring the land into cultivation, and give it up to their landlords in an improved state at the end of three years. I know that many a hard-working, honest, industrious man stints himself of a full meal, and that his family are content to submit to privations, to enable them to pay up their shares in the Company; and I should consider myself a dishonest trustee, a despicable man, if any dread of the complaints of the most fortunate was calculated to make me forget my duty to the less fortunate.

I do not mean to say that there are many of this idle class at Lowbands, but I do mean to say there are some, and I lay it down as a general principle, that the directors of the Land Company are bound, in justice and in honour, to ascertain that the aid money has been properly expended in the improvement of the land before they advance a farthing by way of loan, even upon the joint note of Jones Lloyd and the Bank of England. If the loan had been 40*l.* an acre instead of 5*l.*, the 40*l.* would have been looked for in the majority of cases; and receiving no wages for my services, and undertaking the heaviest part of the expenditure connected with any one or any ten branches upon my own shoulders, bestowing my whole time more anxiously than ever I did to my own affairs, seeking no popularity but that which is honourably earned by honest service, and having a greater solicitude in the success of all who have magnanimously confided their funds to my keeping—I announce now, as far as I am individually concerned, that I never will sanction the expenditure of one shilling of the Company's funds upon any allotment, after the occupants are located, but will assess the rent according to the condition of the land at the time of giving possession, and then every improvement will be so much placed in the Savings' Bank of the occupant. I will cultivate the land in the very best manner; I will manure it, crop it—as far as the season allows, and as the condition of the land warrants—and those operations I will place to the account of purchase, paying the allottees their respective amounts of 15*l.*, 22*l.* 10*s.*, and 30*l.* aid money at the time of taking possession, and then allow them to work out their own salvation, each being entitled to the loan according to the proper construction of the law of the Conference, and I shall never pity the man who fails under this just arrangement, as idleness alone must be the cause.

If I were to pamper those who have been the most fortunate, I might achieve for the Plan greater notoriety and greater fame; but it would be a false notoriety, an ungenerous fame,

if achieved at the expense of those who confided in me, but whom I had deceived. If I were a weak man and dreaded the vituperation of the Press, this Company would soon be at an end ; but as I shall ever be able to defy the calumny of the malicious, I will never court the praise of the artful. I have long seen the necessity of some such precaution, and, in my opinion, it is more prudent to avoid taking a false step than to be obliged to retrace it. Lest the foregoing observations might lead to an erroneous impression as to the character or industry of the occupants generally, I wish it to be distinctly understood that such is not the case ; that they are intended as the foundation of a safe and conservative principle, while I will not deny that they are applicable to a few—but very few of the allottees—who, from a false impression as to their new condition, would, if I gave them food, expect me to cook it for them. And so great has been the industry expended upon Lowlands, that I venture to assert that many of the four acre allottees, if inclined to sell, would receive fully one hundred pounds over and above the usual market price for their allotments, and the three acre and two acre allottees, who have been equally industrious, in the like proportion.

I am quite aware of the allowances that must be made for men entering upon a new calling, and the folly of supposing that they can arrive at the perfection point all at once, while I also contend that the condition of every man, placed under the very worst circumstances, is materially improved by the change ; and as independence must be the inevitable result of industry, that hope must reconcile all to any privations (of which, by the way, I can see none) in the outset.

I have frequently explained, and I shall now repeat, the guarantee against loss in any one stage of the proceedings.

*Firstly.*—The man who does not succeed, furnishes the enemies of Labour with the most reasonable justification for reducing wages ; as, if they cannot make profit of their own industry, under the most favourable circumstances, those capitalists who hire labour are fully justified in paring it down to the lowest point of remuneration ; the farmers must be good employers of hired labour, if the free labourer cannot live upon the produce of his own industry, and those who are accustomed to an agricultural life laugh at the notion of an occupant located on two, three, or four acres, having any the slightest cause of complaint.

*Secondly.*—The Company being closed, I have no doubt but the proposed alterations will have the effect of doubling the price of shares ; therefore, in that stage, the members who have entered can sustain no loss, but, on the contrary, will make a profit ; while in proportion as the process of location is expedited by increased deposits in the Bank, another and a large rise will take place in paid-up shares upon the eve of a ballot, while those who have not paid in full have no cause of complaint.

*Thirdly.*—The moment a member draws his allotment,



henceforth, a two acre share will be worth 80*l.* premium, a three-acre share 120*l.*, and a four-acre 160*l.* When I say 'henceforth,' I do so with the proviso that my propositions are adopted, and of which I have no doubt, when I explain the effect the change must inevitably have upon our banking operations.

Allow me now to make a comment upon the difference between our Company, and any other co-operative society that has ever been established.

*Firstly.*—It commenced operations, and actively, the moment the minimum amount of funds justified us.

*Secondly.*—There has not been a guinea expended in unproductive labour.

*Thirdly.*—No individual could by possibility have been more particular in the administration of his own funds; and

*Fourthly.*—And most materially; whereas, in all other cases, shareholders in other societies are seduced into the speculation by a low rate of payments, and consequent upon which announcement is subsequently made, either that the Company must close or the members must submit to a further call to meet unexpected contingencies—we, the conductors of the Land Plan, having carried out and tested the full value of co-operation, have made several alterations in the original rules, all tending to increase the profits of the shareholders, without a single additional call.

Now these are facts so well understood by the working classes, that they must stand as a complete refutation of every argument, or rather sophistry, urged against the Land Plan.

There is another fact to which I have called the attention of the reader, namely, the greater necessity felt by man in the commencement of a new undertaking, than subsequently when inured to strange labour and better requited for his industry. The Land Company makes a just provision against these infant disabilities, by charging no rent until a year's rent falls due, and demanding the first half year's rent in the November of the third year, in addition to the half year's rent then accruable.

Now, contrast this mode of distributing payments over the three first years of progression, with the mode adopted by Building Societies. These institutions compel their members to pay an enormous interest for their own money, while they insist upon monthly instalments in liquidation of the amount advanced from the very commencement, just when the tenant is struggling and most requires aid, while all are compelled to purchase the fee of their houses, and should any fail in the performance of the most rigid covenants they are sacrificed; while, as regards the Land Plan, there is no compulsion as to purchase, and not a single provision, the enforcement of which is not beneficial to the members.

I have frequently observed, when aristocratic shareholders have been talking about reading rooms and billiard rooms being attached to the house, that industry upon the land would very



soon enable the occupant to add two or three rooms more to his cottage, if he was foolish enough to do so, while two or three additional rooms well furnished would never lead to the better cultivation of the soil, or to the purchase of more land.

When I instanced the practice of the Belgian farmer, I might have drawn some home illustrations for you. I might have mentioned the case of Sillett, who has written an admirable little practical work, after two or three years' experience, of a science of which he was previously totally ignorant. He gave 236*l.* for two acres of miserable land with not three inches of soil, and without a stone upon it, and that man would not now accept of 4*l.* a week for service at his original calling. Again, the case of Samuel Bridge, as described in the Worcester papers and some agricultural works, when those writers hoped to use a single case of a poor man's industry in condemnation of the idleness of the whole class, but who are now foremost in their abuse when I have made the question national.

Samuel Bridge paid an enormous rent for four acres of land, which he cultivated in a most beastly manner, having two acres of potatoes and two of wheat each year, and always selling his wheat and straw. Indeed, the account of this man's operations are so worthy of notice, in order to secure the avoidance of his unprofitable and deteriorating system, notwithstanding the beneficial results reaped therefrom, that I here reprint the account of his operations from the '*Labourer's Friend Magazine*,' under the head—

#### CHEAP FOOD AND GOOD WAGES.

This is the article :—'The following extraordinary instance of what may be accomplished by Spade Husbandry has been furnished by a correspondent, who took the particulars himself from Samuel Bridge, in the presence of another gentleman, steward to a nobleman, and we have his authority for saying he will be happy to answer any inquiries our friends may wish to make on the statement he has given. Samuel Bridge, of Stock Green, near Feckenham, in the county of Worcester, has occupied four acres of very inferior stiff clay land, on the blue lias, for twenty-seven years. He grows two acres of wheat and two acres of potatoes every year, and sells all his produce, even his wheat straw. The stubble from the wheat, and the tops from the potatoes serve to bed down his pigs, and the manure from this source, and from his privy, is all that he gets for the use of his farm.

'The crops obtained are not at all extraordinary for the result of spade husbandry; but it is very extraordinary that such crops, with so little manure and from bad land, could have been obtained for a quarter of a century together, and, coupling the duration of the operation with the quality of the land, it must be admitted that nothing more is needed to prove the superiority of the spade system over the plough system; for although the same crops are obtained by the plough on good land, it is quite certain that the plough would fail to compete with the spade on equal qualities of soil.

'The produce obtained on an average of a quarter of a century, by this exemplary man, is twelve tons of potatoes per acre, and forty bushels of wheat per acre; and the following account may be taken as a close approximation to the truth; sold annually :—

	£	s.	d.
24 tons of potatoes at 2 <i>l.</i> 10 <i>s.</i> per ton . . .	60	0	0
80 bushels of wheat at 7 <i>s.</i> . . . . .	28	0	0
4 tons of wheat straw at 50 <i>s.</i> . . . . .	10	0	0
	<hr/>		
	£ 93	0	0

Deduct as under :—

Manual wages 4 <i>l.</i> 6 <i>s.</i> 4 <i>d.</i> per acre			
per annum . . . . .	17	5	4
Seed potatoes for two acres . . . . .	5	0	0
4 bushels of seed wheat (being			
dibbled) at 7 <i>s.</i> 6 <i>d.</i> . . . . .	1	10	0
	<hr/>		
		23	15 4
		<hr/>	
Subject to rent and parochial payments . .	£ 74	4	8
	<hr/>		

'It may be safely stated that the average of all the land in England, under cultivation, does not yield 5*l.* per acre gross produce, and also that 20*s.* an acre per annum is more than is paid in manual wages; whereas in this case of very inferior land above 28*l.* per acre gross produce is obtained, and 4*l.* 6*s.* 4*d.* per acre per annum paid in manual wages; or, in other words, you get by the spade, on small allotments, near six times as much produce, and employ four times as many people, as by the plough.

'It is only necessary to add, that this useful member of society has bought his four acres of land many years since, and paid for it out of his savings. He has also built himself a comfortable cottage and out-buildings thereon, and is the owner of considerable property besides.

'It should be mentioned also, that, during two years of the period of twenty-seven years, Samuel Bridge got his land ploughed gratis by his neighbours, but found the injury so great by the treading of the horses, that he reverted to the spade, and says it answers his purpose better to pay for digging than to have it ploughed gratis.'

To the above I would add the published case of Mr. Linton, of Selby, who pays at the rate of 6*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* an acre for three quarters of an acre of land with not four inches of soil, and upon which he has maintained two full-sized cows, six pigs, a lot of geese and poultry, besides selling a quantity of vegetables; and having kept an exact account of profit and loss, he showed a profit of 55*l.* a year, after paying his man Michael three shillings a day for his labour, and more than a third of this plot is in grass, added to which the value of the land is now nearly doubled. I saw and minutely examined this allot-



ment, Mr. Linton's stock, and balance-sheet ; and so great is the amount of labour required to be applied to land that no man that ever was born, or that ever will be born, will be able to cultivate three quarters of an acre of land to the highest state of perfection that it may be brought.

You are familiar with the numerous authenticated accounts that I have published from time to time, of the results of experiments upon the principle laid down in my practical work upon the management of Small Farms : a work which I believe has had a larger circulation than any work of the same price ever published, and I shall close my observations under this head with an editorial comment from the *Farmer's Magazine* upon my letter, written upon the practicability of realising the results to be acquired by 157 days' labour applied to three acres of land. My statement is, that 'after a deduction of 51*l.* 10*s.* for rent, rates, and taxes, two tons of the best hay to be purchased, clothing of man, wife, and three children, fuel, soap, and candles, repairing implements, six pigs purchased in May, and after reserving for family's consumption two bacon pigs, three hundred-weight each, one and a half tons of potatoes, one hundred stones of wheat, produce of six ducks, fruit and vegetables, two hives of honey, which I thus reduce to weekly consumption :—

14 pounds of bacon,  
1½ stone of flour,  
4½ stones of potatoes,  
20 duck eggs,  
Two pounds of honey,  
Fruit and vegetables ;

and after those deductions for all the above expenditure and outgoings, I show a profit of 4*l.* annually upon 157 days' work applied in the rudest possible manner, which I was obliged to do in consequence of your then ignorance of the science of agriculture. And suppose that I were to sink the money profit of 4*l.*, after outgoings and the best of good living, I would ask, where is the English labourer who, by the hardest toil for the whole year, can produce such an account ? And in that letter I allow seventy days' work upon one acre of the land, which is cultivated upon the best system, and the following is the comment of the editor of the *Farmer's Magazine* upon my calculations :—

'A subscriber has requested our opinion on the possibility of raising such an amount of produce as that stated in the above important document. Our opinion is, that such is quite possible—nay, we could go further, if needs be. If any one doubt our assertion, let him read Mr Quin's evidence before the Land Commission, and judge for himself.'

However extravagant my calculations may appear to those who would wish to see the land of England covered with an incrustation of lava, I am bold enough to assert that I might have increased my profit from 4*l.* to 100*l.* annually ; and I now repeat my assertion, that an industrious man will be able to live as I have described, and purchase the fee of three acres of the



best land out of his savings, within three years of the day of taking possession. Nor is the improvement that I calculate upon any thing at all equal to those improvements which have been made in other sciences, the bare suggestion of which, in their ruder state, would have subjected the propounder to ridicule and scorn. However, believing more implicitly in the word and the laws of God than in the word and laws of man, I ever shall believe that God has given a sufficiency to all those whom in his wisdom he may create, whereon by their own industry they may live in the sweat of their own brow ; and I will hear no rubbish about over-population until I see every acre of land in this vast empire, and her inexhaustible resources, cultivated to the highest state of perfection ; and then, as the Lord hath created no distinction of countries or climes, as regards the employment and sustenance of man, if chance shall have scattered the human seed too profusely over this land, or if inducement to speculation, or improvement in navigation, shall have invited so many of other countries to this island to constitute a surplus population, then, when that day arrives, I will be content to join with that surplus in quest of other regions wherefrom we may draw our sustenance. But when over-population is now urged as a necessity for emigration, I say, if the hive is over-stocked, let the drones be cast out, but leave the bees in possession of the honey they have made.

The land of England, in its present state, is, as to the state to which it might be brought, as raw flax compared to the finest cambric that can be manufactured from it ; as the raw hide to the most finished sandal ; as the rough block of marble to the most perfect piece of statuary ; or as the beggar's rag to the thousand pound note which is manufactured from it. I shall now conclude my Treatise, as far as regards the present Company, with a word of comment upon the importance attached to convenient markets by theoretical scribblers.

I have never estimated the price of land from its proximity to a market town ; I have never considered its value according to the retail price of its produce ; I have never calculated the vegetable price in Covent Garden, of turnips, potatoes, cabbages, parsnips, or carrots, but I have calculated their value when manufactured a hundred miles away from a market town at the wholesale price of beef, butter, pork, cheese, wool, poultry, bacon, veal, mutton ; all of which things are gross produce for the wholesale market, and may not impose the expense of transfer upon the grower above four days in the year ; although, when the railroads of this country are completed, I would have been justified in putting the produce down at the retail competitive price to which it would be then brought, when the cabbage cut, or the potatoe dug, at a hundred miles from London, may be cooked there in four hours after for that day's dinner. At present, the cream skimmed, the butter made, and the eggs laid, a hundred miles off, are to be found upon the breakfast table the same morning ; and the great effect of railroads will be, either to deteriorate the value

of market garden or dairy ground in the vicinity of London, or to compel the owners and occupiers of those properties to make good their proximity by an improved system of management. And, as it is my intention to write a Treatise upon the effect likely to be produced by the extension of railroads, I may, as a preliminary notice, here state, that, notwithstanding the absurd grumbling of the opponents of that system, I look upon its progress and completion as the greatest benefit that could be conferred upon a nation. Nor, as I shall plainly prove, is labour expended in railway operations unproductive labour, but that, on the contrary, it is as productive as the labour that makes the spade or the shoe that drives it, as productive as the sickle that reaps the corn or the mill that grinds it; and much more productive than the scythe that mows the grass, which is nothing more than a weed and not of the best description either.

I now approach the most important branch of my subject, and that which will appear the most complicated to that class of readers whom it is my pleasure to instruct—I mean the consideration of

#### THE BANKING DEPARTMENT.

It is quite possible that the system of converting even landed property to purposes alien to those in connexion with which the monied classes may have hitherto treated it, as an article of security, may render the acquirement of money by way of loan more difficult; while the prejudice against any system which confers perfect liberty upon the industrious, may render land cultivated by the poor more difficult of sale, as the privileged order merely use the maxim ‘that labour is the source of all wealth,’ for the mere purpose of securing the co-operation of the labour class for the accomplishment of changes beneficial to themselves. And although labour is the only real source of wealth, yet, in the present corrupt and vitiated state of society, I venture to assert that a worn-out estate of 1000 acres, leased at rack rents to insolvent tenants, would fetch a larger price in the market than the same amount of rental arising from land, and secured by the industry of 250 husbandmen and their families, together with the amount of labour they would be compelled to hire, until the system is so far developed as to convince the monied classes of its value and security. This is fashion, a fashion that will gradually vanish as Labour makes its own value understood. And seeing these difficulties in the outset, although I had a right to take the security of labour into account in the sale of property, or the mortgaging of property; and although I am still convinced of the effect that its application to property must inevitably have, nevertheless, the interest of my clients compels me to deal with prejudices as I find them; and hence I come to the conclusion that labour must not only be the architect but the builder of its own fortune, and therefore to the labourer, and not to the purchaser or mortgagee, I look for the completion of his own edifice.

Before I propound the new principle upon which it is my



intention to conduct the National Land and Labour Bank, I must prepare your minds for the change by a contrast. I would ask, then, whether a thousand acres of land, worked according to the old system by one farmer, or a thousand acres of land worked upon an improved system by two hundred and fifty owners, would undergo the greatest change, and present the greatest improvement in the course of any given number of years? and the answer must be, that inasmuch as the free labour of two hundred and fifty men and their families, is more productive and remunerative than the labour of twenty hired slaves—a large amount for the farmer to employ—so in proportion must the land cultivated by them undergo the greater improvement.

This question, though apparently confined to the monetary consideration of the system, presents almost interminable results to a flood of thoughts, as there is involved in the consideration every question connected with the whole science of agriculture; and if I am met with the plea, 'That farmers possess more capital,' I answer 'No, nor a fourth part of that possessed by the number of occupants located upon the same amount of land.' Without establishing any defined standard of capital possessed by a farmer occupying a thousand acres of land, let me prove my assertion by stating the amount of capital possessed by the number of allottees that would be located upon the same quantity of land.

In the first place, then, the allottees located upon a thousand acres of land—whether holding two, three, or four acres, and presuming all to be penniless upon taking possession—would, according to our rules, have 7,500*l.* at 7*l.* 10*s.* an acre, which, added to one year's labour, allowing only 10*s.* per week for the labour of a man and his family, which would amount to 6,500*l.* would give to the smaller class of farmers a capital of 14,000*l.*, or 14*l.* an acre, to be expended within the first year of their location; while, apart from the evidence furnished by the case of Samuel Bridge, that amount of capital expended in spade husbandry would leave a larger profit than double the amount expended under the present absurd and ridiculous system. I will not accept, as an answer, that the living of two hundred and fifty families will cost more than the living of twenty, as my rejoinder would be, they produce in proportion, and labour is the farmer's most expensive outlay.

There is no more awkward or unprofitable implement of culture than the plough and the harrow; there is no more perfect implement than the spade, the shovel, the hoe, the three pronged fork, and the rake. Indeed, a man with four or five horses preparing ground for the reception of seed, always reminds one of opening an oyster with a rolling pin.

In Ireland, three-fourths of the manure used for the cultivation of potatoes is procured principally from nature—thus, the cottier, after having put out his manure for the season, will again fill his yard with the wildest earth, which, if spread in its then state upon the most fertile soil, would produce



nothing but weeds, while by continually turning it, and opening its innumerable mouths for the reception of the oxygen, which pulverises and enriches it, in the course of the season he converts it into the very best manure; and the difference between the spade and the plough is this, that the one opens the mouth of the earth and the other closes it, as is manifest from the fact, that, under the old system of plough cultivation, not an inch will be added for years to the producing surface, while by the spade you open all the paps of the earth to be sucked by the infant fibres, whose approach is repulsed by the operations of the plough.

If you doubt me, mark where the smooth sole of the plough has passed over the land to its usual depth, and there you will find the impervious bottom of that retentive pan, which in most cases renders surface draining necessary; while, upon the other hand, you will observe the digged ground, like a strainer, affording a greater surface for the water to range through, or penetrating to the straining point through which it passes into the bowels of the earth.

These facts I consider necessary to establish the value of labour, when beneficially applied, as the best security for money; and it is rather ludicrous to hear of the innumerable difficulties that are to beset the labourer's road to freedom, when we know that even lawyers and attorneys—the most enquiring after good security, the most prostitute, the most venal, the most corrupt, the most griping, debased, and profligate class of society—prefer three-and-a-half or four per cent. secured on land badly cultivated, to five, six, seven and eight per cent. secured upon fluctuating property; while the enemies of our principle would persuade us of the difficulty of procuring even the smallest amount of capital on the largest amount of interest, secured upon the very best principle of agriculture.

I have thought it necessary to prepare your minds by these few observations; and now, lest it may be supposed that I attempted to lead you to the belief that the amount of subscriptions paid by members would locate those members, let me call your attention to the announcement I made in the very commencement of our operations. I told you that the amount of subscription paid by the allottees on any one estate, would not pay the expence of making out the title, conveying the property, valuing the outgoings and fixtures, and surveying the allotments; and let us now see how far I was right in this calculation. There are located on O'Connorville thirteen four-acre occupants, five three-acre occupants, and seventeen two-acre occupants whose paid up subscriptions amounted to 131*l.* 6*s.*, while the expence of making out title and conveying the property amounted to . . . . £76 5 0 and the valuation and survey to . . . . 42 0 0

Making	.	.	£118	5	0	or
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within 13*l.* 1*s.* of the whole amount paid by the occupants.

Then we take the next estate—'Lowbands'—

23	Four-acre occupants paid	.	.	.	£119	12	0
6	Three-acre occupants paid	.	.	.	23	8	0
17	Two-acre occupants paid	.	.	.	44	4	0

Making a total of .					.	.	£187	4	0
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while the expence of making out the title and conveying the property was 210*l.* 9*s.* 10*d.* (the cost of Stamp Duty alone being 89*l.* 15*s.*.) and the cost of valuation of outgoings, timber, and fixtures was 60*l.*, making 270*l.* 9*s.* 10*d.*, or 92*l.* 5*s.* 10*d.* more than was paid by all the allottees.

Now this merely establishes the value of co-operation ; and my greatest anxiety consisted in the hope that we would be able to go on reproducing and locating, without the necessity of estranging the property which was purchased by the sweat of the poor, in the hope of enabling them one day to purchase their own labour-field, and to call no man master ; and, to this end, I decided upon establishing the National Land and Labour Bank as a helpmate to aid me in an undertaking which occupies my thoughts by day and by night, and every reflective hour of my life ; and as it is but justice that those who aid in the accomplishment of so desirable a result as releasing man from abject slavery and placing him in perfect freedom should have his fair share of the profit as well as the glory, I mean to base the National Land and Labour Bank upon the following principle, if I have the consent of those who will be thereby the greatest gainers.

My proposition is, that in addition to the four per cent. secured to depositors upon the landed property of the Company, that those depositors should also receive, as a bonus, at the end of each year, one half of the profits made from the following sources :—that is to say—

That where I purchase property and sell it at a profit, that one-half that profit shall be declared as a bonus to depositors.

That where timber is valued, and that I make profit upon the conversion or sale of that timber above the price at which it has been valued, that half that profit shall be added to the Bonus Fund.

That where I convert old materials which have not been valued, or sell buildings and fixtures which have not been valued, that half the profit shall be carried to the credit of the Bonus Fund.

That if I buy a horse or horses, cow or cows, and sell them at a profit, that half that profit shall be added to the Bonus Fund.

That half the profit made of interest upon monies, over and above the four per cent., for which it is liable to the Bank, shall be placed to the credit of the Bonus Fund.

In short, that half of the profits made by the Land Company's bargains, with the exceptions that I shall state, and which do not in any respect detract from the value of the purchase of



land, shall be added to the Bonus Fund, and that that fund shall be divided annually amongst those depositors whose funds have been in the Bank for a period of twelve months previous to declaring the bonus ; with this provision, however, that that bonus shall only be declared upon the amount of money in the Bank, and not upon the profit made upon monies belonging to the Company : for instance—if there is 20,000*l.* in the Bank, and profit has been made upon the expenditure of 100,000*l.*, the bonus shall be struck, and the depositors will be entitled to one-fifth of the whole profit made on the 100,000*l.* because, 20,000*l.* is one-fifth part of the amount, and presently I shall show from past experience what the probable amount of bonus would be.

In the commencement of operations, when I saw that delay and necessary postponement of location, if we depended for the mere reproduction of our own resources, and in order to prove the value of co-operation, I stated that I would rather have a loan of a million of money, at any reasonable interest, than receive as a gift 200,000*l.*, and proved the superior value of the loan over the gift. And in that stage we had not decided against mortgage or sale, but having subsequently, and I think wisely, resolved upon giving every occupant the opportunity of redeeming his allotment, or fining down the rent by the standard of twenty-five years' purchase, that is, if an occupant pays 9*l.* rent he shall, if he pays 25*l.*, have his rent reduced to 8*l.* a year, thus establishing the very best description of savings' bank for himself, and establishing the rate of purchase at twenty-five instead of thirty years.

Having then decided against mortgage or sale, it becomes not only an important but the paramount question, as to how the plan can be based upon the most extensive principle of co-operation ; and after many months of deep and anxious thought, I have come to the conclusion, that he who helps should have equal benefit with him who is helped ; and that the only means of creating this reciprocity—the one principle in which legislation and free trade was deficient—is, by placing the National Land and Labour Bank upon the firm basis of co-operation and reciprocity. And when the whole case, which I admit to be a complicated one, is developed and understood, the astounding fact will strike the most simple understanding, that it would require a greater outlay for sale or mortgage of an estate of 10,000*l.* than would amount to a bonus of three per cent. upon the capital ; in the one case, the money going into the exchequer of the government and lawyers ; in the other, into the pockets of co-operators who aided us in our glorious work.

If the over-cautious should remind me of the necessity of preserving five per cent. upon the outlay as the standard of rent—the one per cent. difference between what is and what I propose to be, as a reserve fund to meet withdrawals—I answer thus,—that one per cent. upon 100,000*l.* deposited in the Bank would but amount to 1000*l.* per annum, and that paid half-yearly in the shape of rent, and therefore constituting no



certain fund at the period when its use may be required, while the additional amount would in itself be insignificant.

Again, as I have before observed, the conversion of the capital in the Bank into land and houses would not be at all regulated by the amount of rent paid, while the liabilities of the Bank, or rather the chances of withdrawal, would become diminished in a geometrical proportion as the security was rendered more unexceptionable, and the prospect of remuneration beyond the stipulated interest was increased.

Depositors are aware that salutary provisions against capricious withdrawals are already in existence, while the certainty of a remunerating profit would considerably strengthen those provisions.

No man being able to solve the doctrine of chance, I have endeavoured to establish some barrier against its caprice, and after the minutest calculation I have arrived at the conclusion, that ten per cent. of the paid-up capital always invested in Exchequer Bills, paying 4*l.* 11*s.* 3*d.* per cent., and always convertible into cash in five minutes, would be an ample fund to meet the very worst emergency; while I see no prospect of Labour's depositors running upon their own bank. This provision would leave us a fund of 10,000*l.* to meet the withdrawals upon 100,000*l.*, while the necessity of notice of withdrawal of the whole amount would give me ample time to provide for such a contingency.

Then, if I am asked how the affairs of the Bank are to be wound up, I answer,—

*Firstly*,—The quick developement of the Plan by the altered position in which I seek to place the Bank and the located occupants, would at once create an amount of Redemption Fund that no man can now contemplate; and I am aware that many members are now depositors, and but await the completion of their conveyance to apply their funds either to the redemption of their allotments, or to the reduction of their rent at twenty-five years' purchase. And the reader should bear in mind, that every 100*l.* applied to the redemption of an allotment increases the security of that allotment. Further, I propose that the whole profits accruable from the Land Purchase Department shall be placed to the credit of the occupants, and shall be retained as a Reserve Fund—a sacred fund—which, though available for a sudden emergency, should be replaced and retained for distribution together with the whole paid up capital, all of which would be security to depositors—and one-half the interest on which should be added to the Bonus Fund—but which finally, upon the winding up of the Company, would be distributed equitably amongst the members: and further, that the other half of the profit made by any of the means which I have before stated and not paid for by the Company, because not taken into account in the purchase, shall be added to the Land Purchase Fund, and that it also, though security to the Bank and available on an emergency, shall be added to the general Reserve Fund, to be distributed as I have stated.

Having seen so few contributors to the Land Purchase Department, perhaps this part of the great whole may be looked upon slightly. However, the slight will be dispelled when I announce that from this source alone I have already realised

### OVER TWO THOUSAND POUNDS.

And I expect that this branch of our undertaking will bear good fruit for the society, while it will leave a profit of more than one hundred per cent. to the contributors, because no member of the Land Purchase Department will be able to procure the same amount of land in the retail market at double the price that I charge for it. And here again the society has the advantage of co-operation.

I will now state the advantages to be derived by the members from the adoption of my proposed alterations.

*Firstly*—They receive their allotments at a rent of one per cent. less upon the outlay than the present rules establish, and one and a half per cent. less than the standard established by the original rules.

*Secondly*—They are allowed to redeem their allotments by the standard of this reduced rental.

*Thirdly*—I am not visionary when I presume that I could locate ten for one if my proposed alterations as regards the Bank are adopted.

*Fourthly*—I provide in as far as possible against the chances of a run upon the Bank.

*Fifthly*—I secure a large Reserve Fund from two fruitful sources which have cost the Company nothing, and of which they are the recipients at compound interest—for, whatever the temptations to purchase may be, I shall most strenuously enforce upon the members the necessity of preserving that trust sacred and untouched—I mean the fund produced from the Land Purchase Department, and that arising from the one-half of profit made upon materials and other things not taken into account in the purchase, and beyond which the land is worth the money, and that the land shall bear four per cent. interest upon the outlay, apart from any calculation as to those profits, instead of carrying them to the account of each separate estate from the purchase of which they were created.

*Sixthly*—The money placed in the Bank being earned by labour, and being applied to the Redemption of labour, I hold that I am as much the trustee for the depositor as for the occupant.

*Seventhly*—I will hereafter show the sources from which bonusses may be made permanent during the existence of the Company, and not terminable upon the one application of so much capital to so much purchase.

Those who are the deadliest enemies of labour, have the insolence to write speculative articles as to the security of depositors in the National Land and Labour Bank, while the hired tools dare to question the honesty of one who would rather die the most excruciating death than allow his fame to be sullied by practising delusion upon the poor ; one who has



stepped from the highest ranks of the aristocracy, and placed himself at the head of Labour's struggle; who has abandoned friends and relatives, profession and profit, and spent a fortune in the best days of manhood, in the advocacy of the popular cause, and yet, as if confidence was a distributive and not a concentrative thing, these hired scribblers of the Press, who are as much the minions of their employers as the cook, the scullion, and the dog-boy, would dare—but, thank God, fruitlessly—to disturb that confidence which nine hundred and ninety-nine in every thousand of the working classes now repose in me.

How else can I meet this army of ruffians than with a shield of a life's persecution and consistency which ought to bid defiance to slander; but if I argue this portion of my subject upon general principles, I do it thus:—that, believing implicitly in the value of concentration, I would not be associated with any living man in the responsibility attaching to the Money Department of the Bank and Land Company; and in the exact proportion in which that responsibility was subdivided in the exact same proportion would confidence be diminished, and, therefore, if the reader arrives at the same conclusion, the question is not as to the parties in which, but as to the man in whom, the people are prepared to confide.

And, although laughed at by the House of Commons, Mr. Reynolds was perfectly correct when he asserted that bankers traded upon six shillings and eightpence in the pound of capital, and the remaining thirteen shillings and fourpence of credit, while I trade in principle, and twenty shillings in the pound capital expended in the purchase of twenty shillings' worth of land. And if I should happen to buy that land at 5*l.* or 10*l.* beyond its old system value, which I am not likely to do, having been offered a large profit upon most of the estates I have purchased, and having made 1350*l.* profit upon one of the smallest, even in that case, so valuable is the free labour-field to the free labourer that he would not feel the feather upon his back.

I am aware, as I have frequently stated, that it is a difficult task to lead a whole population from the consideration of an artificial state of life, the value of which may be placed before them by the wildest and most visionary theorists, to a natural state of life, which requires practice as its solution; and, although I now receive numerous letters from Germany, France, Belgium, and other countries, expressing admiration of my Plan, and requesting all the works that I have written upon the subject, nevertheless I feel the great difficulty of my situation, and the danger to which one single false step would subject me. And for these reasons the reader must pardon the more minute developement of those branches of the subject, at which I have but previously hinted.

It should be borne in mind, then, by those who are anxious for more minute information as to the security of the National Land and Labour Bank, that, presuming the paid-up capital of the present members to be 400,000*l.*, which I believe it will



be found to be, that that sum is a capital upon which no interest is paid, but upon which interest is received, and that it becomes security to the Bank; that is to say, that the man whose allotment costs 250*l.*, and who has paid 5*l.*, will have to pay interest upon the whole sum of 250*l.*, although his own 5*l.* constituted a portion of it; and that fund of 400,000*l.*, together with the profits made from the many sources I have previously mentioned, will be equitably distributed amongst the members when the affairs of the Company are wound up; but which will be liable as security to the Bank until the affairs of that establishment are wound up. Thus, as it will be seen at a glance, the depositors in the Bank are further secured in this amount of capital over and above that invested, while the value of the security will be daily increased by the expenditure of free labour. For instance, an allotment let for 10*l.* a year to day, and security for 250*l.* to the Bank, in three years would be worth 16*l.* a year and more, thus increasing the security of 10*l.* a year to 16*l.* a year. And if I am answered by those perfumed gentlemen who would cultivate intellect with a goosquill, that the parties, upon whose labour this improved security would depend, have been operatives, tailors, and mechanics, unused to agricultural pursuits, my rejoinder is 'Go to O'Connorville, where operatives, tailors, shoemakers, and mechanics have been in a state of transition from the artificial to the natural avocations of man, for only nine months; go to Lowbands, where the same classes have only been located for five months, and on each of those locations you will find the new professors, generally speaking, as able, and much more willing, to perform a day's agricultural labour, as the practised agriculturist; and that all will be daily improving in the new art, when induced by the reflection that they themselves are to be the recipients of that improvement.'

Allow me now to call the attention of the reader to what would be the probable result of my propositions, as regards the interest upon money deposited in the Bank. And here I trust that the feathered tribe will not place my anticipations, either to the account of ignorance, enthusiasm, or self-interest, because, as I have upon all other occasions, whether in my calculations as to the profits of free labour when applied to the land, and my anticipations from the result of perfect co-operation, I have, in all cases, drawn my conclusions on the side of extreme moderation, treating agriculture barbarously, and leaving a large margin for casualties and possible contingencies.

Let me suppose then that I pay 10,000*l.* for an estate, and that I make profit of rubbish, materials, and things valued, after paying the amount of valuation, of 1,000*l.*, half of which goes to the depositors with whose money it was purchased, while the interest of four per cent. is secured by a like amount charged as rent upon the outlay. This then will enable me to declare a bonus of 500*l.* at the end of the year, or five per cent. to the depositors of that amount, whose monies should have been deposited for twelve months previously, thus in-

creasing their interest to nine per cent. and securing the Bank against the chances of a run, and still entitling those depositors to permanent bonuses from other sources.

Well, this also may be laughed at, but when I state, that, upon the small estate of O'Connorville of one hundred and three acres, and for which I paid 1860*l.*, I had convertible materials, not valued or taken into account, and without which the farm would have fetched as much rent, of the value of more than 400*l.*, and the half of which would have been equal upon the purchase money, making out title, and surveying, to ten per cent. bonus, leaving the land as security for four per cent. interest. For Lowbands I paid 8,000*l.*, and there the converted materials, over and above the value of the land at four per cent. rental upon the outlay, added to the profit upon timber and cattle, would have realised over 1,000*l.*, leaving 500*l.* to be applied to the Reserve Fund, and 500*l.*, or six-and-a-quarter per cent., to the Bonus Fund, thereby entitling the depositors of that amount to ten-and-a-quarter instead of four per cent.

Methinks I see some gaby grinning at this calculation, but let me remind him of the profits made by manufacturers on slave labour, of the profits made by merchants by bookkeeping, of bankers by account-keeping, and by farmers by hired labour; and then the grin may be turned to a wrinkle illustrative of the furrow that well-requited free labour would bring in the cheek of the unrequited idler.

Then as to trade, let me call the reader's attention to the balance sheet of the London Joint Stock Bank just issued, which declares 6 per cent. interest upon deposits, and seven shillings and sixpence bonus upon the £10 shares, or £9. 15s. per cent.; with defalcations to the amount of £39,000 consequent upon losses sustained 'by confiding in traders. And we must understand, that the trading parties receiving the accommodation from the Bank, and from whose necessities a profit of £9. 15s. was made by the depositors, that they also made their £9. 15s. per cent., which would leave the sum of 19½ per cent. profit upon the funds in that establishment, and which, but for the defalcation of £39,000, would have left a profit for the year, of 25 per cent. besides paying enormous house-rent. the salaries of directors, managers, innumerable clerks, stamp-duty and taxes, with the hundred 'et ceteras' to not one of which would the National Land and Labour Bank be liable; and to this twenty five per cent. may be added the cost of risk, freight, insurance, custom-house, and excise duty, wharfage, lading, unlading, and the various expenses consequent upon trade.

Again, let the smiler ask himself, how those who deal in money afford to give ten, twelve, and fifteen per cent. upon it, and yet realise a profit, while free-labour, which is the source of the wealth of the world, is not able to pay eight per cent., nor yet four per cent.

Reader, it is rubbish, rank and insolent nonsense, to tell me that manufacturers can realise a profit of twenty, thirty, and forty per cent. upon slave labour; that merchants can realise



a profit of ten, fifteen, and twenty per cent. upon the same expenditure of labour; that bankers can realise a profit of six, eight, ten, and twelve per cent. upon the same labour; that overseers, bailiffs, and lackies, can realise a profit of two, three, four, and five per cent upon labour, thus establishing the minimum profit made by those several parties by labour, at thirty-eight per cent., and the maximum at seventy-seven per cent. without taking into account the shipowners' profit; and, with these startling facts before us, are we to be told that eight per cent. is not to be secured by the free labourer who works task-work every day in the year?

There are other important items as regards our Bank which must be borne in mind; namely, our Bank does not discount bills at any rate of interest; the funds of our bank cannot be speculated in, no matter however fascinating the prospects of profit may be; our Bank lends no money except to the Land Company, upon landed security, nor shall a fraction of the funds, as long as I live, be applied to other than the purposes of the Land Company; while the whole expense of the Banking department, including salary of manager, clerks, rent, stationery, and other things, does not amount to 650*l.* per annum; while any increase of expenditure would only be in the wages of additional clerks, and would be more than trebly met by the increased profits upon increased deposits, consequent upon the increased ability to purchase landed property.

Indeed, so wedded am I to the entire principle of co-operation in its fullest integrity, that I should like to declare a small bonus, out of increased profits, to be applied to the remuneration of zealous and industrious clerks, and from which source the Company and the depositors would actually derive a benefit, as it could only be insured by the difference between the cheerful performance of free labour, and unwilling performance of slave labour; and with the clerks engaged in the National Land and Labour Bank I received ample security from the Guarantee Society, which, although established for the mere purpose of 'trafficking in bad character, is another proof of the value of co-operation.

I will now make the value of co-operation apparent to all, by the savings in the single item of horse power—and to this statement I beg the greatest attention. Perhaps those arithmeticians of the Press, who expect that all the materials composing a cottage should jump together as if by magic, will cock their ears when they learn that there are two hundred and fifteen tons of materials in a single cottage and outbuildings. I will furnish the table for their instruction.

140 tons of Stones.

- |    |   |  |
|----|---|--|
| 25 | " | Sand and lime for masons.  |
| 30 | " | Road-stone, allowing a mile to every fifty cottages, that is six perches, as the proportion to each cottage, and five tons to a perch. |
| 5  | " | Timber.  |



10 tons of Slates, lime and sand for plasterers, flagging, stoves for Kitchen, chimney pieces, hearth-stones, ranges and chimney-bars, nails and iron work, spouting, pump, steining well, cement, lead for gutters, and the little etceteras; the steining of the well alone taking from four to five tons.

5 „ Stone or gravel for making paths.

Making 215 tons.

Now I venture to presume, that those ignoramuses, who can form no estimate of the amount of labour required for the conversion of two hundred acres of an old system farm into fifty allotments with fifty cottages, were under the impression that all the materials in one of those cottages would weigh two or three tons; but you will find that not less than 10,750 tons of materials are required for the erection of fifty cottages. And, having had some experience from the past, hired horse power, for the performance of that portion of the work, would stand me in two shillings a ton, making the sum of 1075*l.* for that labour alone, whereas I can perform the same amount of labour, and more conveniently, at nine-pence a ton, thereby effecting a saving in this department alone of 13*l.* 8*s.* 9*d.* a house, and in this calculation I make no allowance for the manure made by the horses. But, as my object is to convince you of the value of co-operation, and to prove to you that the securing of that principle, will warrant our giving a bonus to those who furnish the means, I shew you that, from the difference between hired horse-power and co-operative horse power alone, the party renting one of our cottages would not be the loser of a fraction by laying a bonus of thirteen and a-half per cent. over and above the interest; that is, he saves 13*l.* 8*s.* 9*d.* by the money of the depositor, in the single item of drawing materials to his house, as I estimate the value of a cottage at 100*l.*, and the agricultural operations at 5*l.* an acre; and as large a saving would be effected in agricultural operations by the difference between co-operative labour and hired labour.

Again, no mason will undertake to build one cottage at the same rate that he will undertake to build fifty: no carpenter will undertake his labour at the same price, while I venture to assert that the difference between wholesale dealing and retail dealing in timber, would amount to over twenty per cent. while I am allowed a discount of fifty per cent upon all my ironmongery.

Then, if I come to contrast the difference of expence between keeping my own horses, and hiring horses by the day, I can keep mine, including carters, and wear and tear at four-shillings a day, and I will undertake to perform more work in one day with a pair of my horses, than any farmer will perform in three days with his horses; and more than any horses kept by mere jobbers will perform in four days. A pair of my horses would walk away with three tons behind them at the

rate of three miles an hour, while a pair of hired horses would stagger and crawl at the rate of two miles an hour with a ton weight; and from this statement you may deduce the fact that when I require a hundred horses, which I shall before summer, from that source alone I shall effect a saving of over 200*l.* a week, besides having the manure; and I might add another 'besides'—which would be most satisfactory to the Press—viz., **BESIDES DOING THE WORK** instead of leaving it undone:—for instance, I should like to discover that neighbourhood where there is a sufficient amount of available horse power to perform a stupendous work of this kind, and for which the farmers of the country are wholly unprepared, as they very prudently keep rather an under than an over stock of horses, and my requirement for horse power would very speedily have the effect of raising the price of the supply according to the demand, while I assert that I could not have completed Lowbands with hired horse labour in four years. I have before shewn you, that I paid nearly 100*l.* for the carriage of 220*l.* worth of manure to O'Connorville; and this expence was entirely consequent upon the fact, that, at that period of our proceedings, the Company was deficient in the important item of co-operation, as there was not a sufficient amount of capital in hand to warrant so large an expenditure as a supply of horses would require. I am now employing twenty-seven horses daily besides my own teams, and, as the work advances, I fear, or rather I hope, I shall require twent more here.

I convinced my bailiffs at Minster, that the difference between having twelve men and six, to load the carts with stone and sand, which was but ten shillings a day additional, effected a saving, and thereby made a profit, of 5*l.* a day, as I take care to have sufficient power to load my horses while they are turning, whereas you will see a farmer's team standing for an hour or two, losing him four or five shillings merely to save the expence of an additional man's labour.

While treating of co-operation, I might have shewn you a large saving in every other department of building, for which the Company would be gainers by paying twenty or thirty per cent. for a sufficient amount of money to enable them to carry out the co-operative principle to its fullest extent, but I think I have been sufficiently explicit in my details, and that their perusal will convince the greatest sceptic of their accuracy.

I might have shown a saving of more than one hundred per cent. in the simple operation of ploughing; the hired team, consisting of a man and driver, and four horses, while two of my horses with one man will plough the stiffest ground, and from the difference of pace will plough a quarter of an acre per day more than the hired snails.

If the next Conference shall, upon thoroughly understanding the grounds of my proposition, acquiesce in the proposed alteration, I should fix the 5th of April next as the commencement of our first financial year, and would declare the bonus



upon the same day in each successive year :—that is, that on the 5th of April in each year, the depositors in the National Land and Labour Bank would, independently of interest, receive a bonus derived from the sources I have mentioned, and payable only upon those funds which had been deposited in the Bank during the previous year.

As to the question of security, I have already shewn upon various occasions that no bank in the world offers as good security as the National Land and Labour Bank, while, as far as the interest of the depositors is concerned, and I am the Banker, not a shilling of its funds should be advanced, except upon the requisite legal undertakings being entered into by the Trustees, and the title deeds being deposited in my custody. And as to the security until the complete registration is effected, the property now purchased is as completely available as security to depositors as the freehold and personal property of any banker in the world is for his debts. Nor did I, nor would I, undertake the establishment of the National Land and Labour Bank in connection with the Land Plan, had I not ascertained from consultations with eminent counsel the perfectly legal terms upon which the Land of the Company may be made available security to depositors in the Bank, provided the Bank was established in the name of an individual and not as a Joint Stock Company concern. And while I am upon this branch of the subject, I will add that I know of no reasonable sum of money which I could command, that I would not cheerfully give to have preserved the Land Company altogether from the meshes of the law ; which, but for the foolish fears created by insignificant and insolent gabblers, might have been accomplished, as nothing could have been easier than to have confined all operations of the Land Company within the discretion of its managers. However, those who have joined the Company, and those who are interested in its welfare, constitute no insignificant or unimportant portion of society, and, bound together as they are by the strongest ties of interest, the dearest ties of nature, and the keenest ties of necessity, I can only say, that, though I shall pity them, I shall condemn them, and lose all respect for them, if (when the road to protection is pointed out by the clearest legal perception, and in which, though the least interested, I am determined to pursue my fearless course of persuasion and enforcement, when my cause is honorable and my object holy) they are not prepared to march with me for as perfectly unmistakeable and defined a protection for the pence of the poor and the rights of labour, as for the pounds of the rich and the privileges of the idle ; for I have ever held to the principle that from a perfect social state, the most perfect representative state must follow ; and I shall look with apathy, despondence, and disgust, upon a people who shout ‘Liberty’ and are not prepared to enforce the protection of law ; while I wish all to understand, that, except in feeling and holy purpose, I can upon any given day pass from



a life of slavery and drudgery, which confers pleasure from the anticipation of good to which it directs, to a state of idle ease and luxury, when that anticipation is not participated in by those to whose service my life has been devoted.

I think I hear the advocate of things as they are exclaiming : ' Why this is a national revolution ! and this bids fair to be the National Bank.' So it does, and so it ought ; but it will not be liable to national bankruptcy from capricious trade, capricious traffic, capricious rate of discount, capricious gambling of its managers, capricious rise and fall in fictitious stocks, or the possible, nay probable, inability of a government to pay those dividends consequent upon the reduced profits from industry being unable to meet the increased demands of the idle.

What is entitled to the name of nationality, if not Labour, that is the source of all wealth ? And who is entitled to protection, if not the Labourer, who produces that wealth ? Well, my Plan from first to last is based upon the principle of applying new details to the new principle, by which this country must be governed, and that principle is based upon the text that

" The Science of Agriculture is only in its infancy."

While I live I will struggle for the rights of industry, regardless of all opposition, and when I die the confidence reposed in me during life shall be transmitted to my chosen trustees, in whose integrity to carry out my intentions I shall have the most implicit confidence, and when this is the principle upon which private property and public property in many cases is protected, and the interest of the owners perpetuated, I will hear of no reason urged against it in my case and your case. I live amongst you and enjoy your confidence ; I cannot retreat if I was inclined, except within that shade of self-accusation, which would haunt me to death, and therefore, without vanity, I say you are bound to implicit confidence.

My notion of perfect liberty, because leading to perfect enjoyment, contentment, and peace, consists socially and politically in individuality of possession, co-operation of labour, and the full, free and fair representation of every male adult member through representatives chosen by themselves : a responsible executive elected for life, but removable on just cause, and an administrative body elected by, and responsible to, that executive, and for whose acts that executive is responsible.

I shall now conclude with a few general observations, which must serve as an answer to all who doubt the feasibility of the Land Plan, and

*Firstly*,—I would remind them that the great object is to bring the Land, the source of all wealth, into the retail market, whereby every man wishing to live in the sweat of his own brow, may become possessed of a sufficient quantity to employ his own and his family's labour.

*Secondly*.—That that portion of land may be had in the

retail market at the wholesale price, discharged of the barbarous laws and customs of *primo-geniture*, settlement, and entail.

*Thirdly.*—That the very same difference exists between the large farmer who rents an amount of land which he cannot possibly cultivate to the best advantage, and the small farmer who holds just enough to cultivate with his own free labour; that exists between the grocer who should be compelled to sell his sugar retail at the wholesale price, and to live upon the profits.

*Fourthly.*—That while our present capricious and fictitious system of currency leads to casualty and uncertainty, no man knowing what the value of property possessed to day may be to-morrow, while the labourer, who is the producer of all wealth, is the greatest sufferer from this state of uncertainty; and while we are beggars at the door of the foreigner for the means of subsistence, the land produces all we eat, all we drink, all we wear, everything we use, and free labour expended upon it makes its improved state the most secure savings' bank.

*Fifthly.*—That, however the price of land may vary in the wholesale market, no possible contingency can reduce its value in the retail market, if the trade in the commodity, unshackled by barbarous laws, is permitted.

*Sixthly.*—There is no possible hope of redemption for the land shopkeepers, except in the retail of their commodity in those portions which will suit existing emergency.

*Seventhly.*—Machinery having displaced man from his natural position, and the nations of the world having wisely resolved upon doing for themselves what England did for them, at the monopoly price, there is no other channel but agriculture now open to those whom the wisdom of other nations have constituted a surplus population in Britain.

*Eighthly.*—That there is no fair mart in which the hired labour of man can be ascertained, save the free labour-field, where he may become acquainted with the value of his labour.

*Ninthly.*—I will not listen to the absurdity of the horrors of the squatting system, when I but demand four million acres of land, or less than the fifteenth part of the British soil, to locate one-third of the British population, preserving, in its present state of abuse and uncultivation, fourteen fifteenths until increased population shall destroy its share of those abuses which may then press hardly upon the means of subsistence.

*Tenthly.*—If the legitimate, the natural, and praiseworthy desire of the working classes to possess a sufficiency of land, by purchase, to enable them to live honourably upon the fruits of their own industry, shall be obstructed by any pettifogging legislation, I believe in my conscience that a general demand for the restoration of the land to the uses of mankind will be raised; a demand which neither force nor law will be able to put down.



*Eleventhly and lastly.*—I have told the working classes of this country, times out of mind, that their own redemption solely depended upon their own will, and that the postponement of that redemption wholly depended upon their want of confidence in each other, and the ridiculous attempt to effect any beneficial change by any sectional movement. The oppressor's motto being, 'Divide and Conquer,' that principle has been artfully inculcated and systematically carried out by the purchase of the leaders of the people whenever monopoly was threatened with universal assault; and, therefore, for now sixteen years, both in and out of Parliament, I have advocated the creation of a new national mind, the organisation of that mind, and the proper direction of its will, as paramount in importance to all other considerations.

I told the people, at the commencement of Reform, that we lived in new times, and required men with new ideas to govern them, as I despaired of winning those steeped in folly and corruption to wisdom and integrity.

I have now propounded a plan which but requires national confidence and national co-operation to make it of national benefit; while I wish it to be understood, that neither I, nor those who are associated with me, seek release from their present bondage otherwise than by the fair, honourable, and legal purchase of their free labour field, on which, according to God's ordinance, each husbandman may live in the sweat of his brow. And, tame as political agitation has been since the anticipation of happiness and contentment through social change has been created, I would warn the privileged, the monopolist, and all who live upon the depression of wages consequent upon the abstraction of the soil of the country from its legitimate purposes—the support and sustenance of man—that any attempt to frustrate or destroy that anticipation would lead to a state of disorder in which the willingness to purchase would be changed into a demand for restoration; and that it is utterly hopeless for any English minister or government longer to attempt to support an increasing idle class upon the diminished resources of the industrious.

To this Land Plan I have pinned my faith, religiously, socially, and politically, and in the face of the whole world I declare that I would rather beg my bread for the remainder of my days, or face danger at any odds, than be the means of retarding its progress myself, or than tamely submit to its frustration by any unjust intervention of the law; and the greatest minister that ever wielded the destinies of Britain having declared the fact, the GREAT FACT, the incontrovertible fact, that

'THE SCIENCE OF AGRICULTURE IS ONLY IN ITS INFANCY,'  
I demand the practical realization of this GREAT FACT.

FEARGUS O'CONNOR.

*Snig's End,  
Gloucestershire.*



# THE LABOURER.

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## THE MARCH OF FREEDOM.

BY ERNEST JONES.

The nations are all calling,  
To and fro, from strand to strand ;  
Uniting in one army  
The slaves of every land.

Lopsided thrones are creaking,  
For "loyalty" is dead ;  
And common sense is speaking  
Of honesty instead.

And coming Freedom whispers,  
'Mid the rushing of her wings,  
Of loyalty to nature,  
Not loyalty to kings.

The gold along the counters,  
Rings no longer pure and clear ;  
For 'tis coined with blood of childhood,  
And 'tis stamped with manhood's tear.

And the bank notes of the usurer,  
That "justice" buy and sell,  
Are the title-deeds ensuring  
His heritage in hell.

The church doors are worm-eaten,  
Where the well-paid parson drones ;  
And the loud bells in the steeples,  
Have learned unwonted tones :

In Padua and Pavia,  
'Tis not to prayers they call ;  
But they summon all the citizens,  
To conquer or to fall.

Well may the bell-tower tremble,  
 And the parson shake betimes ;  
 For the sanctuary shall cease to be  
 A sanctuary for crimes.

From mountains old and hoary,  
 First Liberty came down ;  
 Like the avalanche her footfall,  
 Like the thunder-cloud her frown.

On Friburg's towers she lightened,  
 And the Lawine rushed below ;  
 And the blackness of long bigotry,  
 Was swept as white as snow.

And far among the glaciers  
 Were answering voices found,  
 As the thunder-blast of Freedom  
 Reverberated round.

And she gazed from her Lake-Palace,  
 From Lucerne's mimic sea,  
 And smiling she beheld  
 That Switzerland was free.

Then from her southward mountains  
 Looked downward where, below,  
 The Arno wind and Lido,  
 And the Brenta and the Po.

She saw the Austrian tiger,  
 In Lombardy the fair,  
 Preparing for a bound  
 As he crouched within his lair.

But downward still she wandered  
 To monarchy's own home ;  
 And the dust of empires trembled  
 As she passed the gate of Rome.

And : " I will make ye battle,  
 Ye conquerors of mankind :  
 The tyranny of force  
 With the tyranny of mind ! "



Then she brought the twain together  
In the gorgeous Vatican :  
The pontiff and the emperor,  
The monarch and the man.

And who think ye won the battle ?  
Thus the rapid changes sped—  
'Twas the man of mind who conquered,  
And the man of swords who fled !

Then Freedom rose immortal,  
As Freedom ever must,  
Though Cæsar's tombs are ruins,  
And Mammon's temples dust.

And southward still she wandered  
To Naples fairy bay,  
Where, 'neath its grand volcano,  
The town-volcano lay.

Vesuvius unto Ætna  
Then waved its wild alarms,  
Till news were brought to Naples  
That Trinacria was in arms.

On the mole the people gathered,  
As they saw the troops return,  
From their death-bed at Palermo,  
To Napoli their urn.

And a heart-quake heaved around—  
And the city poured its might :  
A tyrant reigned at morn,  
And a people reigned at night.

Then threatened loud the Austrian,  
And said he'd march his men ;  
And loudly answered Italy :  
“ We'll hurl them back again ! ”

Why stays the Austrian bloodhound,  
Tho' he scents each noble prey—?  
He's strong and armed and mighty—  
And he fears—*for so are they !*

And the bayonet's insufficient  
 To do the work of war,  
 So he arms his gallant soldiers  
 With—what, think you?—*a cigar!*

Ah! nations! take the omen,  
 That tyranny is broke—  
 And all its powers and greatness  
 Are passing hence—*in smoke!*

Then northward wandered Freedom,  
 Where Elbe and Danube flow,  
 And Ferdinand and Frederick have  
 Their people for their foe!

Like unbound Roman fasces,  
 Lie the states with dukes and kings:—  
 She'll bind them in one rod  
 To scourge the sceptred things.

By Hungary she's passing,  
 And blunt grows Szela's knife;  
 And the famished of Silesia  
 Are thinking of their life.

Bohemia's mountains echo  
 Tones of Ziska's drum,  
 And the nobles see in thought  
 The modern Hussites come.

E'en Russia's frozen north  
 Is dawning on our ken,  
 And sends Bakounine forth  
 To tell us it has *men!*

She breathed on Poland's plains—  
 And her tears fell thick and fast:  
 Conqueror of the future,  
 And martyr of the past!

But prouder grew her glance  
 And sterner grew her mien,  
 As westward still she wandered  
 To Rhone and Loire and Seine.



She frowned in high defiance,  
 Where the Bastile once had frowned  
 And she spoke no word of wonder,  
 But she pointed all around.

Then Paris rose impatient,—  
 So impatient at delay,  
 It could not bide to wait  
 A dying tyrant's day.

And 'neath its hundred Bastiles  
 The cry heaved to and fro :  
 The victory's the completer,  
 The stronger is the foe.

Blow, breezes of La Vendée,  
 Mistuned by brave Chârette !  
 Ring, thunders of Napoleon,  
 To nobler music set !

March, old imperial soldiers,  
 But march in better cause,  
 And bare the blade of tyrants  
 To fight in Freedom's wars.

This time the people's power  
 The people's cause shall own ;  
 Then up with the republic,  
 And downward with the throne !

Still onward Freedom wandered,  
 Till she touched the British soil ;  
*Elysium of money,*  
 And *Tartarus of toil !*

And loudly here she chided ;  
 " My chosen people, ye !  
 I gave ye many chances :  
 Why so long in growing free ?

" Ye bend in resignation,  
 A tame and patient herd !  
*Union* be the motto,  
 And *onward !* be the word !

“ Why weeps your sorrowing sister,  
 Still bleeding unredressed,  
 Neath *Russell*, England's *Nicholas*,  
 The Poland of the west ?

“ Cry : ‘ Liberty to Erin !’  
 It is a debt ye owe :  
 Had *ye* not armed his hand,  
 He ne'er had struck a blow.

“ Cry : ‘ Liberty to Erin !’  
 With iron in the tone,  
 For while ye slight *her* rights,  
 Ye scarce deserve your own.”

The Briton and the Celt  
 Are gathering side by side ;  
 What ocean cannot part,  
 That man shall not divide.

Athwart that famous “ gulf,”  
 Though swift its current hies,  
 We soon can build a bridge  
 With dead monopolies.

For hark ! to Freedom's call  
 The fatal spell is broke ;  
 Repeal means—*Union* of the *slaves*,  
 And *severance* of the *yoke*.

Then, Hurrah for the Charter,  
 On Shannon, Thames, and Tweed !  
 Now, scythemen ! to the harvest !  
 Reap ! you who sowed the seed.



# THE INSURRECTIONS OF THE WORKING CLASSES.

*(Continued from page 17.)*

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## CHAPTER X.

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### SWITZERLAND.

Returning to the continent, several great movements challenge attention—the SWISS—the GREY LEAGUE, the HAUENSTEIN UNION, in Upper Germany—and the Hussite war.

The reader will have observed that the revolutionary element has had, as we have already mentioned, periodical stages of progression parted by chasms of quiescence and apparent extinction, recurring, however, after every interval with increased energy, and more widely spread ramifications. Thus the first attempts of the Saxons, Normans, Swabians, and Jutlanders, ending in the year 1036, concluded one of these cycles of revolutionary action. Nearly a century and a half of subjection followed, during which the suppressed material was fermenting for a fresh outbreak, renewed by the Jutlanders in 1181, propagated by the men of Ditmarsch, Stedingen, and Picardy, and concluded by the insurrection of Kennemara from 1255 to 1268.

Again a pause ensued, before the third footfall in the march of progression, but this time it was not so long; not a century elapsed before the new era of revolution was commenced by Rienzi, continued by the Jacquerie, and the Peasant war in England, and brought to a temporary close by those occurrences, which it now becomes the historian's duty to record.

It will be observed, that each time the intervening space becomes shorter, and each time the movement grows more important, thus verifying the assertion made at the commencement of this work.

Switzerland now claims our attention as having commenced a struggle for freedom, which, with astonishing success and constant energy, has continued down to our day, and still presents the spectacle of a free republic, surrounded by and defying the great monarchies of Europe. It will be necessary to go back to the middle of the twelfth century, to carry down the connected chain of events to the period at which we had arrived in the last chapter.

*The Forest Cantons.*

The origin of this great struggle dates from the time in which the peasantry of Schwytz, Uri, and Unterwalden rose against the yoke of their lay and clerical masters, and especially against the Abbey of Einsiedeln. The oppression of these lords was such, that it excited even this patient people to take arms in defence of their old rights—in 1101 they fought, and were victorious. The Roman king, Conrad, then placed them under the ban of the empire; the bishop of Constance under that of the church. They laughed them both to scorn, and forced the priests to either perform the sacred services or quit the country. This occurred in 1151, eleven years after Arnold of Brescia, had traversed these mountains. The three forest cantons formed a federal league, which was renewed every ten years, and it was not long before Schwytz, Uri, and Zurich joined the union. Thus they regained their ancient rights, which were confirmed by the emperors of the Hohenstaufen dynasty, by Rudolph of Hapsburg, and Adolph of Nassau.

The peasants of the upper Rhine, the valley of the Rhone, Appenzell, the forest of Bregenz, of Allgau, and the Black Forest, proved less fortunate. They stood under the immediate protection of the Holy Roman Empire, in consequence of which an hereditary aristocracy soon settled among them, and the free yeomen were gradually reduced to vassalage and serfdom.

King Albrecht the First, desirous of causing the same results in the free Cantons, had recourse to promises and negotiations to induce them to abandon their old privileges; but they resolutely preferred their mountain-freedom to the most attractive municipal and feudal advantages. As they were not to be won thus, the king instructed his lieutenants to irritate the people into violence, thus to have an excuse for intervening with an armed force, and crushing their liberties at a blow. He therefore sent Hermann Gessler von Brauneck and Beringer von Landenberg to govern in the forest-cantons, for they were still under the legal supremacy of the Roman crown, whose representatives were charged with the administration of the laws. These representatives, however, had formerly been earls of the surrounding marches, who merely made an annual progress through the country.

The new lieutenants, or Landvogts, however, were mere minions of the court, appointed as permanent residents, and furnished with secret instructions to drive the people into open revolt by any possible means of aggravation.

They immediately commenced building strongholds for their safety, garrisoned them with foreign mercenaries, and set about their task. The unsuspecting peasantry never thought

of resisting until the time of resistance seemed past, and oppression had reached an almost fabulous extreme.

After suffering for a time in silence, four acts of unprovoked outrage fired the storm of indignation.

Landenberg had imposed a fine of two oxen on a grey-headed man named Henry an der Halden, for a trivial insult to his authority, and the Landvogt's bailiffs were guilty of such insolence on the occasion, that Arnold, the old man's son, struck one of them and fled. The Landvogt immediately had the father seized, imprisoned, and both his eyes torn out. He then placed his own hat on a pole before his castle at Uri, (which he scornfully denominated Zwing-Uri, or *the curb of Uri*), and forced every one to come and pay it homage. He stopped a nobleman named Stauffacher, on the highway, for daring to build a house without his lord's permission; and forced Tell, of Uri, to shoot an apple from his child's head to save his life. These occurrences, and their immediate consequences, are so well known, that we will allude to them but briefly.

The oath of Grutli, the secret league, the famous shot of Tell, and Geszler's death, the destruction of every stronghold, the expulsion of every foreign mercenary, and the liberation of the Cantons, were the rapid results. But King Albrecht soon placed himself at the head of an overwhelming force, and advanced to crush this "handful of rebellious boors." Stabbed by his own nephew, whom he tried to cheat of his inheritance, he died in Aarau on the 1st of May 1306, and the consequent confusion in the German empire gave the peasants time to affirm their newly conquered rights. In 1315, however, Leopold of Austria invaded Switzerland at the head of an imperial army. They were met by the mountaineers in the pass of Morgarten, and utterly destroyed. In 1332, Lucerne joined the league of the cantons, and Zurich was not long in following the example. Glarus and Zug joined in 1352 (the one four days after the other), and in 1353 Berne itself was annexed to the confederacy. Thus district after district threw off the yoke of Austria; not a castle remained standing—not a noble was tolerated in the land—not a symbol of Hapsburg was left.

At the courts of the surrounding monarchs, the free Swiss were still designated as rebellious vassals, and threats of punishment were heard on every side. The close union between the peasantry of the mountains and the burghers of the towns, though it rendered them the more formidable, but sharpened the anger of the aristocracy, who, from old experience, hated the rising power of the new municipalities.

Breathing vengeance against those whom he designated as refractory serfs, and unwarned by the death of his grandfather at Morgarten, Duke Leopold the Third of Austria, invaded Switzerland in 1386, at the head of one of the most numerous and brilliant armies of the age. The Swiss met him at Sem-pach. The Austrian army formed a semi-circle, presenting a



front of forty thousand men in armour, bristling with levelled spears. Opposed, stood a small band of mountaineers, without armour, and scantily supplied with arms. They charged with the fury of despair, but could make no impression on the apparently impenetrable phalanx, till Arnold of Winkelried, spreading wide his arms, caught three lances in his embrace, plunged them in his breast and weighed them down with his body, crying to his comrades : " I bequeath my wife and children to my country's care—now over me ! The line is broken ! "

Through the chasm rushed the fierce avengers, and soon six hundred and seventy-six earls and lords, two thousand men-at-arms, and the Archduke Leopold himself, lay dead upon the field of battle. From this day, Swiss liberty was secure, and despotism ever after shrunk in terror from the magic circle of these mountains.

The effects of Swiss liberty were soon perceptible in the surrounding countries, and the enslaved began to ask themselves, what obstacles they had to surmount, which their Alpine brethren had not conquered ?

The first to take up arms were the men of Allgau. The peasantry in this rich and beautiful country, who had been completely subjugated by a swarm of military and ecclesiastical adventurers, were, however, less fortunate than the victors of Morgarten and Sempach. The leagued towns of Swabia, whose citizens had but recently achieved municipal liberty, were jealous of power in the working-classes. The proud burgher, who had humiliated the noble, now, in his turn, claimed an exclusive prerogative, and thus gave an early example of the middle class tyranny, destined in subsequent ages to become the curse of mankind. They made common cause with the aristocracy, and their united power triumphed over the rude efforts of their enemies.

### *The Herdsmen of Appenzell.*

The little district of Appenzell, only ten miles in length and six in breadth, lies near the banks of the lake of Constance, and rises thence to the top of the Sentis hills. Eternal snow covers the heights, herds of fat cattle pasture on the slopes, while the rich valleys shelter the orchard and the vine. The race of stalwart herdsmen who inhabit Appenzell, had been from time immemorial liegemen to the Abbey of St. Gall. Jealous of their rights, they had maintained their liberties unimpaired, till the abbots, strengthened by the example of Swabia, determined on destroying their nationality at the close of the fourteenth century. The Herdsmen of Appenzell had hitherto enjoyed the right of electing their own magistrates—the abbot, crossing their confines with a body of foreign mercenaries, deposed the authorities and substituted creatures of his own. Each of these erected a strong castle, garrisoned it with hordes

of lawless soldiers, and surpassed even the tyranny of a Geszler. Duties, fines, soccage labour and serfage increased with every day—accompanied by all possible insult and contumely. The more the discontent of the people increased, the greater grew the barbarity of their masters, who thought, by a reign of terror, to frighten them into submission. Priests and nobles hunted their vassals with bloodhounds; they were driven to labour with the lash; the dead were dug up out of their graves, that their grave-clothes\* might be sold for the benefit of the feudal lord; those who were in arrear with their taxes had bulldogs set on them, and were thus driven in troops to the collector's office; the dean of a cathedral burnt down the house of Hans of Herdi with all that were in it. The measure of iniquity was full—one drop more—and it flowed over.

The Vogt of Schwendi sat one day before the gate of his castle. Below, in the valley of Rachtobel, lived a poor miller and baker, the father of eight children. On this day one of his boys went to milk the cows on the neighbouring Alp, and in so doing was obliged to pass the stronghold of the Vogt.

"Come hither," cried the latter, "and tell me what your father and mother are about?"

"My father," answered the child, "is baking bread that is already eaten—and my mother is making bad worse."

The Vogt demanded the meaning of the words. "My father has not paid for the flour, and my mother is patching an old rag with rags."

"And why so?" asked the Vogt.

"Because you have taken all our money."

The Vogt threatened to set his dogs on the child, and the latter ran home.

When the father heard of the Vogt's threat, he advised the boy to take a cat in his milkpail, and carry it with the lid down.

The boy obeyed, and when he next passed the castle of Schwendi, the Vogt being in a merry mood called him and said:—

"Now, you chatterbox, can you tell me why a magpie has more black feathers than white?"

"Because the devil, and not God, has most to do with tyrants."

The Vogt immediately set his dogs on the brave child, but out flew the cat, the dogs rushed at the latter, and the boy ran laughing to his father's cottage.

As he reached the threshold, however, the Vogt overtook him, and killed him with a stroke of his lance. The mother's

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\* It was customary to bury the dead in their best apparel.

lamentations called the villagers together. Alarmed at their gathering, the Vogt ran up the neighbouring mountain, and saw from his lurking place the crowd rush, as with one impulse, to his castle ; he saw his stout men-at-arms perish at its walls ; he saw his stronghold laid in ashes, and soon the light of distant conflagration told him that the worm had turned at last, and that the men of Appenzell were striking their oppressors.

The herdsmen now formed a pact like that of their Swiss brethren ; the several parishes of their little district elected each a captain, enrolled their battalions, formed an offensive and defensive league, appointed a council and a supreme magistrate, and obtained a sovereign recognition as "the Ammann and the men of Appenzell."

It was not to be expected that the recently enfranchised burghers of the Laketowns, or the abbot of St. Gall, would allow this little band of herdsmen to resist them with impunity, and convey so dangerous a lesson to their feudal neighbours. Accordingly, the abbot and the burghers leagued together, and with a force of five thousand horse and foot invaded the little territory of Appenzell. The herdsmen, insignificant in number, but formidable in spirit, had received a reinforcement of five hundred men from Schwytz and Glaris, who, being free themselves, could not bear to see their brethren slaughtered ; and with this assistance the men of Appenzell, though nearly trebly outnumbered by their opponents, met the latter at Vogelinseck on the 15th of May, 1403, defeated them, entered the municipal territory, and began destroying the strongholds of the middle class.

The abbot now called on the high nobility for support, and all the aristocracy of Upper Swabia united in a crusade under Archduke Frederick of Austria against the refractory peasants.

The latter elected Lord Rudolf of Werdenberg, whom the duke had robbed of his inheritance, as their leader, fought the battles of Wolfhalden and Hauptlisberg, and finally overcame their enemies at the rocks of Gais on the 17th of June, 1405. The action of Gais was one of the most wonderful feats of arms in the middle ages. Even women and children joined in this memorable struggle, in which a few half-armed boors slaughtered the most warlike and accomplished cavaliers of Europe. History still records the name of one Uli Rotach, a herdsman of Appenzell, who, while the battle was raging among the heights, was cut off from his comrades, and pursued by twelve knights and men at arms. With his back against a herdsman's hut, he defended himself with such surprising courage, that he had already slain five of his opponents, when the hut was fired from behind, and he thus perished amid the flames, and under the lances of the knights.



Spreading insurrections were the immediate consequence of this extraordinary victory. Along the Upper Rhine districts, the lake of Constance, Allgau and Thuringia, spread the healthful contagion, and the next success was achieved at Landeck in the Tyrolese Alps.

A general league was formed among the peasantry, joined here by a few of the towns, ranging from the confines of Thuringia throughout the hill country. An organised plan of action seems to have been concerted; castle after castle sunk in ashes, or were forced to admit garrisons of peasants, and the great torrent overflowing its mountain-bed burst through Vorarlberg, and poured through the open lands of Swabia. Their avowed intention was, to liberate all peoples oppressed by kings and aristocracies.

It was a long time before the latter, recovering from their panic, collected their forces for resistance.

The peasants were besieging the town of Bregenz, held by William, earl of Montfort, their bitter enemy. They did not feel themselves secure as long as he held this important place, with its strong castle of Pfannenbergr and its abbey. It was the month of November, 1407—the siege had already lasted ten weeks—the cold was so intense that the adjoining lake was frozen over, and the vineyards were destroyed. The besieging army was by no means numerous, and its position negligently guarded, when on a foggy day they were suddenly attacked by the united force of the confederated aristocracy.

The peasants lost their ordnance, their banner, and eighty men, but retired across the Rhine without further loss, favoured by the fog and the intense cold.

“Now on!” cried Beringer of Landenberg. “Let us pursue them, and kill man, woman and child, that the dangerous race may be at once extinguished.”

But the allied nobles had little inclination to dare the adventures of the Swiss hills again—they refused to follow, and the Herdsmen of Appenzell maintained their liberty.

The peasantry on the right bank of the Rhine were, however, forced to submit to the nobles, under promise of several reforms. But the aristocracy of Vorarlberg, and the valley of the Inn, soon forgot their pledges, and oppression resumed its sway. The men of Appenzell were declared enemies of the Holy Roman Empire, and, in reply, forthwith joined the Swiss confederation.

### *The Grey League.*

The feudal system had taken root even in the romantic hills of Rætia, and here, too, the wild excesses of the nobles and their bailiffs, drove the people to despair, and thence to insurrection, in the upper Engadine and the valley of Schams.

It was here that a baron required one of his vassals to bring his beautiful and innocent daughter to his castle as his paramour, and the father performed his duty, for he clove the noble's head with his axe ; upon which his friends and kinsmen performed theirs, for they killed the garrison and levelled the stronghold. It was here, that noblemen forced their vassals to eat out of the same trough as their cattle ; it was here that the bailiff of Lord Werdenberg Sargans entered the house of a freeman, who was at dinner with his servants, and in his excess of insolence spat in the bowl of broth from which they were drinking, when the master of the house forced his head into the vessel, and killed him, with the words : " Now drink the broth you have flavoured,"—whereupon the people rose, stormed and destroyed all the surrounding castles.

These events were soon followed by the conspiracy of Truns. At dead of night, in the month of May, 1424, six noblemen and the delegates of twenty-one villages assembled under an elmtree, near the hamlet of Truns, and swore, like the men of Grutli, to unite for the recovery of their rights. The grey blouses of the working-men gave to this union the name of **THE GREY LEAGUE**. The aristocracy combined under the name of **THE BLACK LEAGUE** to suppress it, and even one of those nobles who had sworn fealty to the league, placed himself at the head of its opponents.

The insurgents were placed under the ban of both church and state, and the noble army entered the valley of Schams. The majority of them never left it, for they mostly fell under the pikes of the mountaineers. In the course of half a century the Grey League embraced all the districts of Rhætia, forming a fresh barrier of free states on the eastern frontier of Switzerland.

The western people were stirring simultaneously, and the men of Oberwallis (the Upper Vaud,) expelled, with Swiss assistance, their feudal aristocracy. A wooden club was the symbol of their union ; into this each of the leagued peasants drove a nail ; beneath this, their national weapon, even the mighty castle of the Barons of Raron crumbled in the dust, and henceforth the men of Wallis were comparatively free.

Such is the eventful origin of Swiss nationality, and having now established their own independence, these gallant mountaineers glanced down at the enslaved people of the plains, and tendered a helping hand to that democracy which had been slowly struggling onward amid the towns of Swabia.

### *The Havenstein Union.*

In the south-eastern part of the **BLACK FOREST** dwelt a race of peasants owning the same spirit as their Alpine brethren. Four and twenty baronial houses held sway over their

villages, but in the commencement of the fourteenth century, their last representative was buried in the tomb of his ancestors, and their estates became appanages of the house of Hapsburg, and the Abbey of St. Blase. The old barons had never exercised much more than a nominal supremacy over the stout foresters, but the abbots contrived by fraud and cunning to impair their liberties, and gradually to reduce them to a state of serfage. Meanwhile they were exposed to invasion and annoyance from the barons of neighbouring districts, and receiving no protection from the Abbey, they formed the Union of Hauenstein, so called from the highest point in the Black Forest. Shortly afterwards, in 1371, as the oppression of the abbots continued, they marched against the Abbey, and made prisoners of its inmates and officials. In 1411, a similar attack was made on St. Blase: the abbot having imprisoned a poor woman for arrears of dues, the foresters punished this infringement of the Charter granted by the Austrian dukes, under whose sovereignty they stood, and which gave them the right of being judged by their peers, levying their own taxes, and electing their own magistrates. They succeeded in maintaining their right, but it was only a small portion of the Swabians who enjoyed these immunities. The majority were still under the cruel yoke of absolute serfage—borne the more uneasily since they saw a part of their own order in comparative freedom. Calculating on this feeling of discontent, the Swiss proposed to unite the Black Forest with their confederation, and had they effected this, the subsequent history of Europe might have proved far different. Various obstacles, however, arose—the union was never accomplished, but the seeds of liberty were sown for future suns to ripen.

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## THE POOR MAN'S LEGAL MANUAL.

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### THE LAW OF ELECTIONS FOR MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT.

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In our last "Manual," we treated of the qualifications of voters, and in the present, we intend to take a review of the whole of the proceedings necessary and incidental to an election, in the order in which they occur.

When it is remembered that there are no less than ninety-five distinct Acts of Parliament now in force on this subject, a brief compilation may appear the more valuable.

The order of the Queen in Council for the dissolution of one parliament, and the calling of another, is uniformly



accompanied by a second order, also made by her Majesty in Council, directing the Lord Chancellor to cause writs to be issued summoning a new parliament to meet at a time and place then mentioned. The act 7 and 8 W. 3. c. 25, directs that forty days shall intervene between the dates and return of the writs, but since the Union with Scotland, a period of not less than fifty days is allowed, between the date of the proclamation and the time fixed for the assembling of the new parliament. The writs when issued by the Lord Chancellor, are taken by his messenger to the General Post-office in London, and delivered to the Postmaster-General, or his deputy, who is required by the 53 Geo. 3, c. 89, to give an acknowledgment in writing of the receipt, and the time when delivered. The writs must then be forwarded, under cover to the returning officer to whom they are directed, by the earliest post after they have been received, accompanied by directions to the local postmasters to deliver the writs at the office of the party to whom they are directed, and to take an acknowledgment of the receipt, which is to be forwarded to the Postmaster-General, at the Post-office in London, where the memorandum is filed.

The proceedings on the day of election are as follow :— Between the hours of eight and eleven A. M., the sheriff, or other returning officer, should open the election by reading the writ or precept, and then taking the bribery oath, which may be administered by any justice of the peace, or, if none be present, by three electors. The Bribery Act (2 Geo. 2, c. 24) is then read, whereupon the returning officer asks the electors, whom they elect to serve them in Parliament ? and each candidate is proposed by one elector and seconded by another. After a reasonable time, and an enquiry whether any other elector has any other candidate to propose ; if no other candidate is nominated beyond the number required by the writ or precept to be returned, the returning officer, without any show of hands, or any further appeal to the electors, is bound to declare those proposed elected. If a greater number of persons are nominated than can be returned under the writ or precept, the returning officer is to determine the election, either by the view upon calling for a show of hands, or by the poll. An election by the view can only be made by consent of all the electors present, *i. e.* if no poll be required. A candidate, or any elector, may demand a poll, and when legally demanded, it is imperative on the returning officer to grant a poll. (7 and 8 W. 3, c. 25.)

Each candidate may be called upon after the nomination, on the day of election, or any time before the day fixed for the meeting of parliament, upon the written request of any other candidate, or of two registered electors having a right to vote, to declare his qualification, and if the candidate so called upon wilfully refuse to comply with the request for twenty-four hours, his election and return would be void. (1 and 2 Vict., c. 48, s. 3.) To represent a county, the member must have an estate arising out of real or personal property of the clear yearly value of £600; and to represent a city, borough, or town, a similar estate of £300 per annum, over and above incumbrances. The estate may arise out of any interest in land of any tenure, legal or equitable, situated in the United Kingdom, or the rents and profits thereof.

Where a poll is demanded, it cannot take place on the day of nomination, but must be appointed in counties to commence on the next day but two after the day of nomination, unless such next day but two should happen to fall on a Saturday or Sunday, and in that event, the poll must begin on Monday. (2 W. 4, c. 45, s. 61.) In cities or boroughs the poll should commence at eight o'clock A.M. of the day next following the day of nomination, unless such day next following should fall on a Sunday, Good Friday, or Christmas-day, and then the polling must take place on the following days respectively. (5 and 6 W. 4, c. 36.) In counties the polling continues for two days; on the first day for seven hours, commencing at nine o'clock A.M.; and on the second day for eight hours, finally closing at four o'clock P.M. In cities and boroughs the poll continues during one day only, commencing at eight o'clock A.M., and closing at four o'clock P.M.

When once the sheriff, or other returning officer, grants a poll, he ought to proceed with it, and if a candidate be proposed at any time during the polling, and has a majority of votes, his election will be valid; but, although a poll be granted, if no votes are tendered within a reasonable time after the poll opens, the returning officer may declare the numbers upon a view.

The returning officer is required, before the polling day, to cause a copy of the register of voters to be prepared for use at each polling place, which he must certify under his hand to be true; and he is authorised to appoint a deputy to preside, and clerks to take the poll, at each polling

place. The poll clerks are sworn by the returning officer, or his deputy, truly and indifferently to take the poll, and they must enter the place of the elector's qualification, as declared by him at the time of voting. Only two questions can be asked of a voter, when he comes to the poll; first, whether he is the same person as the one of the same name on the register of voters? And secondly: Whether he has already voted elsewhere for the election? The returning officer, or his deputy, may also appoint commissioners for the purpose of administering oaths, if requested by any of the candidates in writing.\* The deputies are paid after the rate of two guineas a-day, the poll clerks each one guinea a-day, and the commissioners one guinea a-day, and the returning officer is entitled to be repaid those expenses by the candidates in equal proportions. The candidates may severally nominate one person to act as inspector or cheque clerk for each person appointed to take the poll; and the returning officer allows a cheque book to be kept by such inspector at every polling place. (15 Geo. 2, c. 18, and 19 Geo. 2, c. 28.) In places where the number of electors does not amount to six hundred, there is no statutory provision giving a candidate a right to a check on the poll book.

The declaration of the voter for whom he means to vote should be made to the poll-clerk, and if *he* makes a mistake in entering the vote he may amend it; whilst his book remains unaltered, it is the best evidence of the vote. If the voter makes a mistake in declaring the name of the candidate for whom he proposes to vote, he may amend his declaration at any time before the vote is recorded by the poll clerk; but after the entry is complete it would be unsafe for the poll clerk to make any alteration.

The poll clerks, at the close of the day's poll, must seal up the poll books and deliver them to the returning officer or his deputy, who is bound to give a receipt for them, and at county elections to deliver them in the same condition to the poll clerk on the morning of the second day. On the final close of the poll, the books are delivered sealed to the returning officer, who retains them in the same state until the day next but one after the close of the poll, when the seals are broken, the number of votes cast up and declared, and the members elected publicly proclaimed. If the day

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\* See 34 Geo. 3, c. 73; 42 Geo. 3, c. 62; and 43 Geo. 3, c. 74.



next but one after the poll has closed falls on a Sunday, the proclamation, &c., is on Monday, and it must not be later than two o'clock in the afternoon. (2 W. 4. c. 45. s. 65.) After the state of the poll is declared, and the members chosen proclaimed, the returning officer seals up the poll books, and the candidates, if they think fit, may respectively affix their seals. The returning officer or his deputy, may, if he think fit, declare the final state of the poll, and make the return immediately after the poll has closed (2 W. 4. c. 45, s. 68.), but in practice this is seldom done. After the members elected have been proclaimed, the returning officer delivers the poll books sealed to the Clerk of the Crown in Chancery, or to the post-master of the place where such proclamation is made, addressed to the Clerk of the Crown in Chancery.

Immediately after the proclamation of the members elected, the sheriff, in counties, makes his return under seal to the Clerk of the Crown in Chancery: In cities and boroughs the returning officer returns the precept to the sheriff, and the sheriff returns the writ, and with it the return of the proper returning officer to the Clerk of the Crown. The 10 and 11 W. 3, c. 7, requires, that the return shall be made with all convenient expedition, and at the furthest within fourteen days after the election.

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## THE ROMANCE OF A PEOPLE.

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### AN HISTORICAL TALE

OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

(Continued from page 30.)

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#### CHAPTER VII.

The war had commenced. Warsaw had sent forth her soldiers to the field. They marched out of the capital between two vast lines of its inhabitants of every sex and age, rank and calling. It was a solemn spectacle—and every heart beat high as a gigantic chorus rolled upward from a congregated

nation, over the defenders of her choice departing to the field of battle. Prince Tsartima headed the regiment he had raised—not so the Palatine—he, too, had raised his tenantry—he sent them to the fight, but he headed them not; coldly he did what he considered his duty to his country—but his passions remained centred in his own wrongs—and he continued a passive spectator in his palace, seeking the goal of his own thoughts in the magnificent drama that was acting around him. Strange contrast with the enthusiasm of Zaleska—she had, in common with most of the daughters of Warsaw, cut her beautiful locks to make ropes for the artillery—she had formed one of the battalion of women, that, of all ranks and ages, laboured at the fortifications of the capital, when the approach of the Muscovite was expected—and she seemed ready now to fly like a ministering spirit to the very scene of strife.

“Father!” she said—and a vague fear seemed to chill the fire of enthusiasm—“Father! the Asiatic regiments are ordered to send reinforcements to the grand army of the Czar.”

“They are, daughter;”—and the voice of his child seemed the only sound that could divert the Palatine from his brooding vengeance.

“Wladimir was ordered to the Asian frontier”—she breathed, inaudibly to her father—and a nameless dread stole blanching over her face.

But the stir of public events stunned domestic grief into silence—three battles, those of Liviec, Stoczek, and Dobre, had been fought with the advancing Russians, and steadily disputing the passage, the Polish army fell back upon the capital.

On the 19th of February, 1831 the patriots took up a position on the plains of Grochow, within sight of Praga, a suburb of Warsaw, to which it is joined by a single bridge. From thence a brilliant attack was made by Zymirski and Szembek on the advancing enemy, as division after division emerged on the road of Waver—but the Polish force, that was engaging itself too much in advance, was ordered back by Chlopicki, who, though no longer dictator, commanded virtually under the nominal leadership of Prince Radziwil.

Night closed over the struggle—and on the following morning the Poles took up a final strong position on the historic field of Grochow.

Their army was ranged in a semicircle, its right wing resting on the Vistula and the marshes, while in its rear rose the old walls of Praga, and the more distant spires of Warsaw. In the central and outer bend of this line was a little wood of elders, on the left of the highway on which the enemy had approached; this wood was the key to the field—since the enemy could not pass down the road, as long as it was held by the

Poles, and interposing its projecting barrier, it threatened to divide the advance of the Russians.

Opposite was ranged the Muscovite host in a position equally strong, protected by the Vistula, the marshes, and a forest, skirted by a lofty range of hills, that seemed to lour down upon the humble elder wood in the plain below.

On this arena stood either army : the Poles numbering fifty thousand men, with one hundred and thirty-six guns, while the forest and the heights opposite presented the imposing spectacle of two hundred thousand soldiers, and the hills were crested by four hundred pieces of artillery. With this immense disparity of forces the Poles dared the combat—added to which, their every position was commanded by the Russian ordnance from its lofty and natural battery — and they were even so deficient in ammunition, that the heroic fourth of the line requested leave to charge the enemy with the bayonet only and unloaded muskets !

When the morning of the 20th broke over the field, the Russians were to be seen ranged in order of battle ; and with unshaken front, the Polish line gazed upward at that mighty panorama of armed men. Presently along the entire range of hills, a cloud of smoke began to quiver ; a hoarse thunder rolled and roared, the ground trembled, and the vast shower of balls and shells smote the Poles like an iron hurricane. Till noon, lasted this work of cowardly slaughter—the patriots stood and died, without the power of returning the fire, from want of ammunition, inferior amount of guns and lowness of position. Then Marshal Diebitch, the Russian commander, thinking the work of decimation must have told with fatal effect, sent down his infantry to the field. The elder wood was the prime object of attack, but there stood the fourth of the line ; division after division of infantry were marched up by Diebitch—the combat became general along the whole front, and after each repulse, re-gathering their might, the Russians poured down fresh troops to the attack. But not an inch of ground was lost by the Poles—whole Muscovite regiments dwindled to battalions—and the plan of gaining the field by masses of infantry and overpowering artillery, proved unavailing. Thus passed another day ; and towards evening Diebitch withdrew his troops under cover of a general cannonade. The thunders died—the night came—still the Polish phalanx was unbroken : and again the Russian army hung like an ominous cloud along the hills.

The pride of the oppressor was humbled ; of him, who had laid down a plan for finishing the campaign in twenty days ; who had boasted he would exterminate Poland in one battle. He condescended on the following day to demand a suspension of hostilities for three days, in order to await the arrival of Prince Szachowskoi's corps of twenty-five thousand grenadiers, the flower of the Russian army.

General Witt, sent to the Polish camp to negotiate the ar-



mistice, reproached the Poles for shedding so much blood in a quarrel caused by a few mere youths, alluding to the ensigns.

"Far from reproaching the heroism of their sons," replied General Krukowiecki, "the fathers will crown by their experience, what their children have commenced by their courage!" and all the Russian envoy could obtain, was an armistice of three hours.

The aspect of the Polish camp may have surprised the Muscovite; it was filled with the fathers, mothers, wives, and sisters of the soldiers, and every wounded warrior had the hand of affection to heal the scars of honour. It was a family scene, heightened by all that elevates the soul—home, liberty, and love!

Three days elapsed without an engagement; Diebitch, with his overwhelming force, was waiting for Szachowskoi. For the Poles to attack in the face of the Russian artillery, and strength of position, was impossible, and thus they awaited the bursting of the coming storm.

General Jankowski, however, was sent with two regiments of infantry and two of cavalry, to intercept Szachowskoi, and met him and his twenty-five thousand grenadiers on the 24th at Neporent. After a short skirmish, the Poles fell back on Bialolenska, within three miles of Praga, where a terrible struggle commenced and continued till night, leaving the enemy in possession of the village.

With feverish anxiety the Polish army awaited the results of this struggle with the approaching foe, on whose success even Diebitch himself seemed to stake the event of the field. No large number of troops could be spared in presence of the main army at Grochow, yet it was imperative to prevent its junction with Szachowskoi. When, therefore, the certainty of the latter's resistless advance became more and more evident, Chlopicki despatched Krukowiecki with another brigade of infantry to Bialolenka.

A feeling of discouragement pervaded the leaders—night came again—every ear was listening for the sound of guns from the scene of the new and distant struggle, and a council of war sat in a shattered house of devastated Grachow. Chlopicki proposed retreating and leaving poisoned provisions. Every man spurned the idea—the army was determined to fight, and if they fought, death or victory was the only alternative. They still might retreat under cover of the night; after a defeat it would be impossible, as there was only one old bridge across the Vistula, and even this the drifting ice was threatening every moment to destroy. The fortifications, too, of Praga were ruinous, and would be commanded by the Russian ordnance from the hills—destruction seemed imminent. "Our only alternative," said Chlopicki, "is to die." "Die sword in hand on freedom's field," cried every soldier, and calmly that army awaited the sacrificial rite of the

morrow. Meanwhile, banners were distributed to the regiments, inscribed with the words: "*For our liberty and yours,*" and with these hallowed ensigns they advanced to meet the foe.

At daybreak, on the 25th, a thunder was heard from Bialolenska. Krukowiecki was attacking Szachowskoi; but the sound of the struggle died away in the distance, as, with a loss of two thousand men and six cannon, the grenadiers fell back, and, covered by a stratagem, disappeared in the forest. Diebitch, as soon as he knew of the attack, gave the signal for a general action, which he commenced under a heavy fire of artillery, by pushing forward a division of foot against the elder wood. But the Poles rushed to meet it, and dispersed it before it had advanced halfway. The valley separating the two armies was a mile wide—in a moment it was one undulating sea of Russian soldiers. Far as the eye could stretch, spread the waving plain of glittering steel and plumes. The Poles received them with the fire of all their artillery; but still the charge advanced, and its concentrated torrent was poured against Skrzynecki's division on the left of the elder wood. But again the fourth of the line met them at the point of the bayonet, without firing a shot—every Polish regiment emulated their example, and of the twenty-six battalions scarce a wreck returned! Six-and-twenty more replaced them! Five times the elder wood was taken—five times retaken by the Poles. Five hours the carnage had lasted—it was precisely two o'clock—when a cannon ball reached General Zymirski, who commanded on the right of the elder wood. His division fell into disorder, and the enemy gained the post; when Chlopicki, who headed every attack, led the grenadier guards to the charge, and drove them back. Two horses were killed under him, he was himself wounded, and, attacked by superior numbers, again lost the post.

The fate of the day was at issue—this side of the wood in the hands of the enemy, Skrzynecki would not be able to hold the other, and the object of the protracted struggle would be gained by the Russians. Calm and collected, as though sure of the result, Chlopicki ordered forward a brigade of Szembeki's division, while, with the fury of despair, Skrzyneck dashed on the surrounding foe, and drove them back before his irresistible onset.

At this moment Chlopicki perceived the enemy waver—he saw the crisis was at hand, and in the exultation of certain victory, he cried, "Now I will beat that boaster. Bring up the cavalry! the cavalry!" Scarce had he spoken the words, before he was struck by a cannon ball, and fell to the ground.

On the crossed weapons of the scythemen he was borne from the field—consternation spread through the army—and at this very crisis Szachowskoi joined Diebitch with the grenadiers.

The enemy rallied and prepared for a decisive effort, a long



train of light artillery galloped down and opened on the Poles, and the column of grenadiers, opening as it advanced, gave passage to a perfect deluge of cavalry. A division of lancers charged Skrzynecki's battalions, but though worn, weary, and decimated, they repulsed the charge with terrible slaughter. A division of hussars attacked Szembek's corps on the right, they too were beaten back. A division of cuirassiers, called "the invincible," marched up the high road, advanced through a wide interval between the Polish columns, and passed the first line.

Prince Tsartima led a squadron of lancers to the charge, but without avail; and the impetuous onset of the heavy horse dragged the light cavalry back in their career, and dashed them under their feet. But every one advanced to the rescue; even the old Palatine caught the enthusiasm, mounted his charger, and swelled the onslaught. He, too, was struck down, and as Tsartima rushed to his aid, unwound the fated scarf of Zaleska, and gave it to the prince with these words: "Should I perish, this to my daughter."

The Palatine was borne away; Tsartima wound the scarf round his breast, and rushed back to the struggle.

To add to the misfortune, Szembek, who should have commanded after Chlopicki's fall, was cut down by the invincible cuirassiers; Radziwill had not the heart to give a single order; through a torrent of blood the Russians waded on; the day was fast going against Poland.

To the rearward, also, all was confusion; waggons loaded with wounded men were hurrying to Warsaw, while crowds of the women and the aged pressed to the field of battle, to die with those they loved. One mishap succeeded another in rapid succession; several powder chests blew up, spreading death and disorder around; and over the chaos of dismay, a vast canopy of smoke soared on its red pillars of flame, for Praga had been fired to uncover the cannon on the walls. There seemed to burn a nation's funeral pile; it was whispered through the ranks of the army, that the Russians had taken Warsaw, and the report soon spread through Europe.

The soldiers gazed at each other, as though they would have said: "no flight—but death!" and the white-haired president of the government hastened to the spot, to die at the post of honour, as became the chief of an expiring nation.

Meanwhile the invincible cuirassiers were still advancing, and fast reaching the second line of the Polish army, at sight of which however, a slight hesitation was discernible, and one of their superior officers seemed to give the signal for halting. This leader rode apart, with undrawn sword; though bleeding with his wounds, some may have noticed that he passed passively through the struggle, never cheering his men on, nor shrinking from the foe; it was Wladimir; now high in the command of the Russian cavalry; but his Polish heart could not strike a



blow against his countrymen. He reined his horse ; the cuirassiers passed by him slowly ; the Muscovite officers muttered, " coward," and " traitor," but he stood unmoved ; when suddenly the clash, as of a hurricane, broke in front ; the second lancers, and two squadrons of Zamoyiski had charged the cuirassiers, and Prondzynski galloped his artillery up to their very horses' feet, scattering death and destruction through their ranks.

Wladimir's heart beat high. The words of the well known song " Poland is not lost as yet !" rose to his lips, when he beheld Prince Tsartima charging on his left.

" The scarf ! the scarf !" He recognised the quaint device ! " Charge ! charge ! revenge or death !" he cried, and dashed into the thickest of the fight. Tsartima never recognised his foe, as he fell beneath the arm of the peasant—but his words told him he was a countryman. " A Pole and strike your country ?" The uplifted arm of Wladimir sunk paralysed : " Rise," he replied, " go ! fight for Poland—I take but one ransom for your life—tell your loved one that I spared you for your country's sake, and that I struck you for her's."

With these words he tore the scarf of Zaleska from the breast of the disabled prince, and pressing it to his heart, stood for a moment lost in thought, when a fresh rush of cavalry sweeping around him, parted him from Tsartima and recalled him to the scene. When he looked up, the aspect of the field had changed—the cuirassiers were flying back tumultuously—but on their flight they met the division of Skrzynecki from the elder wood, and, scorning to yield, these gallant slaves perished to a man beneath the Polish bayonets.

The encounter with Tsartima had separated Wladimir from his men—it was his salvation—he escaped the carnage—and, surrounded as he was on all sides by Polish troops—he evidently owed his subsequent safety to the scarf of Zaleska, whose emblem, the Polish eagle tearing the ensign of Russia, partly concealed the uniform of the Tsar, and vouched for his fealty. Thus the love of Zaleska strangely proved his guardian angel in that scene of death, and borne on the torrent, he met and reached the Muscovite battalions, advancing, though too late, to support the cuirassiers. They were received by the Polish artillery, that charged like horse regiments to the very heads of their columns, wheeled round, raked them from the front to rear, while the Polish cavalry were pouring down from all sides, and the entire army was again in advance. The tide had turned once more, the whole Russian line was in full retreat through the sea of dead, and clasping their hands in despair at seeing the mighty slaughter, the Russian officers, exclaiming : " The hand of God is upon us !" withdrew their battalions from the field.

Skrzynecki, the conqueror of the day, now urged Prince Radziwill to give the signal for a renewed attack—the more

so, as General Krukowiecki had just arrived at Praga with fifteen thousand troops, returning from their expedition against Szachowski and the grenadiers in the morning. But Radziwill feared to undertake the responsibility, and gave the word for retiring. Thus, either army withdrew on opposite sides from that tremendous field; the Russians fell back on the forest and the hills, and the Poles re-entered Warsaw in the night, leaving Praga in flames, a fit watchfire for such an army.

Thus ended the battle of Grochow, and to convey an idea of its carnage, suffice it to say, that of the thirty-five thousand Poles (since Krukowiecki's departure they had no more) two-thirds of the officers and eight thousand privates were wounded, and four thousand killed! While the Russians, according to *their own statement*, lost, in the three actions of the 19th, 20th, and 25th, the enormous amount of thirty thousand men!

The principal scene of destruction was at the elder wood—since called the “FOREST OF THE DEAD!”\* Nicholas, trying to stifle the voice of history, has had it cut down, that Poland might forget its victory and its heroes! Reader! you smile.

(To be continued.)

## THE WOLF AND THE CHURCH.

(A German Legend, with an English moral.)

At—I forget the place, but search  
 “THE RHINE” (just out) by “VICTOR HUGO,”  
 There stands a tall and noble church,  
 To gaze whereon most tourists *do* go.

\* It would be impossible to record the numberless acts of gallantry performed by the Poles. Suffice it to give one instance out of many. We extract the following from a cotemporary historian:

“Amongst those who perished in this memorable combat, Count Louis Myciolski, who had hastened from the Grand Duchy of Posen to enter the fourth of the line, as a volunteer, stands distinguished both for his gallantry and the remarkable circumstances attending his death. Three of his fingers being carried away by a grape shot, he twisted his cravat round the hand; pierced in the foot by a musket ball, he bound up the wound and still advanced. Whilst in the act of nailing up one of the enemy's guns, another grape shot shattered his knee, and as his companions were bearing him away from the field, a cannon-ball terminated his heroic career.”

This church for years was incomplete—  
 No roof, no tower, no floor, no pillar—  
 The townsfolk had much godly heart,  
 But very little “*gelt*” or “*siller*.”

’Twas sad to see a work so holy,  
 Stand still—and sadly did it trouble ’em,  
 Subscriptions dropped in very slowly,  
 With no Queen Adelaide to double ’em.

At last, despairingly they feared  
 Never to see a consecration;  
 When Satan suddenly appeared,  
 And smiling, made them this oration.

“ This net is full of glittering gold,  
 “ A million sterling does its mesh hold :  
 “ ’Tis yours—to me his soul be sold  
 “ Who first shall cross your church’s threshold.

The tempted burghers soon struck hands,  
 The church (see Victor Hugo’s pages),  
 Was quickly reared where still it stands,  
 A credit to the middle ages.

But then this new dilemma came,  
 No townsman, stranger, man, or mortal,  
 Spinster or matron, drudge or dame,  
 Would dare to venture through the portal.

Useless the splendid building stood,  
 (With shrine, and salver, cup and chalice),  
 As idle as that arch, or hood,  
 Which stands and yawns before the palace.

Despair again ! Up speaks a priest :  
 “ You caught a wolf this morning, ho !  
 “ Let’s drive *him* in, and be the beast  
 “ Victim to Fra Diavolo.”

For wolves have souls, (one cannot doubt it,  
 When even parsons claim them, too.)  
 Satan, who watched the folks about it,  
 Roared out—“ *I’m done !* ” and off he flew.



Then all the town came pouring in,  
 Confessing, ogling, kneeling, flirting,  
 Mindful of past and *future* sin,  
 A sight both doleful and diverting.

'Tis not the only time we've seen  
 How wolves are first the church to creep in,  
 With but this difference now, I ween,  
*The wolf takes care to wear a sheepskin.*

## NATIONAL LITERATURE.

### II.—RUSSIA.

Literature has but rarely flourished under a despotism—poetry never, except as its antagonist. Compilation, imitation, indeed, have found a place—works of abstruse science have put forth their ponderous tomes, but the free burst of heart and soul has been curbed or quelled, or only witnessed to suffer, and in part suppressed.

We say in part—for single voices have been heard at all times—and wholly to smother them has passed the power of despotism; sometimes they have languished silent in the graves of their authors, but after years they have found an echo in the hearts of later generations, and rung like the tones of buried prophets on the ear of man.

Thus we find it in Russia. Despotism has dwarfed genius. Russia can number scarce one poet. Whereas, a further instance, the poets of Poland have ever sung in the hours of freedom. Want of space precludes our dwelling long on the literature of any one land; we therefore prefer selecting from the crowd one prominent author, who may fairly be said to stand as the representative of the literary feeling of his country. Thus, for Poland, we selected Krasinski, and were unable to make mention of Niemcewicz the epic bard; Kosmian, the pastoral poet; Lelewel, the accomplished, brilliant, and truthful; Zaleski, and others, some of whom, especially Lelewel, are the exponents of Poland's futurity—whereas it has been our less grateful task to deal with her present and her past.

From the same reason we shall now select the greatest of Russian authors—the real, and, in fact, only worthy representative of her literary nationality. On the others we shall bestow but a cursory glance. The first book ever printed in Russia, was in the reign of Peter the Great; but all the works published in his reign were mere translations.

The first Russian author, laying the slightest claim to originality, was Lomonosoff, who flourished as a dramatist and poet in the reign of Elizabeth. Derjavin, in that of Catherine, was ranked as the first of Russian poets till the advent of Poushkin, having, however, but small right to such a title.

Karamsin, the historian, was the personal friend of Alexander, and a man of sterling erudition, combined with splendid talent. He died in penury.

Joukoffski is a mere imitator and translator of prose and poetry, and sells his second-hand ware under the protecting wing of Nicholas.

Kriloff, a fabulist and satirist, divides with Karamsin and Poushkin the honour of being the only worthy representation of Russian literature. The keen wit of this brilliant poet has been imitated by minor talents, as Griebogiedoff, Kapinst, and Gogal, but they remain immeasurably behind their original. Kriloff, in many instances, did freedom good service in his fables, and the following offers an illustration of the sly manner in which he contrived to castigate the government despite the censorship :

The poet dreams he has mounted to heaven, and the good and evil spirits are disputing for the soul of a senator.

The evil spirit claims him on the score of venality, oppression, and cruelty to the widow and the orphan. But the good spirit advances that the senator knew nothing of the duties of his office; was good tempered and weak, ignorant of every case brought under his notice, and completely in the hands of his subordinates. The dispute being ended, it was decided, that the fault was in those who placed such a man in power, more than in the man himself; and on that plea the senator was let into heaven. “I know many senators,” the poet observes, “who at that rate may get into heaven.” Is not this a sly hit at the folly of nations in raising those to power, who never could have tyrannised but for their own shortsightedness?

Before passing on to Poushkin, it may be well here to allude to the position literature has hitherto occupied in the

state. With the exception of the Empress Catharine (and it must be remembered that in her reign the French revolution had not thrilled Europe with its effects), the maxim of all Russian sovereigns has been, that instruction was dangerous. Affecting to encourage enlightenment the Tsars have carefully excluded all political and social education, whilst they tolerated merely scientific works. But even here despotism was mistaken. Wake a nation's mind to think on any subject, and, after all, it will strike into its own path. The reign of Nicholas has proved the most unpropitious of all to enlightenment, so far as that enlightenment depended on government support. In 1820, 3,800 books appeared in Russia; in 1824, only 264; and in 1831, the most favourable year of the present reign, only 479 books were published, notwithstanding the increased intercourse and spreading intellect of Europe. As a proof of Nicholas's love of intellect, Poushkin was banished and only recalled to languish in neglect. Karamsin died a pauper, and received a gift from Nicholas only when on his death-bed: and a young poet who, after Poushkin's death—and the posthumous honours with which Nicholas, who crushed the living, tried to gain credit for literary patronage of the dead, stepped forward as his admirer and imitator, was banished to eternal exile in the Caucasus. The position of an author in Russia is indeed anomalous. If intellect comes forward individually, the government fears the individual, and watches him. He is either banished—crushed—destroyed—or taken into mock favour, and forced to live as a court poet, historian, or dramatist. The bard, then perhaps, tunes his lyre to songs of liberty—but his hand pauses—they will never be published—he reins back the impulse, and unsays his words by some qualifying stanzas. Thus we as frequently find, even in Poushkin's works, that the beginning of a poem breathes democracy, while the conclusion contradicts the commencement.

We now proceed to a consideration of the life and works of this great poet, and must premise that our biography will be found greatly at variance with most of those hitherto published, inasmuch as Nicholas wishes to be considered the patron and benefactor of literary merit, and the poet's biographers have compiled their materials from the court version of his life.

Poushkin, the son of a noble house, was born at Pskov, in 1799, and received the education ordinarily given to the



scions of the aristocracy, finishing with his introduction into public life as a government official.

He soon became disgusted with the venality and despotism disgracing every branch of the public service, and dedicated his leisure to the muse. From his printed works the rigid censorship excluded almost everything that had a tendency to liberalism, though the dull intellect of the Russian censor failed sometimes to understand the equivocal but manifest meaning of a passage. But, like the poets of old, he scattered his thoughts and epigrams in conversation, and his best sayings were spread through the saloons of all circles. This procured his banishment to the Crimea by Alexander, in the year 1820. In 1823, he was, however, permitted to retire to Pskov.

Poushkin now became a member of the secret societies, about that time taking deep root in Russia, under the gallant presidency of Pestel, and when the insurrection broke out on the accession of Nicholas, Poushkin resolved on taking part in the endeavour.

He was accordingly proceeding to join the conspirators, when the slave, who acted as his coachman, became alarmed at some omen, or, knowing his master's intention, affected to be so, and dismounting from the box, threw himself across the road, refusing to proceed, and heedless of any punishment. A long delay ensued—Poushkin was delayed until the outbreak had been suppressed—and to this incident he owed his life.

In 1828, Nicholas banished the poet to the Caucasus for his independent language, and there, too, the exile busied himself with writing the thoughts of his heart.

By this time the fame of Poushkin had spread throughout the country, and through all classes. As many as twenty-five thousand copies of his complete works were sold—a number unparalleled in Russia, and Nicholas began to feel that the banishment of the great poet was a stigma on himself. The Tsar now played the magnanimous, recalled him, appointed him to write the history of Peter the Great, with a salary of £200 per annum, and exempted him from the censorship, on condition that he submitted all his works to the emperor before publication. This was a far greater restraint than the ordinary censorship, and Nicholas treated Poushkin with indignity and ridicule, by affecting to grant him such license of speech as court fools received in former times. This allusion was the more

galling, inasmuch as our author, who was a mulatto, was descended from a negro called Hannibal, the buffoon of Peter the Great. This negro had acquired great wealth and favour, allied himself with the aristocracy, and obtained high naval and military commands. Though the poet was allowed the license of speech, others were not allowed the license of a hearing, for to listen to or laugh at one of his jests was a grave offence. Poushkin was shunned in society, and by these petty acts of ridicule and constant annoyance, Nicholas seems at last to have broken the heart of Russia's greatest poet. Still at times the old spirit would shine through, and transient flashes glance across his despondency.

He died the victim of jealousy. The cause of his death, which has been the general theme of converse throughout Russia, and which, therefore, being public, delicacy need not forbid narrating, is as follows:—

He had married one of two sisters, and a connexion of a foreign diplomatist at St. Petersburg, a M. Danzas, had married the other. This gentleman, who was an officer of the imperial guard, was on terms of the closest friendship with the poet, when the latter received an anonymous letter, accusing him of blindness and folly, in not seeing the intimacy existing between his wife and the young guardsman.

Poushkin demanded an explanation, when Danzas said in reply, that his attentions and visits were paid to that lady's sister, whom he had then not yet married.

"Then marry her," said Poushkin. Danzas did so, and harmony was restored, but not for a long time, since the anonymous correspondent sent letter after letter, reproaching him with complaisance and making the most pointed accusations. Poushkin, goaded to madness, resorted to the following expedient to test the truth of the accusation.

One evening, after dinner, when he and his wife, and brother-in-law, were sitting in friendly converse, he designedly snuffed out one of the two lights, and contrived to extinguish the other in attempting to relight the first. The room being in complete darkness, he blackened his lips with a burnt cork, and kissed his wife before leaving the room, which he did for the ostensible purpose of seeking a light in another room. On returning with a light, he found the lips of Danzas blackened!

In ungovernable rage, he heaped such insults on the latter, that a duel was the inevitable result, and Poushkin fell mortally wounded by the pistol of his brother-in-law, but after falling, raised himself up once more in the vain attempt to aim steadily at his foe. The hapless poet lingered a few days, during which he became perfectly reconciled to his wife and to Danzas, who asserted that in his hurry and agitation, Poushkin had kissed his lips, instead of those of his wife.

It is a strange coincidence that a similar incident as that by which the fancied delinquency was apparently discovered, forms the catastrophe of a French play; but whether the playwright's or the poet's was the original idea, we know not. Suspicion points to the Tsar as the author of this catastrophe, as the secret prompter of the fiendish correspondent; since we know of none but he who had an interest in the victim's death.

If such be true, then history has to record this as one of its foulest murders, and the execration of a world should be poured on the murderer of Poland and the assassin of the Caucasus.

When Poushkin was on his death-bed, Nicholas feared him more than ever—since the spirit about to become free for ever, could not be influenced by fear of the temporal despot. He therefore dreaded the effect of the dying words he might bequeath to his country—some watchword of liberty, which should run from man to man, and kindle insurrection. The Tsar, therefore, wrote a letter full of sweet unction to the dying bard, and pledged himself publicly to protect his widow and children. The spirit of the martyr was not beguiled, and this was the legacy he left his countrymen.

*“The palest lamp that sheds its dingy influence, would grow into a glorious light, illuminating all humanity, if THE TSAR DANGLED FROM IT!”*



THE LAST DYING SPEECH AND CONFESSION  
OF  
AN EX-KING.

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I'm a bad old man—I confess it. I'm a humbug—for I tried to blind the world and blinded only myself. I came from a bad stock—my father was a traitor, and I was kicked out of the country once before. I then applied myself to teaching the young idea how to *shoot*—well! I made them put it in practice in my capital the other day, and the consequence is, I'm off like a shot myself.

They say adversity is the school for kings; but I don't think so, for I didn't profit by it. I owed my elevation to the throne, to a blunder made by a silly old fellow (by St. Louis D'Or! I've made the very same blunder,) who thought to crush the people by his sign-manual, and the people then, having it in their power to establish a republic, were fools enough to make me king instead. I thought, as they were so stupid, I should be able to do what I liked with them; but I have since found, it was not the people, but the *middle class* that did it, and the day of the former was yet to come. It has come now, anyhow, I guess. I learned these Americanisms in the States. Well, once on the throne, I didn't feel secure, because of the Holy Alliance—so I committed a great murder to keep things snug. I encouraged Poland to rise against Russia, and, how delighted I was at the carnage, because I knew it crippled my northern rival. But I didn't want Poland to succeed—it would have hurt the cause of kings—so I sent word to its generals not to fight, as I would negotiate its liberty. I did nothing of the sort—they overstaid the time—Russia rallied—they received no succour—the Tsar triumphed. I cried, “Order reigns in Warsaw,”—out of gratitude he recognised my crown, and ever since that time, he and I have been good friends. Well, I'll try if he'll send an army of Cossacks to restore me, but then there's Poland still in the way.

People will keep revolting—the Belgians would have a turn at it, too. They thought their country had been stolen, as a certain boggy prince was accused of stealing

his wife's jewels. Well, I pretended to help them, for they were saying something about a republic—that would never have done so near me, so I sent in our army to help them—that is, it licked the Dutch, and them too, for it gave them Leopold, the English pensioner—one of the Chelsea out-pensioners, I believe.

My people were restless, so I set their mind on "glory;" there's nothing like it for keeping them quiet, and I saturated the tricolour with the blood of the South. I was reckoning how much life and treasure it had cost; but then you know I didn't lose a drop nor a franc myself, and it brought the double advantage of thinning off the turbulent population, and making some good practised man-butchers. At last I caught the southern chief, by pledging my son's word, and then of course I made him break it.

As the national debt and taxation increased, the people became restless—so I beautified the capital, and completed the works commenced by the emperor, it had the effect of checking republicanism by imperial reminiscences, and making me appear generous.

I likewise had a brush with Italy, and seized a seaport town—in fact, I was up to mischief wherever I could. Wherever butchery was going on, and I could have a finger in the pie, I had it; in fact, I had a weakness for bloodshedding. I was present by proxy in Syria, and on the coast of Cochin China I taught the natives to revere my pacific propensities. In the southern oceans I seized on a defenceless island and slaughtered an unoffending people, and Tahiti will for many a day curse European civilisation according to my pattern. In Morocco, I destroyed the principal coast-town, and did as much harm as I could—and I committed great slaughter at several of the great manufacturing towns of my own kingdom. Altogether, I think I could float a line of battle ship, with its full crew and stores, in the sea of human blood I have shed, or caused to be shed, and I'm afraid I shall not be able to swim in it on the day of judgment, the more, as like tangled weeds, the myriad dead will stretch up their clammy hands and drag me down. Yet—they call me the "Napoleon of Peace." How the world could be gulled!—but I doubt if any king will be able to do it after me.

One of the most dirty tricks I played, however, was to my own niece. She was queen of the land of strong

wines--and I wanted my son and grandson to come to the crown, so I married my son to her sister, and forced her to marry a diseased fiend. She broke her heart, but she wouldn't die quick enough--so I got up a conspiracy against her honour, that she might be deposed and my pet boy reign through his wife. But I didn't succeed in this, for I was sent to the right-about before I had done my work.

Oh! I am a miserable old sinner! I wish they'd give me another chance--wouldn't I blow Paris to pieces! I wonder whether my Russian, Prussian, and Austrian comroques will help me. Alas! they've got so much work on their own hands! I'm pretty sure they'll be kicked out too. Yes! the day of kings is gone by--now let's see--where shall I go to? I don't want to be in another revolution, I mightn't escape as easily as my good-natured people let me do. Italy? is in arms--Austria?--pho! Bohemia, Hungary, Galicia, will split it to atoms--Prussia?--why! they're constitution mad--all ripe for a row--Bavaria, the lesser states? Why the toe of a dancer nearly kicks off a crown--England--humph! they've got those confounded Chartists there, and now my late people have set them the example, they'll be getting their rights too! I may stay there just on my way--merely to rest--and then I'll mizzle, since I've ceased to "*rain*," for I can't bear to behold the progress of liberty. Where on earth shall I go to, then? There'll be no resting place for kings on the earth. England was the hospital for sick kings; and when that's closed--I'll throw myself on the mercy of *Cabet*, and seek shelter in his "*Icarian Republic*."

Well--well, Leopold, my boy! pack your carpet-bag: You'll have to go with me. Nicholas, take your money out of the English funds--I smell a rat! I wish I'd sold my estates in France. Frederick! Is it true you've had an appraiser in to value the furniture at *Sans Souci*? That's right, there's nothing like taking time by the forelock. Save all you can before you bolt. You know the duke of Parma ran off with the spoons; a long-headed chap that. (*Vide PUNCH*.) Well, I am pleased at one thing. I certainly had a knack of reckoning a long way a-head. I sacked an immense lot of tin during my reign, and, as I always had a presentiment kings wouldn't last, I thought their banks were not secure, so I invested it in the States. Clever trick, eh? There it is, sure enough, and may be I shouldn't have a halfpenny if I hadn't done so.



Well—well—I'm a rich man; that's a comfort. I've got——

Here the ex-king was interrupted by cries of "*The Republic for ever !*" at which he was so shocked, that he departed this life at once.

We are not aware in what country he was sojourning at the time.

### THE "IMPRISONED."

Whom will they imprison ?—He.

Who upholdeth Liberty,  
Who maintaineth native right  
In old Precedent's despite,  
He is first upon the list  
Of the ermined Anarchist.

Whom will they imprison ?—Slaves

Own unprosecuted graves ;  
Who his country can betray  
Hath his privilege and pay ;  
Many ungyved lords there be,  
While felons gaol Integrity.

Hear the charge of Tyranny !

Whoso pleads for Poverty,  
Who would lead the poor to heaven,  
Is the sinner unforgiven ;  
Who would set the bondman free  
Well hath earned captivity.

Let the unfetter'd Slave reply !

Be the traitor and the spy,  
And the absent renegade,  
Of his country's hope afraid,  
Dungeon'd by your laws ; but ye  
Have no power to hold the Free.

Ye shall never bury him :

As ye bind him, limb by limb,

Shall the iron crumble off;  
 And your malice be the scoff  
 Of the mighty soul which ye  
 Destine unto slavery.

Ye may trample down our lives;  
 Ye may give us scourge and gyves;  
 Ye may brand our arms, our name,  
 Heaping o'er us shame on shame:  
 From all bonds the spirit free  
 Leaps to glorious victory.

SPARTACUS.

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### A LESSON TO TYRANTS.

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The occurrences that have transpired on the Continent within the last two months, must fill the heart of every true democrat with joy and exultation. The most rotten and perjured throne in Europe has fallen into the dust before the blast of liberty: the flames of that burning throne are a beacon lighting the world to emancipation; they will be reflected in every heart, and carried over the earth. We cannot allude to this great historic occurrence, under the cold form of a monthly review; its details are too voluminous, its particulars too well known. It is a lesson to tyrants, and as such we will dwell on those more salient points which deserve to be chronicled in history. Never was a triumph more complete, than that of the hero-population of Paris. At a time when despotism had matured its strength, when Paris was surrounded with forts, gorged with ammunition, and garrisoned by one hundred thousand men, besides a National Guard of eighty thousand more, and twenty thousand additional troops of the line marched in from the country; when tyranny was as strong as it could make itself; the people of Paris rose, and blew it away at a breath. And though driven to desperation; though *women* and *children* were bayoneted by the brutal Municipal guard; though artillery was brought against an unarmed people; that people spared in the hour of struggle and of triumph, and mercy consecrated the arms of victory.

Bugeaud, the burner alive of Arabs, the murderer of Africa, received command at Paris, and led the troops in person. After boasting that he would crush the *canaille* in half-an-hour, he only owed his safety to an escort of the people's own troops. No excess was committed—no plunder was allowed. A man who had stolen a silver spoon from the Tuileries was shot on the spot. No property was destroyed except in self defence. A sacred veneration was felt for works of art; any injury to paintings or statues was severely punished: in fact, scarcely attempted—and the arch traitor himself, with all his family, was allowed to depart in peace. No useless blood was shed. At one of the guardhouses, the people discharged the muskets of the guard at the post, and returned them to the soldiers, while the sound sense of that people was unmistakably shown in the conduct of the Revolution. The insidious propositions of the middle-class nonentity, Odillon Barrot, were indignantly rejected, and cries of "*We'll have no mistake this time!*" showed that the people understood their past errors, and their present duty. The announcement of the king's abdication in favour of his grandson was met with the words: "*It is too late!*" and "*Vive la Republique!*" And the substitution of a middle-class government rejected with scorn, and condemned in the words: "*We won't have thieves in embroidery any more than in rags!*" The glorious principles of Democracy have been proclaimed by the Provisional Government, that consists of *men of the people!* and yet the *Times*, the middle-class organ of England, tries to weaken the effect of this great revolution on the mind of the English, by designating it as a middle-class movement. The *Times* displays either its ignorance or its mendacity.

The bravery displayed by the Parisians is beyond all praise. Unarmed, they advanced against the artillery as it approached, seizing the horses' heads, and gaining possession of the guns. Unarmed, they manned the barricades, and the place of those who fell was supplied by fresh martyrs till the people had obtained weapons for the battle. They stood the fire of infantry without having it in their power to return it, and, by dint of perseverance, conquered. Glory! eternal glory to the men of Paris! All France is following their example, and other countries are beginning to sound the tocsin. We learn that Belgium is stirring and there will be an additional lesson for



tyrants. Switzerland has already read one, and Palermo stands as the rival of the Gallic capital.

Sicily has asserted the majesty of the people, and of 15,000 mercenaries sent by the king, only 7000 (including vast numbers wounded) returned to Naples. It is high time for Belgium and for Sicily. The manufacturing districts of the former country, are in so wretched a condition, that they have received the name of the "Belgian Ireland," and Sicilian want went hand in hand with Neapolitan oppression. Rome, Tuscany, Sardinia, and Lombardy, are stirring gallantly, while the butcheries of Austria in the latter country are worthy of the murderers of Poland, and the assassins of Galicia. Austria has attempted to brow-beat, and demanded passage for 30,000 men through the Papal States. She was refused! She next demanded surrender of the fortress of Alessandria by Charles Albert, the Sardinian king, in right of some old treaty. The king's answer is worthy of being recorded:—"Treaties are made with pens—towns and fortresses are taken with the sword." Here tyranny is receiving another lesson!

And what have Ferdinand, Nicholas, and Frederick to expect, the Cerberus-head, did tripartite janitor of slavery's temple? Ruin and Retribution! The age of monarchies has past—that of republics has arrived. Another great step in the world's progression.

A remarkable circumstance in these great struggles is deserving of attention: armies were formerly the blind tools of the government—they are beginning to think and reason for themselves. They are the sons of the people—and they are feeling it. In Paris a great portion of the army refused to act against the people; in Naples, when the commandant was ordered to fire on the unarmed masses, he refused, and said he could never order his troops to fire on their brothers, nor would they do it. The same will, probably, be found to be the case in Belgium—and Bakounine has informed us, that even in the Russian army, ay! in its very guards, the seeds of democracy are flourishing.

A glorious future awaits us—and what part shall England play? We have hope—nay! *confidence*! Let us organise—organise—organise! Let us bury all bickering in one gigantic union of the enslaved. Above all, let the **NATIONAL CONVENTION** assemble—now is the hour—that is the first requisite, the rest will follow.

## THE PIRATES' PRIZE.

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The light of a burning heaven was mellowing with the hues of eve above the shores of eastern Florida, and the bright creation, peculiar to the new world, that still sits in maiden pomp upon its blue ocean throne was already abroad. The fire-fly, flitting in the air like sparks breaking from the stars, the thousand luminous and lovely insects, hovering like aerial flowers; the rich perfume from shrub and blossom, the sweet fragrance coming with the breath of nature: Oh how lovely and how soothing were they! Those who have revelled in the glories of the western world, and visited nature in her regal palace, how strange is it not to them, when they return to their native Europe, the cottage dwelling of the earth's great deity. But there is a comfort around them, a feeling of home that greets them. It is as though they had been dwelling alone in a vast and stately hall, most dispiritingly great, and had now returned to the cheerful happy-looking chamber, to revel by their own fireside.

It was evening—in a long but beautiful creek on the coast of Florida, rode at anchor a quaint-looking craft, that by its build and equipment showed at once it could become a dangerous companion, and one a discreet person would sooner avoid than seek. It heaved lightly and gracefully with the ground swell, and looked, as it lay imbedded, but not deeply in the water, like a gem set in an azure mounting. With every roll it rose and sunk again with an undulating motion, corresponding to the motion of the sea, that broken not and chafed not against its sides, so light was the burden of the bark—thus proving itself a graceful rider, and one likely to do ample justice to the fleetness of its untamed steed. The hull of the vessel was of the deepest black, without one streak of another colour to enliven it; in the night or the dusk it would be impossible to discover its approach, so much did its colour assimilate with the hue of the midnight deep. Its thin and taper masts almost melted into the air, and the rigging that clung like spider's web-work, with the thin, grey sails like gossamer's wings, gave to the whole a fairy-like appearance, that well accorded with its name, "*Spirito del Mar*."

The stars bent from the gates of heaven to look at their

shining forms, in their sea mirror—the winds were fainting on the far deep, the distant sounds from the shore had died in silence, and the night watch was set on the *Spirito del Mar*. Upon its deck stood two silent men that seemed to shun communion with each other. The one was stout and thick built—the other tall and slender. They were armed to the teeth, for dangerous was the life they led, and yet they did not seem to keep a vigilant watch. They gazed over the sea, it is true, but sunk in thought. They looked to the land, but as though wishing to be there. From below there came no sound, for the usual revels of the crew were suspended during their near and dangerous proximity to the land, and it was evident by the silence, that they had retired to rest. After a long and heavy pause, the men on guard arose from their silent watch, and gazed upon each other with a searching look, as though mistrustful and yet wishing to trust.

“ Dyke ! ” exclaimed the taller of the two, “ we have often met before upon the midnight watch.”

“ Yes ! Audrey ! And, perhaps, shall oft again.”

“ I hope not—I am tired of this life, and have been thinking of jumping down there more than once.”

“ Pshaw ! Bear up—it is a jolly roving life.”

“ Dyke, we both are English—the only here, I believe.”

“ Yes ! and I like you for that ! I should wish to see England before I die.”

“ So should I : well, we could, if we would.”

Dyke smiled, but it was a discouraging smile ; Audrey resumed :—“ What hinders us now from leaping overboard and swimming on shore ? ”

“ Nothing at all, if we chose to do it, except, perhaps, a chance of being shot—but that is only a chance—but if we did, would we be better off ?—What should we gain.”

“ Our liberty ! ”

“ Liberty ! No ! If we escaped being devoured by wild beasts, or slain by the Seminoles, we should only be hung as pirates for our pains, and despite our protestations. Do you not know the recent edict, that even voluntary surrender brings no pardon. That is what makes them so secure in our faith, now that they are near the shore ; besides, I have another reason ! ”

“ What may that be ? ”

“ Audrey, you are my countryman. Can I confide in you ? ”

“ You can.”



“ Well ! I will. In fact, I must. Some one must assist me, or I cannot fulfil the task I have allotted to myself. I throw myself upon your faith.”

“ You may rely upon it—I swear it by my honour, and I am an English nobleman.”

“ And I am an English peasant, and that is as great a title. But let that pass. Listen to me. We are not the only English on board ; there is another—and that is a girl ; a beautiful young girl. But you shall hear my story. I was a sailor on board an English sloop of war, that gave chase to the *Spirito del Mar*, and, much to the astonishment of her Majesty’s marines, was taken—I among the rest—The greater number they put to death. Seeing that I was severely wounded, they took care of me, and when I was cured, enrolled me among their number. I did not like it much, as you may suppose, but seeing no means of escape, I grew reconciled to it, and being rather wild, I made one among them with a tolerable grace. I always contrived to steer clear of wanton murder, and I think they would find it a difficult thing to force Dyke the Devil—as they call me—to anything very much against his will ; but I cannot deny, that I have often left pretty broad scars on the crews of the dandy-rigged nutshells that were sent to catch us. But, to proceed : after having led this life for a long time, a desire to see old England would come over me at times, and the wish was strengthened by a peculiar circumstance—you shall hear it. Our captain is one of the most enterprising villains that ever trod a swinging plank. He is a murderer by profession, and surely never was there one who loved his profession more,

We were cruising about the Gulf of Mexico, one fine night, when we suddenly beheld a bright light shoot up to northward, it spread further and further, and higher and higher, with a red glow. We were, for a time, at a loss to conceive the cause, but at length we ascertained that it must arise from a fire in Mobile or New Orleans. We immediately put the helm in that direction, and crowding all sail, made as much way as we could, with the little wind that we had to serve us, for we well knew that the flames were preparing a rich harvest for us. As we approached nearer, the glare grew broader and ruddier, and the ocean catching its reflection, seemed to roll in blood—the surface was still and glassy, as though with awe, and reflected the thousand towers and steeples of the city, mantled in flames. The wind now changed, and came faintly from the land,

and the vast flames rolled over the port with an immense curve; they curled higher and higher in the air over the sea, and formed a red canopy above the harbour. The shipping stood out as far as possible, but the lesser craft were crushed by the larger vessels, and these, impeded by their wrecks, caught the vast flames, that came pouring after them like ministers of wrath. Some were consumed and blew up in the port, others stood out to sea in flaming masses, and exploded on the distant horizon like a summer lightning—few were saved, almost all the shipping in the harbour perished.

“Our captain hove to. ‘Shall we lay in wait here,’ he said, ‘and pillage the rich merchant ships as they burn, or shall we enter the port and plunder the city?’

“The gain would be pretty equal, but the former would be the safest. At this minute a tremendous explosion thundered over the deep, and fragments of shattered buildings whistled through the air, and fell around our vessel in the water.

“Ha! ha! Here’s a jolly bonfire kindled to receive us,’ cried our captain, ‘let’s go and warm ourselves by it. Now, boys, for a glorious night.”

“An extra bumper of brandy was served out to each, and half mad with liquor, we all rushed towards the city. Never shall I forget the sight, as slowly and majestically the ‘*Spirito del Mar*’ steered into the harbour of Mobile, for it was Mobile that was burning. All the city, all the shipping was on fire, the hoarse crackling of the flames sounded around, the shrieks and cries of half a million of human beings in the agonies of death or apprehension mingled together—an undefinable discord, and ever and anon the overwhelming thunderblast of some vast explosion, or the fall of some gigantic tower, boomed stunningly over every other sound. Our deck was smothered with ruins, and several of our sailors were killed by their fall. But the frantic crew heeded them not, with wild hurrahs we glided into the fiery gulf. Ship after ship exploded around us, as it was suddenly arrested on its hurried flight by the hand of its hidden lightnings, and a dreadful cannonade thundered around us, as the guns of the ships of war went off in quick succession, self-discharged. But all this did not stop us, every other ship was hurrying to sea, we alone stood to the city. At length we touched the quay. As yet we were almost uninjured by the flames, for our captain had taken the precaution of close reefing

the sails, and we, with buckets of water, stood at the mast heads constantly damping them. We rushed up the steps, the quay was crowded with people, who, in their attempts to save themselves in boats, precipitated each other into the water.

"It seemed almost impracticable to penetrate through their dense opposing mass. But the strokes of our cutlasses soon cut us alleys through the mass, and we marched over the bodies of the dead, to the sound of shrieks and imprecations. We pillaged the houses of the rich merchants, along the harbour, and found a rich booty; but this did not satisfy us. We saw a vast cathedral rising somewhat deeper in the city, whither all rushed, well knowing how costly must be its ornaments. The tower was burning already, but the body of the church was as yet uninjured. We found it full of people, who were yelling and singing, and praying; we burst in upon them like an incarnate hell. Their yells soon ceased; but to our surprise, some of the men stood to their arms; we made quick work of it, for the body of the church was soon strewn with bodies; resistance soon ceased. We told the rest to be quiet, for we did not want to kill them, but to pillage the church. They remained quiet enough, cowering about. We had taken almost all that was worth taking, when we heard a hollow rushing noise, and the sound of falling masses over head. The flames had reached the body of the church, and the tower was rocking above us. We understood the hint. "Good by," we cried to the crowd, still in the church, "remain here, you are quite safe—we are going, and the flames can't reach you here, the saint is keeping them off," and out we rushed with our booty; scarce had we gone, before the tower fell in with a tremendous crash, and man and mouse in the church perished in an instant.

"We left the smoking ruins behind us, in double quick time, for we heard the galloping of cavalry in the streets beyond, and soon the swords of the soldiery broke through the smoke—a few of us made a stand, they were cut to pieees, but they covered our retreat, and laden with booty we reached our vessel, having lost but few of our men. We had intended to storm the bank, but the mass of troops, drawn up around it, prevented the attempt.

"Now, sir, you must not think, from the manner in which I have told you this, that I took part in the sacrilegious



murder—far from it—I was forced to join the rest, but, thank God, I kept my hands unstained. One act I did, but that was a good one—while coming from the church I heard some one shrieking for mercy, and begging to be spared; the words were English—I turned round—it was a beautiful young girl who was being maltreated by some of our crew—I rushed to her aid—cut down one of the rascals, and secured her as my own. I bore her, following the example of the rest, with me to the vessel; I knew not my own intention; but seeing that she must otherwise perish, that seemed to me the only expedient to save her. When we got on deck, we were all summoned—those who answered not to the call were given up as killed—and we instantly weighed anchor and made off. As we passed, we saw a man-of-war burning from stem to stern. “Avast there,” they cried, “lend a hand and save us. Heave to, for the love of heaven.”

“We will,” cried our captain; he bore the ship an old grudge—we hove to, swinging round, and poured a full broadside into the blazing ship—it careened, and sunk before our eyes amid the curses of its crew and the shouts of ours.

“The night passed in revelry—wild, intemperate revelry. Fortunate for us was it, that the sea was calm, for there were none to guide the vessel. All were rioting in wild excess, or from the effects of their orgies lying in listless helplessness. But the calm wind, warm with the fires of the burning city, filled the sails steadily and faithfully, and with a noiseless motion we drifted over the water out to sea. Ship after ship scudded past us, wearing and backing, as the efforts of the sailor added strength to the impulse of the wind. But they past without heeding us. Had any one recognised the pirate vessel, and known the helpless state of its crew, we might have been taken, and the wrongs of that night would have been fully avenged. But all were too eager in their own pursuits, too intent upon their own disasters to heed us, and, unhindered, we drifted over the silent sea.

“The black ‘Spirito del Mar’ glided on with its burden of crime, and ever and anon peals of fearful merriment came from its sable womb. At sudden intervals wild figures would start up from the hatchway upon deck, and disappear again, and the yells of the crew mingled with the shrieks of females. I had contrived to appropriate the English

girl to myself, and I at least defended her from others for that night. Indeed, all had so amply provided for their every passion, that there was no fear of contention on that point, and we were left in quiet.

“At length the morning dawned, and as the stars grew pale, the sound of merriment grew faint. As the sun began to peer along the sea, and seemed turning its waters into fire, and gilding with a fresher hue the distant line of lurid smoke, which denoted where a city burnt, our captain resumed the authority he had discontinued during the night. All hands were piped on deck, and obeying the dreaded call, as though mechanically, all appeared. The fresh breeze was abroad upon the gladsome sea, the bright sun was above in the sparkling heavens, and shone upon the crew—that pale, reeling, haggard, reeking with intemperance, seemed, as they mounted on deck, like loathsome reptiles disgorged from the gulfs of hell. Not all appeared at that muster, some were incapable of moving; but those that did, were forced to obey by the power of habitual fear, for if they were wild, fierce, and untameable, they were as nothing compared to the demoniac ferocity of their leader. The most prominent works of the night’s intemperance were removed, order was restored, the ship manned, and standing out to sea before a brisk north-wester. The spoil was then divided according to the regulations of the crew—and a rich spoil it was; the captain’s share was half! Then came the captives. They were mostly women. ‘Well, my lads,’ exclaimed the captain, ‘you have had enough of them by this, I suppose.’ The crew assented. ‘Bring them aft.’ They were brought there, pale with fear and horror. “Now then, three cheers, and to work.’

And, can it be believed? these monsters, who called themselves men, hurled those wretched females, mostly beautiful young girls, some of the first and most affluent families, one by one, into the fathomless deep.

“The scene was frightful; my eyes failed, my brain reeled, but one thought restored my strength; the might of a host rushed into my arm, and I advanced determined. The English girl—pale, lovely, trembling—had been torn from my side at the general muster in the morning; I had not resisted, for I thought that at least their lives were safe, and that they would be kept as prisoners until ransomed.”

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

## LITERARY REVIEW.

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A LETTER ADDRESSED TO ODD FELLOWS, FORESTERS, DRUIDS, ETC., calling their attention to the National Land and Labour Bank, etc. By GEORGE CANDELET, HYDE. Price One Half-penny.

An able, argumentative, and clever little pamphlet, written, we believe, by a working man, and compressing much sense in little space.

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A LETTER, ETC. By WM. B. ROBINSON, Manchester.

This is a letter having a similar object in view as the above, with reference to the Land Company. It is the production of one (the author says) who was its bitter opponent, but, seeing the attacks in the *Manchester Examiner*, was thence induced to read, for the first time, the *Northern Star*, and immediately became a convert to the Land Plan, and one of its enthusiastic admirers. Thus opposition ever benefits, in the end, the truth.

\* \* \* Numbers of other works must remain unnoticed for want of space; but we have selected the two above for remark, because they bear on one of the questions of the day.



# THE LABOURER.

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## THE MARSEILLAISE;

AND THE CHORUS OF THE GIRONDISTS.

TRANSLATED

BY ERNEST JONES.

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### I. THE MARSEILLAISE.

Sons of freedom ! break your slumbers  
The day of glory's drawing nigh,  
Against us tyranny's red numbers  
Rear their bloody banner high.

Rear their bloody banner high.  
Hark ! hirelings fierce for brutal strife,  
Far and near sound war's alarms,  
And outrage in your very arms,  
The hopes—the partners of your life.

To arms ! brave citizens ! Array each gallant band !  
March on ! march on ! your tyrants' blood  
Shall drench the thirsty land ! ! ! !  
We'll march ! we'll march ! our tyrants' blood  
Shall drench the thirsty land ! ! ! ! !

What demand their banded minions ?  
What dares each despicable king ?  
Amid the flap of Freedom's pinions,  
Hear their rusty fetters ring.

Hear their rusty fetters ring.  
For us ? 'Tis but an insult vain  
That shall arouse our hearts the more,  
We broke their manacles before,  
We'll dash them into dust again.  
To arms ! brave citizens, etc.

Shall an alien crew conspiring,  
Make laws to blight a freeman's hearth ?  
Shall the mercenary hireling  
Tread all our manly pride to earth ?  
Tread all our manly pride to earth.

Great God ! shall mighty millions cower  
 And 'neath a yoke so paltry yield,  
 Shall petty despots basely wield  
 A nation's strength—a people's power ?  
 To arms ! brave citizens, etc.

Tremble, tyrants ! traitors ! tremble,  
 Plague spots of the factious few !  
 Plot, conspire, betray, dissemble,  
 You shall not escape your due !  
 You shall not escape your due !  
 For we'll be soldiers one and all—  
 If hundreds die—fresh thousands stand—  
 Every death recruits a band  
 Vowed to crush you or to fall.  
 To arms ! brave citizens, etc.

And now, like warriors, gallant-hearted,  
 Learn by turns to strike and spare—  
 Pity those, whom faction parted,  
 And would be with us, did they dare !  
 They would be with us, did they dare !  
 But for those despotic knaves,  
 Who make them play the minion's part,  
 And tear their bleeding country's heart,  
 Onward—onward o'er their graves !  
 To arms ! brave citizens ! etc.

Children of each hallowed martyr !  
 Kindle fresh the kindred strife—  
 'Mid their ashes Freedom's Charter  
 Shall set the seal upon their life.  
 Shall set the seal upon their life.  
 Less eager to survive the brave  
 Than to partake their honoured rest,  
 Now dare the worst—and hope the best,  
 But never—never die a slave.  
 To arms ! brave citizens ! etc.

Our country's sacred love inspires—  
 Freedom !—those who fight with thee !  
 For the land—for the land of our sires,  
 The home and birthright of the free !  
 The home and birthright of the free !

Fight with us Freedom—at thy voice  
 Victory hails our strong career  
 Till stricken tyrants dying hear,  
 The liberated world rejoice !

To arms ! brave citizens ! array each gallant band,  
 March on ! march on ! your tyrants' blood  
 Shall drench the thirsty land.  
 We'll march ! we'll march ! our tyrants' blood  
 Shall drench the thirsty land.

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## II. CHORUS OF THE GIRONDISTS.

*(Mourir pour la Patrie.)*

The cannon are calling in thunder  
 The high-hearted children of France,  
 And rending her fetters asunder,  
 See her citizen soldiers advance.

### CHORUS.

To fall for liberty !  
 To fall for liberty !  
 Is the fate the most noble—most worthy the free !

Let us rush like a vast inundation,  
 On those who would keep us in thrall ;  
 Let us show them, united, a nation  
 Can battle and conquer them all.  
 To fall, &c.

Upholding the rights that we cherish,  
 Away ! to the scene of the strife ;  
 And soon shall our enemies perish,  
 Or ask on their knees for their life.  
 To fall, &c.

To arms, then, each gallant avenger,  
 The wrongs of our land to redress !  
 Then on ! for where thickest the danger,  
 The soldiers of freedom shall press.

To fall for liberty !  
 To fall for liberty !  
 Is the fate the most noble—most worthy the free !



# THE INSURRECTIONS OF THE WORKING CLASSES.

*(Continued from page 117.)*

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## CHAPTER XI.

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### THE HUSSITES.

In England the politico-revolutionary spirit had been raised by Wycliff: at the opposite end of Europe it found an echo in the words of Huss. The mountains of Bohemia became another cradle of liberty, and plans were formed and carried to the brink of success, that might, even then, have regenerated the world.

To estimate correctly the value and nature of the Hussite struggle, it will be necessary to cast a glance at the social and religious position of the people, whence it emanated. They were king-ridden, noble-ridden; and priest-ridden. Hitherto the distant awe of, and confidence in, the temporal throne and the pontifical chair, had kept together the bonds of obedience. Removed from the proximate gaze of their subjects, the Pope and Emperor were surrounded by an indistinct and visionary halo. But, as the exactions of the nobles revealed to the people the folly or the treachery of the monarch, as the dissoluteness of the priesthood was sanctioned by the example of the pontifical court, these links were gradually weakened till they burst, and the torrent of enlightenment that was gathering beyond the barriers of prejudice, rushed over the ruined bulwark and inundated the popular mind.

The people demanded redress from local grievances and local offences against morality and justice. So long as they thought that redress might be obtained from the distant sovereign power, so long they were content to wait and neglect the power of self-vindication, the consciousness of which every day developed more plainly; but when the external authority fell into contempt, then this mighty school of misery completed their education, they learned to look to themselves, and themselves alone—and by and through themselves they sought revenge or freedom.

The following picture of the excess which aristocratic luxury, princely and civic magnificence, had reached towards

the middle and close of the fifteenth century, will convey an adequate idea of the state of the working classes, who supported it by their unrequited labour. Such has almost ever been the condition of a state before revolutions—splendour almost fabulous side by side with hideous destitution. May the lesson not be lost for our country and our day. Such it was before the Hussite struggle ; such it was before the peasant war ; such it was before the insurrection of the Geuses ; such it was before the French Revolution of the last century ; such it is through Europe in the present !

The luxury pervading aristocratic and civic life dates its origin from the priesthood, who, in the secret precincts of their monasteries and abbeys, indulged in the enjoyments of the southern climes they had left. The castles of the aristocracy were strangers to it, until near the close of the fourteenth century, when the emperors and crusaders brought it back with them, as the curse of intolerance and unsuccessful invasion, following them from sumptuous Asia and effeminate Bysant.

The middle class which we have seen rising into importance during the two preceding centuries, were sure to catch the contagion ; their cities were the emporiums of trade ; there the silks, the spices, the gems, the metals and wines of the East were first collected, and in pandering to the luxury of others, the fat burghers learned to gratify their own.

The emperors had seen the splendours of the Greek and Saracenic princes, and imitated their magnificence ; thus the austere knights of the Black Forest and the wolds of Oden were corrupted, and the demoralisation became general through all the wealthy classes.

But a few years before, the domestic life of the castled noble had been comparatively simple. His coat of mail was his frequent habit, his food was the game he had himself hunted, cheese from his own herds ; the udder of a cow dressed in pepper, or an ox-tongue were unusual dainties. Stoups of common wine and beer were indeed regular accessories ; the beaker and knighthood were always twin-brothers, but otherwise the habits of the noble were plain and frugal. His wife and daughters spun and wove the flax and wool the vassals were forced to bring, and themselves directed the domestic economy. True it is, that even this mode of life was expensive in those times ; the armour inlaid with rare metals, the horses, hounds and arms, the wine (then of limited production), were all articles of cost ; but they were at least manly, and not calculated to awaken contempt.

Commerce, however, soon introduced luxuries, and the rich traders in the towns excited the emulation and envy of the landed lord and lady. They were now brought into frequent contact by the practice of holding diets, congresses of princes and fairs. Artificial wants were created, and at the time of the Hussite insurrection, the magnificence in dress, food,



furniture, and equipage had reached an almost incredible excess.

The archives of the age and sundry judicial acts, afford us an insight into the state of society, and make us acquainted with the customs of civic and aristocratic life.

In the municipalities not only the councillors and city functionaries, but the wealthy citizens in general, had their hats, coats, waistcoats breeches, and cloaks studded with pearls; golden rings on their fingers; their girdles, knives and swords inlaid with precious metals; their dress embroidered with silver, gold and gems, and made of velvet or satin; they wore shirts of silk, with fringes of gold lace; their cloaks were lined with ermine and miniver. Thus much for the men. The splendour of female dress far exceeded this. They wound bands of virgin gold through their hair, blazed with jewellery, and bore golden tiaras, or head-dresses wrought in gold and pearls. The costliest materials furnished their dresses, and these were adorned with embroidery the most delicate, and of the rarest gems. Their cloaks were the costly ermine, their linen was worked in gold.

This extravagance reached such a height, that the municipal authorities frequently saw themselves constrained from motives of policy to check it, and many of these official acts have been transmitted to our time, as that of Ratisbon in 1485. In this the following regulations are made, and the reader must not forget the enormous value of money in those days, as compared to the present.

The statutes permitted no burgher's wife or daughter to wear more than two wreaths of pearls in her hair, each not to exceed fifteen florins in value; and one bandeau of gold and pearls of not more value than five florins; to have not more than three véils at a time, the dresses not to exceed eight florins, and that each border should not have more than one ounce of gold worked up in it. The fringe to their dresses might be of silk, but not of pearls and gold; while their pearl necklace was not to exceed five florins in value, and their stomacher of pearls twelve florins. Two rows of pearls were allowed for each arm, at five florins the ounce; a gold chain and ornament at fifteen florins, another necklace at twenty florins, and rings (exclusive of the wedding ring) at twenty-four florins; three or four "Paternosters" at ten florins, and not more than three silk girdles and gold borders, each at four florins. The number of dresses was also specified; no one was to have more at one time than eight walking dresses, six cloaks, three evening dresses, and not more than three silk or satin sleeves to one overcloak, &c.

The fact of such enactments having been made, and of their frequent renewal (sufficient evidence of their inefficacy), proves the splendour and wastefulness of the middle classes. Added to this, the fashions were continually changing, thus entailing



fresh expenditure with every change. A tailor of the times complains, that "the fashionable tailor of to-day becomes the mere bungler of to-morrow." Again, the delicate materials then worn, increased the expensiveness of dress by lessening its durability. This branch of luxury was but a type of the rest—feasting and drinking, &c., were of commensurate excess, and, indeed, for a single festival, given by a private individual, to last uninterruptedly for several weeks, was a matter of ordinary occurrence.

Such was the lavishness of the middle class. From this that of the aristocracy may be judged. The wives and daughters of noblemen, of course, felt it incumbent on them to outvie those of their tradesmen, and it was at this period that feudal pride had attained its greatest height.

With secret envy, but affected scorn, the haughty noble looked on the industrious denizen of the lowland towns from his castled height, as he beheld their distant spires rising afar beyond his ancestral forests and wide-spread villeinage. When public festivals or personal pleasure called him from his fortalice to the neighbouring city, he was careful that his retinue, equipage, and equipment should outvie those of the mercantile patricians—the high-born lady could not brook to be equalled in splendour by the tradesman's wife, and as she sat on the gold embroidered carpets that municipal gallantry had spread beneath her feet, whenever she witnessed the civic pageants then so plentiful—when she beheld the gorgeous costumes of the civic dames, who often changed their attire four times daily—her heart swelled with envy, and fresh expenditure exhausted the coffers of her lord.

It must not be forgotten that, amid this competitive magnificence, the burgher was ever adding to his stock by enterprise and industry, while many circumstances combined gradually to impoverish the nobleman. An insane pride caused them to neglect the tillage of their lands—it was considered derogatory for a nobleman to superintend his own farms, and thus his estates deteriorated in value. At this time, an ordinary dress for a lady cost nine or ten florins; an acre of best land, two or three florins!

The thoughtful reader will pause here and reflect on the condition of the labourer!

If an ordinary dress cost ten florins, an acre of good land only three florins, and the aristocracy continued to indulge, not in "ordinary dress," but in gross extravagance, what must have been the remuneration of the labourer, what the condition of the vassal?

Meanwhile, too, luxuries had become indispensable adjuncts of housekeeping. Commerce heaped together the products of distant climes and countries. Cloths, carpets, precious stuffs, gold and silver plate, sweet liquors, spice and oil were imported from the south. Quaint workmanship in glass became

the rage. Lace and gold and silver-edging were manufactured in Strasburg—the Netherlands supplied “blood-horses,” and the Asiatic east poured in its costly wonders. Where salt had formerly sufficed the dainty palate, strange spices were now used—sugar and southern fruits, almonds and figs, were found in every “respectable” house. Cloves, cinnamon, nutmegs, mace, ginger, pepper, sugar, candies, etc., were so plentiful, that one of the Mediterranean ports alone imported annually the (then) enormous amount of thirty thousand hundredweight of pepper, two thousand hundredweight of ginger, and the rest in proportion, while the demand was so great, that, notwithstanding such a supply, the price of these luxuries was trebled in two years; and be it remembered, that the gold mines of America had not yet commenced to lower the value of the currency!

All this increased the expenditure of the aristocracy—their old incomes were insufficient to meet modern outlay—and to recruit their finances and raise their revenue, fresh burdens were laid on the working classes. The serf was still exposed to every caprice of his master, the feudal chief had not yet been tamed by the sovereign prince; there was not yet an appeal to the throne from private tyranny, and the sufferings of the people, in the middle and close of the fifteenth century, almost exceed belief.

Another source of expenditure to the lord, and therefore of misery to the vassal, were the improvements in the art of warfare. Olden masonry was no longer of avail against modern batteries, and the castles of the feudal aristocracy had to be rebuilt or strengthened.

Again, science having been brought from the east, men of learning arose—and were called to the councils of monarchs. The aristocracy began to feel the necessity of maintaining their ascendancy by overtaking the middle class on the paths of education. They accordingly sent their sons to study at the universities, where those sons, if they did not study, at least contrived to spend large fortunes, which had to be recruited out of the sweat and misery of the working men.\* Gambling, too, became a predominant vice, and to satisfy this propensity, every consideration of humanity was stifled, while drunkenness, by inflaming the temper of the noble, increased his harshness to the subordinate.†

\* So strange was the infatuation of the young aristocracy, that many of them, as Albert of Rechberg when he left the University of Tübingen, demanded a certificate to prove that he did not know Latin! Jerung of Emershofen boasted, that “he had little and spent much.” An Earl of Werdenberg was forced to sell his seignory of Alpek, “ruined by his inordinate love of spiced cakes.”

† The excess which gambling and drunkenness had attained



Despite the accumulation of duties, taxes, fines, imposts, soccage, and servile labour, the nobility were forced to have recourse to money lenders, and pawn their old estates to meet their present extravagance. This added more to the misery of the poor. The per centage of the usurer had to be paid, and if the mortgagee foreclosed, he became a harsher master even than the feudal lord, since he sought but to drain the estate of all he could, and then dispose of it to disengage his capital for a fresh speculation.

The enlistment of foreign mercenaries, the introduction of infantry, and formation of standing armies, caused another diminution of aristocratic revenue, since noblemen had hitherto hired themselves and their vassals out to the monarch, at a price the higher, the greater his emergency, while the regular force now sufficed for the exigencies of war. The feuds, too, in which they used to storm and sack the towns of the burghers and recruit their finances by the plunder of villages, were less frequent, owing to imperial legislation—thus the ordinary means of the aristocracy grew less, while their expenditure increased, and drove them to acts of extraordinary oppression.

Had they now turned their attention to the LAND and to SCIENCE, they might have lived and thriven honestly—but we have seen how they scorned the one and ridiculed the other—looking merely to rapine for their luxuries, and the industry of others for their support.

The reader will trace in the above, how the fine threads of fate were being woven into a net of ruin for the guilty by an avenging Nemesis—how the nobility were unconsciously preparing their own destruction—and after events will develope the result ; our present business is with the *immediate* sufferer, the working man.

Thus far he was scourged by middle class and aristocracy—remoter causes operated as forcibly on his condition.

The formation of standing armies increased his wretchedness—a fresh race of oppressors was raised against him ; mercenaries were quartered about the towns and villages in war time, devastating the country in time of peace, making up the deficiency between their pay and their extravagance by open plunder and secret theft, and satisfying every licentious desire on the only part of the community whom they dared oppress—the working classes. The princes, whose mainstay they were, ventured not to offend them—the nobles, whose prerogative they upheld in the face of an indignant people, favoured them and raised similar bands of their own—and the pay they received, the cost of their equipment, was levied by an additional tax on the labouring and servile population.

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among the aristocracy and middle class, may be judged of from the fact, that the Imperial Diet deliberated and legislated as much to repress the above vices among the “higher” classes, as it did on any other external or internal relation of the empire.



Sebastian Frank, a writer who lived shortly after the formation of these corps, gives a vivid description of their mode of life, their licence, rioting, idleness and drunkenness—and Thomas Murner has handed down their infamy in his poetic annals. The working man's wife and daughter were not safe beyond the cottage door, nor even within his threshold—for riotous gangs would break the sanctuary of home, commit outrages of the most horrible description, and if the serf appealed to his conventional protector, the feudal lord, he was received with insult and expelled with ignominy.

Another class of idlers was also added to his burdens. About this time shoals of monks inundated the country—living on the superstition of the people, and frequently using the force of arms to levy contributions for their convents. The courts of bishops and abbots now vied with those of temporal princes, and festivals, tournaments, banquets and balls were ordinary amusements of the church.

It has already been observed how, in the early ages, the feudal lords had subjugated the originally free population by force, fines and extortion; but few of the old freemen now remained, and of the *vassals* of former times the majority had been reduced to actual *serfage*. The enthrallment of both these classes was now perfected by an act of fraud. The Roman law was introduced about this period, and the learned doctors of the fifteenth century soon extirpated, by a mere verbal quibble, the last vestiges of independence. They introduced the infamous maxim, that wherever serfage was *customary*, it should be *general*. Thus, as the majority of the inhabitants were serfs, and the custom of serfage was thus established over the majority of a locality, it was extended to the free minority of the working population as well! Again, wherever a man, otherwise free, might have to pay a single servile due, it was argued that he was a serf, and deprived of every other right.

At the same time the people lost another most important privilege: it had been law, that if a serf sought refuge from the tyranny of his lord in one of the free municipalities, and remained there unclaimed a year and a day, he became a citizen of that town and exempt from feudal jurisdiction. This was at the time when the middle class was first struggling into power and contending with the aristocracy; they had now become aristocrats in their turn, the monied class found its interests identical with those of the landed class, both were the oppressors of the people, both sought to keep the people in subjection, and therefore the municipalities formed treaties with the feudalities for the mutual extradition of fugitives and offenders.

So glaring was the hostility of these classes against the people, that even the townships made forays on the villages, and noblemen scrupled not to sign themselves "the peasants"

foe!" "the boors' scourge!" &c., while the oppression of the serfs was considered so venal an offence, that a Christian biographer of Earl John of Sonnenberg, scruples not to call him in the same paragraph, "a severe oppressor of his peasantry," and "a good Christian!"

Not satisfied with the wholesale confiscation of property caused by the introduction and perversion of the Roman law—not satisfied by the countless exactions imposed upon the strength and industry of the serf—the nobleman eked out the deficiency by *highway-robbery*, which was still accounted an "*honourable and knightly vocation*," in the very words of the chroniclers of the age! The feudal castles, towers, and strong-houses were thickly scattered along the highways, the neighbouring hills, or half hidden valleys, from which they could rush on the passing traveller. The country, as we have seen, swarmed with men-at-arms—if the peasant on his way to or from market, escaped these, it was next to impossible that he should elude the vigilant ambush of the knightly robber—and he was often forced to pay "protection-money" to five or six of these freebooters (clerical as well as lay) at the same time, that he might at least escape personal maltreatment.

Redress it was impossible to obtain. Noblemen and doctors (the middle class) were judges, law makers, and executive. They almost invariably gave decisions in favour of each other, and when the excess of the evil enforced an official recognition, the imperial enactments were of no avail to the sufferers. They were a mere juggle to pacify his rising despair. Even when, subsequent to the Hussite war, an enactment was passed at the diet of Friburg, in 1498, giving peasants certain judicial rights against nobles, the new law fell instantaneously into abeyance, and in 1500 the diet of Augsburg issued a fresh edict to as little purpose. This edict gave the peasantry the same legal remedies against the nobility as municipalities enjoyed; but, with this difference, that a peasant could not proceed at law against his *own* lord, though he might against another. The nobles, however, all made common cause, and woe to the man who dared to assert his rights against any member of the aristocracy; he was sure to fall a victim to the feeling of caste, which taught his own lord to resent this injury to his order attempted on the person of another. Again, if the serf or vassal dared to brave the terrors of feudalism, he fell into the meshes of the law. All legal remedies were intentionally made expensive in the extreme—the poor man could not raise the necessary money—without money the venal lawyer would not stir, and thus the oppressor was allowed to sin with equal, nay, with greater impunity than before, since the semblance of judicial remedies gave, in effect, a legislative sanction to his actions. Had the plaintiff collected sufficient money for the ordinary demands of law, he was then ruined by delays, reference to distant tribunals, re-



mands, expensive journeys, and not unfrequently murdered on the road by the hirelings of the noble defendant; added to which, all the judges were notoriously venal, so that even if he could surmount all these expenses, he was unable to compete with the purse of his opponent, while the payment and maintenance of these very judges imposed an additional tax upon the working classes.

Thus they moiled and toiled in misery, with rags scarcely covering their emaciated frames; gruel and scanty vegetable diet, or the coarsest of bread, for their sustenance; their mud-hovels not excluding the inclemency of these seasons; their manhood outraged; their women the sport of the spoiler; the very existence of a virtue in their order laughed to scorn; blows and contumely their lot, and overwork for others their constant occupation. Compare this with the sumptuary enactments mentioned above; contrast the condition of those classes possessed of political power with that of those deprived of it; and wonder not that popular indignation should boil forth, sweeping its hot surge across the world.

The highest authorities set the example of excess and despotism. Royal alliances had brought the haughty Spaniards into Germany—the pageants of the court were of almost fabulous splendour; great tournaments, congresses, and festivals greeted the royal and princely progresses, and the wondering people beheld the sparkling retinues, the Asiatic banquets, the fairy-like pomps of the orient transferred to the stern hills of Herman, Diviko, and Alarie,—till bitter thoughts were reared in their shadows, and imperial magnificence read the moral to political degradation.

Veneration of the spiritual power expired coevally.—John the Twenty-third occupied the chair of St. Peter. In his youth he had been a pirate; adultery and incest signalised his pontificate. His vices were the theme of the day, and as the head, so were the members of the church; livings were sold to the highest bidder—the pauper noble bought, and extracted the price from his flock by new dues to his patron saint. Meanwhile, the glorious cathedrals, poems in stone, darkened in stately splendour over their decorated altars—and by deepening the veneration of the humble votary, disgusted him still more with his polluted minister, who sought, by excess of pomp and ceremony, to conceal the absence of the spirit of God. Sickened with the heavy incense, disgusted with the frivolous splendours, contrasting strangely with the stern simplicity of their old churches, the popular mind was well calculated to receive the grand, plain doctrines of Huss.

Such was the state of society at the period of his advent—and be it remembered, that a sense of decency had not, at that time, passed even the mock-remedial measures of Friburg and Augsburg—thus oppression was flouting all uncurbed—misery grovelling all unsolaced. The social phase may be truly de-



scribed thus : the pope robbed the emperor ; the emperor robbed the prince ; the prince robbed the noble and burgher ; the noble robbed the peasant ; the burgher robbed the artisan ; the lawyer robbed all four, and the church robbed them all.

*(To be continued.)*

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## THE POOR MAN'S LEGAL MANUAL.

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### THE LAW OF RIOTS AND UNLAWFUL ASSEMBLIES.

In our present article we propose to consider the existing law as it relates to riots and unlawful assemblies.

A riot is described to be a tumultuous disturbance of the peace, by three persons or more assembling together of their own authority, with an intent mutually to assist one another against any who shall oppose them in the execution of some enterprise of a private nature, and afterwards actually executing the same in a violent and turbulent manner to the terror of the people, whether the act intended were of itself lawful or unlawful.

The object must be of a private nature, as for instance, gaining possession of a house the title to which is in dispute ; for the proceedings of a riotous assembly on a public account, as to redress grievances, or to reform religion, and also resisting the queen's forces, if sent to keep the peace, may, it is said, amount to high treason. In order to constitute a riot, it is not necessary that personal violence should have been used, but there must be some such circumstances, either of actual force or at least of an apparent tendency thereto, as are naturally apt to strike terror, as the show of arms, threatening speeches, &c. Upon this principle, assemblies at wakes, or other festival times, or meetings for the exercise of common sports or diversions, are not riotous. Persons also may assemble to do in a peaceable manner any lawful thing, as to remove any common nuisance.

The violence and tumult must in some degree be premeditated. It has been decided, that although the audience in a theatre have a right to express the feelings excited at the moment by the performance, and in this manner to applaud or hiss : yet if a number of persons having come

to the theatre with a predetermined purpose of interrupting the performance, for this purpose make a great noise and disturbance so as to render the actors entirely inaudible, they are guilty of a riot.

If any person seeing others actually engaged in a riot, joins himself to them and assists them, or if he encourages or promotes the riot, whether by words, signs, or actions, he is as much a rioter as if he had at first assembled with them for the same purpose.

Rioters demolishing a church, or chapel, or house, or any building used in carrying on any trade or manufacture, or any machinery, or engine used in working any mine, or any bridge, or waggon-way for conveying minerals from any mine, are liable to suffer death as felons. 7 and 8 Geo. 4, c. 30, s. 8.

Women are punishable as rioters, but infants under the age of discretion (that is fourteen years), are not.

An unlawful assembly may be said to be a meeting of great numbers of people, with such circumstances of terror as endanger the public peace, and raise fears among their fellow subjects. At the trial of Henry Vincent, Baron Alderson, who was the judge, said, that any meeting assembled under such circumstances as, according to the opinion of rational and firm men, are likely to produce danger to the tranquillity and peace of the neighbourhood, is an unlawful assembly; and that in viewing this question, the jury should take into their consideration, the way in which the meetings were held, the hour at which they met, and the language used by the persons assembled, and by those who addressed them, and then consider whether firm and rational men, having their families and property there, would have reasonable ground to fear a breach of the peace, as the alarm must not be merely such as would frighten any foolish or timid person, but must be such as would alarm persons of reasonable firmness and courage.

All persons who join an unlawful assembly, and all who give countenance and support to it, are regarded as criminal.

An assembly of a man's friends in his own house, for the defence of the possession of it against such as threaten to make an unlawful entry, or for the defence of his person against such as threaten to beat him in his house, is allowed by law, for a man's house is looked upon as his castle.

An assembly of persons to witness a prize fight, is an unlawful assembly, and every one present and countenancing the fight, is guilty of an offence.

Several statutes have been passed in relation to this subject. By 1 Geo. I., stat. 2, c. 5, persons to the number of twelve, or more, being unlawfully, riotously, and tumultuously assembled together to the disturbance of the public peace, and being required by a justice, sheriff, or mayor, by proclamation in the king's name to disperse, if such persons shall, to the number of twelve, or more, unlawfully, riotously, and tumultuously continue for one hour after such proclamation, they will be now, by 1 Vic. c. 91, liable to transportation to life, or for any term not less than fifteen years, or imprisonment not exceeding three years. Persons preventing such proclamation from being made are liable to the same punishment. Persons so assembled, and not dispersing within the hour, may be seized, and taken before a justice, and if in making resistance they are killed, the persons killing them shall be indemnified.

By 39 Geo. 3, c. 79, called the "Corresponding Society Act," societies, the members of which, shall take unlawful oaths, or where the names of some of the members shall be kept secret from the society at large, or which shall be composed of different divisions or branches, or of different parts acting in any manner separately for each other, or of which any part shall have any separate president, or other officer appointed for such part, shall be deemed unlawful combinations and confederacies. This enactment is not to extend to lodges of Freemasons, to meetings of Quakers, nor to any meeting or society for purposes of a religious or charitable nature only, and in which no other matters shall be discussed.

All meetings for the purpose of training or drilling to the use of arms, or practising military exercise without the authority of the queen, or the lieutenant, or two magistrates of the county, are unlawful. 60 Geo. 3, and 1 Geo. 4, c. 1.

By 57 Geo. 3, c. 19, s. 23, it is not lawful for any person to convene any meeting of more than fifty persons, or for more than fifty persons to meet in any street, square, or open place in Westminster, or Middlesex, within one mile from Westminster Hall (except at Covent Garden), for the purpose of considering matters in church or state, on any day on which parliament shall meet, or on any day on which the court shall sit in Westminster Hall.



Places of lecturing, debating, or reading, for the purpose of raising money from the persons admitted, are deemed disorderly, unless previously licensed.

By the Bill of Rights (1 W. and M. sess. 2, c. 2), it is declared to be the right of the subjects to petition the king, and all commitments and prosecutions for such petitioning are illegal; but a statute passed in the reign of Charles II., against *tumultuous* petitioning, is still in force.

Upon an indictment against H. Hunt and others for a conspiracy, and unlawfully meeting together with persons unknown, for the purpose of exciting discontent and disaffection, at which meeting H. Hunt was the chairman, it was holden that resolutions passed at a former meeting assembled a short time before, in a distant place, but at which H. Hunt also presided, and the avowed object of which meeting was the same as that of the meeting mentioned in the indictment, were admissible in evidence, to shew the intention of H. Hunt in assembling and attending the meeting in question. And it was holden that a copy of these resolutions, delivered by H. Hunt to the witness at the time of the former meeting, as the resolutions then intended to be proposed, and which corresponded with those which the witness heard read from a written paper, was admissible, without producing the original.

In the same case, it appeared that large bodies of men had come to the meeting in question from a distance, marching in regular order, resembling a military march; and it was holden to be admissible evidence, to shew the character and intention of the meeting, that within two days of the time at which it took place, considerable numbers were seen training and drilling before daybreak, at a place from which one of these bodies had come to the meeting; and that upon their discovering the persons who saw them, they ill-treated them, and forced one of them to take an oath never to be a king's man again. And it was also admitted as evidence for the same purpose, that another body of men, in their progress to the meeting, on passing the house of the person who had been so ill-treated, expressed their disapprobation of his conduct by hissing.

It was decided in this case, that parol evidence of inscriptions and devices on banners and flags displayed at a meeting, is admissible, without producing the originals.

And another point was also decided in this case, namely ; that upon the indictment in question, evidence of the supposed misconduct of those who dispersed the meeting was not admissible.

In another case, where the question was, with what intention a great number of persons assembled to drill, declarations made by those assembled and in the act of drilling, and further declarations made by others who were proceeding to the place, and solicitations made by them to others to accompany them, declaratory of their object, were held to be admissible in evidence, for the purpose of showing their object. And in general, evidence is admissible to show that the meeting caused alarm and apprehension, and to prove information given to the civil authorities, and the measures taken by them in consequence of such information.

It was held by the judges on the special commission of 1830 and 1831, at Salisbury, that the prisoners must first be identified as forming part of the crowd before the riot is proved, and the fifteen judges confirmed the holding of the special commission.

Where several were indicted for a riot, it was moved that the prosecutor might name two or three, and try it against them, and that the rest might enter into a rule to plead not guilty (guilty, if the others were found guilty), and a rule was made accordingly ; this being to prevent the charges in putting them all to plead.

The punishment for offences of the nature of riots, or unlawful assemblies, at common law, is fine and imprisonment, in proportion to the circumstances of the offence.

## THE BOY'S MOUNTAIN SONG.

*(From the German of Uhland.)*

DES KNABEN BERGLIED.

Ich bin vom Berg der Hirtenknab,  
 Seh' auf die Schlösser all herab.  
 Die Sonne strahlt am ersten hier,  
 Am längsten weilet sie bei mir,  
 Ich bin der Knab vom Berge.

The mountain shepherd boy am I,  
 I look down on the castles high ;  
 The morning ray the first I see,  
 The evening longest shines on me—  
     I am the mountain boy.

Here is the stream's maternal home,  
 I drink it fresh from the mother-stone ;  
 It raves down the rocks with a wilding force,  
 In my arms I gather its early course—  
     I am the mountain boy.

My own domain is the mountain hoar—  
 Around and around me the tempests' roar ;  
 From North to South they may howl along ;  
 But o'er their din ye can hear my song,  
     "I am the mountain boy."

Storms roll and flash in the nether sky,  
 Aloft in the cloudless blue am I ;  
 I know them well, and as by me they roam,  
 I call to them, " Spare ye my father's home ;  
     I am the mountain boy ! "

And, haply, when alarm-bells call,  
 And beacons burn on the mountains all ;  
 Then I descend and join the file,  
 And swing my sword and sing the while—  
     "I am the mountain boy ! "

## THE PIRATES' PRIZE.

*( Concluded, from page 149. )*

" When, however, I saw this frightful proceeding, I advanced, and snatching her from the side of the vessel, rushed to the captain ; I implored him to spare her life—I told him I would resign my part of the booty if he would leave that girl in my hands. I said everything I thought likely to forward my suit, but in vain ! The crew were against me—they had never liked me—I was baffled. I was now determined to die rather than resign her, for I really



loved her; and I was so horror-stricken with what I had seen, that I cared no longer for life. It was a wild, a vain attempt, but at that moment I could not reason. Our crew consisted of fifty, but of these not more than half were able to appear on deck, and they were scarcely able to stand. I was strong, and had not indulged in the passed night's excesses; a faint hope flashed before me, that I might for the moment intimidate them into acquiescence. I drew my cutlass, and placed myself before the girl.

"‘I am determined,’ I cried, ‘to save the life of this girl or to perish. You see a desperate man before you, and you are so little in a state to resist any one; that, notwithstanding the odds, many of you must perish before you succeed in mastering me. I offer our captain my share of the booty, if he will allow me this girl.’

"All clamoured against it. All claimed the same right. The captain refused the terms, they were against the regulations of the crew. The captain sat upon the taffrail, aloof from the spot, chuckling like a demon, or like a Spaniard at a bull fight.

"‘Cut him down,’ he cried, ‘and toss her overboard.’

"On rushed the crew, staggering over one another, and an unnatural combat between twenty-five and a single man commenced on the deck of this accursed ship, while sun and sky and sea were calm and glorious above, around, below. I wished to avoid killing any one, if I could, for I knew that blood would exasperate them beyond the hopes of reconciliation, but as they came staggering up I struck them down without much difficulty.

"The captain sat convulsed with laughter, and indeed the scene in itself must have been infinitely ludicrous. I augured good from his not participating in the attack, for he might have shot me any moment he liked.

"Once, when close pressed, I drew my cutlass and inflicted a severe wound on one of my assailants, and I saw the captain draw a pistol from his belt and level it at me. The wretched girl that I defended shrieked at sight of it; he dropped it; from this moment his eyes kept wandering to her with evident interest. I believe he had not noticed her before. One of my assailants, seeing himself constantly baffled in his endeavour to reach me, called out for fire arms, and running down, soon appeared again with a musket. He levelled it at me: ‘Stop,’ roared the captain; ‘back, at your peril, villains; Dyke, hold!’—All fell back as he rushed amongst us. Peace was re-

stored. 'Listen Dyke,' he said to me; 'you're a devilish gallant fellow, and I should not like you to be killed. Resign that girl to me—you know I have a right to claim her, and I will take better care of her than you can,' he added with a sneer—none had a right to object—but I understood his meaning, and whether it was the excitement of the moment, or real love for the wretched victim—I spurned the idea. "Never, while I live," I roared, and prepared to sell life dearly; my brandished cutlass soon ceased to be of avail—and a gun-shot wound inflicted by the hand of our ruffian leader, stretched me senseless on the deck. I was carried below, and I must say, carefully tended, even by the captain, but I never saw the girl again. She was resigned to him—and is supposed to be even now a helpless prisoner in his cabin. Some, however, say she was thrown overboard at the time of the scuffle, and perished; others aver they have heard shrieks come from the cabin in the dead of night, but none enter the lair of the monster, save the hideous black boy, whom you have noticed, and who scarcely ever quits the side of his master. Whatever her fate, I have never seen her since, though but a few planks may part us. When I recovered, I mingled with the crew as usual, and the captain treated me as before. But I have nursed a deep unquenchable revenge, and, by eternal heaven, it shall be gratified."

Audrey listened with a shudder to the tale of his companion. "Is she even now in the vessel?"

"Perchance, down there, close to us."

"Good heaven! we must save her Dyke, I will assist you with all my power. But how shall we accomplish our object?"

"Listen! Audrey. For us alone to accomplish her deliverance is impossible. There are some prisoners in the hold; we might liberate them, but they are too few to master the fifty ruffians that are below. We must get succour from without, fall unawares upon the crew, liberate and arm the prisoners, and then do our best."

"Yes! But how get succour?"

"That I myself scarcely know."

"Why not betray the vessel to the government?"

"We should not gain our object; the vessel would be taken, and we with it, for you know they would not, even to us, show any mercy. No! We must await our opportunity with patience. On the coast of Mexico, our captain sometimes puts up in a little sheltered creek, the

entrance to which is almost concealed. He will lay there often for several days, secure and unsuspected, and make marauding expeditions into the country, coming upon his prey unawares, no one knowing his place of concealment. I think I know some there, who, from various causes, would not hesitate to take vengeance on our crew, if I can but contrive to let them know."

Night closed darkly above their watch on the pirate deck, and the sea bore them farther with a heavy murmur upon the endless path that the wind had tracked for them. They sunk, as before, into their gloomy silence, but did not, as before, part in lowering mistrust; they stood side by side, for danger and misfortune had formed a bond between the peer and the peasant. All below were hushed in sleep, and all was silence. Suddenly there came a piercing cry from the cabin; it thrilled through the listener.

"God of heaven! that is her! Perhaps he has killed her!" cried Dyke, starting up; "let us rush to her rescue."

Dyke would have dashed down, but Audrey withheld him. He grew calmer—and that cry was not repeated. Fearfully it broke upon the silent night, the frantic appeal of one in pain and dread to heaven. It sounded like a warning voice, to strengthen the conspirators in their resolution. Could that gentle suffering captive deem, that already her prayer was heard—that the steps sounding close above her head were of those who were to work her liberty or her revenge?

For a few days they cruised upon the high seas without adventure, as the captain, strangely enough, seemed to shun alike a prize and a foe, and the hour of revenge seemed, from day to day, to become more distant; when news arrived that a sloop of war was cruising about the Gulf of Mexico in pursuit of the pirate vessel, and this deterred the captain of the "Spirito del Mar" from seeking those seas where he had always reaped so rich a harvest of plunder. At length, however, he heard that the vessel had been withdrawn, the seas being declared wholesome, no pirate having appeared for a long period. As soon as these tidings reached them, the crew insisted on resuming their piratical operations, and the captain promised to satisfy their desire on the peaceable inhabitants of Mexico. Accordingly, one lovely summer's evening beheld the



pirate bark bounding over the blue waters of its famous gulf. It stood off the coast all day, like a distant speck on the horizon to the towns along the gulf, and many a glass was directed towards it, as the merchant thought he beheld in it some home returning ship, laden with rich treasures from a foreign land.

In the evening, before the land-wind died, it crowded all its canvass, and stood in shore. The beautiful hills and mountains rose, one by one, into sight, and soon after the sun had plunged into the sea, the "Spirito del Mar" was at the entrance of the little creek which was its usual abode whenever it honoured those parts with a visit of any length. The creek was almost concealed by projecting rocks, that approached each other at its entrance, leaving but a sufficient space to admit a single vessel. Even this entrance was defended by coral reefs, that rose to within a foot of the surface, through which wound a channel so narrow, that the sides of the vessel were heard to grate against them, as it forced its way warily and slowly to the entrance of the little creek. So well chosen was this spot, from the dangers that surround it and its concealed situation, that no vessel had ever succeeded in tracking the pirate to his lair, and several of those who had attempted it had been wrecked on the coral reefs and shoals with which that part of the coast abounded.

Once entered, the pirate ship rode securely in its berth. The water was never ruffled in that little bay; high rocks fenced it round on either side, and in the rear, rose the dark gigantic hills and forests of Mexico, thinly peopled, and rarely explored by the European at any distance from the shore. Such was the appearance of the Pirate's Bay, as it was called. Many were the predatory excursions that had been made by the pirates into the interior of the country, from which they invariably returned with complete success and laden with plunder. Fruitless ever were the endeavours to track them to their secret lurking place; they appeared suddenly like demons before the startled inhabitants, and vanished as swiftly. But this time the crew remained inactive, and amid the almost general quiescence, the fearful conspiracy between Dyke and Audrey was ripening to an issue. They had no opportunity of meeting alone for a moment to confer with any associates, and, contrary to custom, they had not been appointed in their due rotation to the nightly watch; it was as though

the captain had a suspicion of their intentions, or as though he were in league with demons, who shielded him in his iniquity.

At length, however, they were appointed again to the nightly watch. It was a dark and soundless night—the water lay deep and glassy in the bay—and but the hoarse murmur of the swell on the rocks without broke the silence. Dyke and Audrey took their accustomed posts upon the deck. They did not approach each other, nor speak, lest it should be noticed by any one of the crew before they retired to rest, but no sooner had all the sounds from below ceased, than they advanced to each other.

“Now is the time!” said Dyke, in a whisper.

“Yes; now or never; something must be done, but what?”

“I must leave the ship and get succour; you keep the watch. We lie so close in shore, I can easily jump overboard and swim to land; I will be back before the three hours have expired, and I am sure, if once I return in safety, of accomplishing my revenge.”

“It is a perilous thing; if any one should come on deck while you are away?”

“Then we are lost; you must say I jumped overboard, and tried to escape, and you must pretend to give the alarm,—and, if possible, make some signal that I can see on my return.”

Dyke now approached the side of the vessel and prepared to leap into the water. “Hold!” cried Audrey, “they will hear the splash! Let yourself down the side.”

Noiselessly Dyke descended the side of the vessel, and sunk gradually into the waves. Not even Audrey, who listened intently, could hear the slightest splashing. After a time he rose again and was lost in the darkness.

In anxious apprehension Audrey paced the lonely deck. The time flew by, and the three hours were expired, and as yet no signs of Dyke’s return.

There was a stir below, their watch was about to be relieved, and Audrey was on the point of giving the alarm, when a shadow fell before him. It was Dyke, clambering up the side of the vessel. “Hush! It is done. I have told them that immense treasures are in the vessel. That decided them as much as the hopes of revenge for past wrongs and injuries. Be still! here comes our relief.”

Dyke was dripping with water, but luckily it was not



perceived in the dark, and a part of the dangerous plot was accomplished.

For a third time Dyke and Audrey held the night-watch—still the “*Spirito del Mar*” lay listlessly in the little creek—the inland expedition had not yet taken place, much to the astonishment of the crew, for no obstacles appeared to present themselves, and the captain was not one whose wont it was to delay action when blood or booty seemed attainable. His manner, too, had changed—all noticed it. He was no longer the harsh, unsparing tyrant—no longer the reckless pirate; but a pleasing, thoughtful care sat on his brow; he seemed careless of enterprise, but more careful than ever of the vessel’s safety. Some wondrous change must have taken place in his heart to have wrought this alteration.

The reason he alleged for his continued inactivity and protracted concealment in the creek, was having received tidings that royal and republican cruisers were again afloat on the high seas, and that egress was therefore dangerous; whereas, if he were to attempt a hostile landing, the tidings would spread, and his whereabouts, in all likelihood, be revealed. The crew were but little satisfied with this explanation, for the time had been when their captain little feared committing his depredations within sight of the cruisers; and he had even been known to hunt them up, exchange shots with them from mere bravado, and scud away, safe in the superior sailing-qualities of his craft. The men, therefore, could not help suspecting, that in the captain’s cabin lay the charm which had changed him thus.

Meanwhile, it is to that cabin we must introduce the reader, and we must ask him to retrace with us a short period of time, that he may understand that which may yet, to him, appear mysterious. He may, indeed, have marvelled, that the sight of a weak girl should have made the armed hand of the captain sink, on the morning after the attack on Mobile, when his pistol was raised against the struggling Dyke. He may have wondered at the strange care the pirate leader took of the fair captive, and of the unwonted clemency he extended to her mutinous defender, whose wounds were carefully tended, and whose contumacy was pardoned. No less may the English girl have been surprised at the respectful kindness of her gaoler, who treated her with fatherly kindness and chivalrous honour.



The cause will become as plain to the reader as it did to our heroine, when he has learned what transpired in the captain's cabin on that very night on which Dyke and Audrey first opened their hearts to each other.

By the light of a solitary lamp lay the pale captive on a couch, by her side stood the captain. "You know," he said, "how I love you; for you have I endangered my influence and my life, by keeping my leagued friends inactive; already they murmur—already they threaten—a few days more of this forced quiescence, and we shall be sacrificed. Provisions are running short, despite our proximity to the woods—for the lazy hounds like not to earn by labour what they eat. Girl, the crisis is at hand, there must be a change."

"Oh! let us fly!"

"I will. But, great heaven! how? I dare not surrender the ship to the authorities, for the crew would massacre me as soon as they suspected the intention. I see no means of escape, save on a sudden inland expedition, were you to go with me—then, suddenly, in the streets of some large town, or on a nocturnal march through a forest, to desert the band and fly. Yet, no! that is impossible; we should be recognised and taken by the inhabitants, and a terrible revenge, a dreadful death——!"

Thus thought the *father* as he bent over his only *child*. Yes, this was the magic that had altered the very heart of the pirate; one touch of a father's love had chased the demon from his breast—had changed the fiend into the man—broken through the habitude of years—swept back the blood of the present, and restored the sun-calm of the past.

And how had he won that guardian angel of his stormy life? that soft gleam at the setting of his cloudy day? In sorrow and suffering, amid treachery and blood.

He had been an English settler in Mexico—a poor working man—who had left his home to tempt fortune in the southerly west; and there, scorning prejudice, had loved and married a runaway slave—a beautiful, fiery girl, who had dared death for liberty, and now braved slavery for love—since the hunter was on her track, and she gave up her flight to link her fate to Clarron's, for such was the subsequent pirate's name.

And fortune favoured them at first. Clarron, by his diligence, saved enough to set up a little shop, and was thriving. Years passed, and the child of their love grew

up a fair and kindly girl. But the brute passions ever interfere with the soul's progression; thought, chained down by matter, slowly and laboriously strives upward, subject to many a relapse, too often dragged down by the infirmities of the body. An eminent planter came and settled in the neighbourhood; he saw the settler's wife—he coveted her—and in her he discovered his own runaway slave. Prosecutions followed—the law gave him summary power over the slave and her offspring—she was torn away—she resisted to the last; then her little child was tortured, and she yielded, and yielding—died. In vain Clarron clamoured for mercy or justice, the law was against him; his wife having thus been murdered, in vain he implored to have his child; it was sent to a plantation in the interior, and no tidings could be gained of it, whether alive or dead.

The widowed husband, the bereaved father, burned for revenge; his shot missed the murderer of a family's happiness; he was imprisoned, sentenced to death, but he escaped from the very foot of the scaffold; he leagued with a band of desperate men, and the fierceness of his revenge almost amounted to an insanity, as he wreaked it on the world in the scourge of piracy, and especially in those districts inhabited by the planters. His name was a terror to all—burning villages, devastated plantations, attested his presence, and the frenzy of his cruelty baffled precaution as it paralysed resistance. The reader is already acquainted with his terrible descent on Mobile; there Providence had brought his child, then grown up in all the beauty of girlhood, as a slave; thence she had been rescued by Dyke, and in the morning struggle on the pirate-deck, Clarron had for the first time noticed and spared her, struck by a strange and—to him then—unaccountable sympathy. The same feeling caused him to treat her with respect and her gallant defender with forgiveness. At last circumstances brought recognition—father and child stood confessed; the mutual discovery was made on the very evening when Dyke and Audrey first confided in each other, and the cry they heard was not a cry of despair, but one of surprise and joy at the happy truth.

The nature of the pirate was now changed, the world had restored to him a portion of his lost treasure; he had had his terrible revenge, and now became half reconciled to mankind. His thirst for blood was quenched, and another object engrossed all his thoughts—that of guarding his child from danger, and with her escaping from his present mode



of life. This made him eschew all piratical enterprise ; this turned him into the man of peace ; this made him linger in the secret creek.

The difficulty of effecting this will be appreciated, from the remarks already chronicled ; one single chance remained, though fraught with peril, that of escaping at night in a boat. This could, however, not be effected without the connivance of the night-watch ; for, were he to order a boat off at any time, and get into it with his daughter, and without the usual complement of men, suspicion would be excited in the now mistrustful minds of his crew, and destruction would be certain. He therefore determined on taking Dyke into his confidence, and escaping with his assistance when next his turn came for the night-watch.

It was the third time Dyke and Audrey had thus met together on the same duty, since the attack on Mobile—it was the evening on which their plot was to be put in execution ; they had the deck to themselves, the night was dark but calm, the waves scarce rippled over the coral reefs, the ship moved scarce more than a pulse upon the ocean. On the shore the dark confederates had long been waiting for the message that was to announce the night-watch on the “*Spirito del Mar*” was held by friends. The band was composed of planters, Indians, and soldiers. They lurked concealed among the rocks and jungle. Dyke, as before, was to swim ashore and bring them back in boats that lay beyond the northern side of the creek. As he was about to descend the vessel’s side, for that purpose, his foot slipped ; he fell, and hurt himself so severely, that swimming became to him impossible. Audrey took his place ; silently he sunk into the waves ; undiscovered he reached the shore.

It was at this time that Clarron had decided on confiding in Dyke, and was about proceeding on deck to ask his assistance. When he first rose to go on deck, Audrey was still there. Had he ascended then the message would have been prevented, the lurking foe would never have known the long expected opportunity had come, and the intended fugitives had it in their power to escape unobserved. But as Clarron was proceeding on deck, he overheard Dyke and Audrey in eager and anxious converse. Naturally suspicious under the circumstances, he stopped to listen, and caught words of sinister import. This made him waver in his resolution of confiding in Dyke, and he turned back to better arm himself before confronting the conspirators. The lost time was precious, in that short interval Audrey



had escaped; the die was cast, the foe would soon be on the way.

"Where is Audrey?" asked the captain, whose intention it at no time had been to take both into his confidence.

Calmly and skilfully Dyke eluded his inquiries for the purpose of gaining time; and the captain naturally did not insist on Audrey's appearance, as he was but too glad of the breach of discipline, which had taken him, as he supposed, below, during the interval in which he had himself returned to his cabin in search of arms.

Thus much time was lost. Then came the gradual breaking of the plan to Dyke, cautiously and slowly, for Clarron feared the latter might not consent to betray his comrades, but, on the contrary, reveal to the crew the intended desertion of their leader. Meanwhile Dyke was listening, but carelessly, to the captain's words. His eyes were fixed intently on the promontory, round the edge of which the assailants might now be expected to appear.

At length Clarron mentioned the captive—the attention of Dyke was rivetted.

"She lives! it was her voice!"

"She lives, she is safe!"

"Not yet—," answered Dyke, "soon, soon!"

"Yes, soon; but how know you—with your help, soon."

"With my help—soon," replied Dyke; "is all betrayed, or how know you?" he continued, in amaze.

At that moment the moon shone forth from the heavy, but still silent, thunderclouds. A boat was rounding the foreland.

"They come!" cried Dyke, unconsciously.

"Who come?" said the captain, following the eyes of the speaker; but the boat had already glided into the shadow.

Rapidly Clarron's plan was revealed—Dyke smiled contemptuously: "Your remorse is too late," he cried, "she will now no longer be freed by *you*!"

"What mean you?"

"That the avengers are at hand!"

The second and third boats shot round the promontory.

"Good heaven! what is this? I am betrayed!"

"A word, and you are a dead man!" said Dyke, holding a pistol against the breast of his captain. "It means that the planters are on you, led by your bitter foe, Andorio Lonvada!"

The captain staggered beneath the words.

"The man who wronged me! The murderer of my lost Mary! Monster! my child will be claimed as his slave—she will—oh heaven! Dyke! Dyke! she is my child, and you have destroyed us!"

Hurriedly in those brief moments the Captain imparted the truth to Dyke; the latter saw the fatal danger—he saw that father and child were inevitably lost, if they fell into the power of the planter—and, swift as thought, he discharged both his pistols in the air, to rouse the slumbering crew for a desperate, but hopeless resistance.

Scarce had he done so, when a voice shouted, "Traitor!" in his ear, and a bullet whizzed past his head, the Captain staggered and fell, mortally wounded; and, simultaneously, the crew of the first boat climbed the side of the vessel. The pirates rushed, half-armed, up the gangway—a desperate encounter followed—but the other boats came up, and the pirates fell fast beneath the blows of Audrey and the planters. Those who were not killed surrendered, and, laden with irons, were battened down below. Dyke still struggled; at the first alarm the English girl had rushed on deck, and now clung to the body of her father, while Dyke intrepidly defended the live and the dead.

"My runaway slave!" cried the voice of Andorio, and her fate was sealed if she escaped with life.

The vessel was in possession of the planters. Dyke still lived, but mortally wounded; the bodies of the dead and dying were cast overboard, with the exception of the still breathing Dyke, whom Audrey saved from a like fate. The Spaniards were rioting on deck.

The slave-girl had escaped below, where she still lurked, for the moment undiscovered. Audrey was cast in irons by the ungrateful planters, under sentence of a lifelong imprisonment, notwithstanding his recent services. He and Dyke had made mutual explanations, and were reconciled. Audrey's fetters were loosened by the English girl, and he escaped through the cabin window and swam ashore, not as before to fetch vengeance, but to fly it. Nothing could save Dyke, whose wound was mortal, and whose life, if he recovered, would be forfeited. No one could save the girl, who could not fly by the same means, and whose fate, beautiful as she was, could be nothing but dishonour and slavery. Thus Audrey consented to escape alone.

After the first excitement was over, Andorio called for

his lovely slave, accompanying his summons with odious threats.

"I come!" answered a silvery voice from below, and she came! She came like an avenging spirit in a hurricane of fire! By the powder store she had watched, like a fairy over a priceless treasure—at her feet Dyke lay dead—and at the fatal summons of Andorio she fired the magazine.

One thunder rung around—one knell echoed from the hills—one gurgle sounded on the water, and the *Spirito del Mar*, the cradle and the grave of crime, no longer buoyed her graceful hull upon the waves.

## THE DEPARTING GUEST.

BY KARL.

A brave old warrior of poesy,  
Grown greyhaired in the service of his lyre;  
A soul like an imprisoned liberty—  
A mind like an imprisoned fire.

Vain tyranny would chain his eagle wings,  
Vain malice would his heavenly visions tame;  
Still through the prison-bars the angel sings,  
Still breaks through dungeon-walls the flashing flame.

Forth, o'er the coldness of the outer world,  
Burst from his heart deep feelings fiery flow;  
Thus, from the volcano's rim unfurled,  
The lava-banner waves o'er ice and snow.

Hail to the bard, who ever sung the right!  
Hail to the river on a desert rolled!  
Hail to the veteran from the Titan-fight!  
Hail to the heart that dies, but grows not old!

Slow down the tide of the departing years  
The venerable shadow flits along.  
No tears for him, who ne'er gave rise to tears;  
His requiem be an echo of his song.



# THE ROMANCE OF A PEOPLE.

## AN HISTORICAL TALE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

(Continued from page 128.)

### CHAPTER VII.

Deeply thoughtful, Wladimir rode from the field of Grochow, among the discomfited ranks of the Russians. The scarf of Zaleská was still wound around his breast, as he entered the mournful tent of Diebitch ; in that tent stood Orloff, the Harbinger. A deep-seated hatred was felt by Orloff towards the young Pole—partly the jealousy of a new favourite, partly from causes connected with the house of Sandomier. His reception was, therefore, anything but reassuring, and his mistake in still wearing the Polish scarf in the tent of the Russian commander, precipitated the anger of his enemies. He was accused of cowardice and treachery in the late conflict. Indignantly he rebutted the accusation, and when Orloff laid his hand on the badge torn from Tsartima, Wladimir hurled back the hand of the Muscovite.

He was immediately arrested and placed in confinement.

While all was disorder, mistrust, and suspicion in the Russian camp, a vague restlessness still filled the heart of Warsaw. The Poles were not yet aware of the extent of their triumph. With the grey of morning they expected to see the Russian lines advancing from Grochow, and to hear the artillery playing on their walls. Every imaginable effort was made for resistance ; courage filled the hearts of man, woman and child ; all were prepared to struggle to the last moment ; but the enemy never came, the artillery was silent, the Muscovite was cowed, and when the tidings arrived that he had fallen back to a distance of forty miles from Warsaw, then Poland and Europe first knew the extent of the victory at Grochow. The Russians have never rallied since this memorable defeat, and though they have drowned Poland in blood, their designs on western Europe have been frustrated and paralysed, by the knowledge that Poland would be in the rear of their armies.

But the Russian army sought revenge, and especially was this vengeance carried out in murder and devastation by the division of General Kreutz. This commander dared not, it is true, attempt to cross the Vistula, but his vanguard, under

Prince Adam of Wirtemberg, rendered the Palatinate of Lublin one scene of desolation. He was the son of Prince Adam Czartoriski's sister, and though he had given his word never to serve against Poland, now broke his pledge, and, like an assassin, fell on the defenceless parts of his country. True to the vile instincts of his nature, he turned his rage against his own family, and, with two regiments of dragoons, attacked Pulawy, the residence of his mother and grandmother. Colonel Lagowski and Julius Malachowski, at the head of some working men and two hundred sharpshooters, rushed to its defence, crossed the Vistula, surprised the Russians, and took two squadrons prisoners; but, attacked by Kreutz's division, were forced to fall back. Prince Adam then set Pulawy on fire, hung numbers of those whom he accused of taking part in the late resistance, discharged two cannon at the smoking ruins—"intended," as he said, "for his mother and grandmother"—and carried off a beautiful young lady, noted for her patriotism, to suffer the last indignities he could inflict.

Dwernicki had no sooner heard of these atrocities, than, at the head of three thousand working men, he rushed to avenge the crime; the cowardly prince fell back as he advanced on Pulawy, and there the Polish general found those venerable women still dwelling in the ruins of their home.

Dwernicki overtook Kreutz at Kurow, killed two hundred of his men, and took three hundred prisoners, and all the cannon the Russians had brought into action. Next day he overtook him again at Lublin, and drove him out of the town with terrible slaughter. Kreutz had now reached the main army, and Dwernicki proceeded to Zamosc, Diebitch detaching twenty thousand men, under his ablest general, Toll, to oppose the Pole, little imagining, from his great achievements, that he had only three thousand raw recruits.

It was at this time that the diet elected John Skrzynecki as commander-in-chief.

This general was then about forty-five. A native of Galicia, he had begun his military career in 1809, as volunteer of an infantry regiment of Czartoriski. He saved Napoleon's life at Arcis sur l'Aube, in 1813, who then said:—"He is a commander who will command." Under the Russian rule he was colonel of the 8th of the line, as which he incurred the special displeasure of the Grand Duke Constantine, who presented him to the Duke of Wellington, when in Warsaw, with the words:—"This officer can always tell what is in the English and French press, but knows nothing of what passes in his own regiment."

When the diet asked him what was his plan for the ensuing campaign, he replied:—"Let the deputies remember the Roman senators, who died on their curule chairs. I will be their Fabius Cunctator."



A new plan of military organisation followed his appointment. He shared the dangers, toil, and hardships of the soldiers, established democracy in the army, and forbade any order of merit to be granted to either officers or men, without the express approval of both.

The enthusiasm pervading the Polish troops may be imagined. It was while in this mood, that Diebitch attempted to bribe them. He sent back two prisoners of war with four ducats each, and the promise of as much, and a free pardon, to every man who would lay down his arms. The gallant Poles deposited the money in the national treasury, and Skrzynecki published their praiseworthy conduct in the orders of the day.

Diebitch then had recourse to treachery, with as little avail. He next attempted nightly surprises, and being baffled in these, he retreated, as above mentioned, to Siennica on the 5th of March (forty miles distant), leaving General Geismar with the rear guard at Waver.

Thus ended the first campaign—and the Poles gathered up their strength for the second, well remembering the ancient proverb, which says :—“ He who once quarrels with the Czar, must either fight for his life, or pine away in Siberia.”

*(To be continued.)*

## OUR CHARTER.

UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE — VOTE BY BALLOT — ANNUAL  
PARLIAMENTS—EQUAL ELECTORAL DISTRICTS—NO  
PROPERTY QUALIFICATION—AND PAYMENT  
OF MEMBERS.

How shall we obtain it? It is easy—very easy of attainment. Courage and union are the only requisites. Grant these premises, and the remainder is but a matter of calculation—may, indeed, be reduced to a mathematical nicety. The moral—the physical force of government, are well known. Their moral force over the “upper class” and richest portion of the “middle class.” Their physical force in the army, police, militia, and navy, and the concentration at their command. On the other hand, the people exercise a moral power over both army and militia, while their physical power is incontestible, if once organised and united.



The game, then, of the Whigs, is to caress the attachment of the army and officials, and to disorganise, or prevent the organisation of, the people.

The first it has long been endeavouring to do, by means of good conduct stripes, good conduct pay, war medals, and a few additional privileges.

The second it is endeavouring to achieve, by encouraging sectional movements, distorting facts through the Press, misrepresenting matters in France, in order to create distrust towards democratic institutions, and fostering national animosities by "Defence Measures," "Expulsion of Working Men from France," and other equally fallacious attempts.

Notwithstanding all, the tide is setting strongly against them. Their financial measures have detached the poorer portion of the middle classes. These have not yet generally joined the Chartist body; but they have fallen out with the enemies of Chartism. That is the first step—meanwhile, old, long-standing prejudice, alone prevents them from joining the Chartist body in greater numbers. They hate the Whigs and Tories—they still mistrust the Chartists. This feeling is, however, daily vanishing, and that class, who would formerly have been enemies, will now remain, at least, neutral in the struggle.

The aristocracy in the ranks of labour, and the various trades, are equally alive to the community of interest between them and the less fortunate among their industrial brethren. They have awoken from their long and almost unaccountable insatiation; they are grappling with the great political question. That question lies in a nutshell; taxation and poor rate ruin or paralyse the small tradesmen and better paid trades. The present political system originated and upholds the evil. Consequently, politics are at the root of that evil, and it is to politics that the trades have to look as to the primary lever.

The army, too, are dissatisfied with their position. They have heard that republican France has done more for the soldiers than oligarchic England, and they ponder over these things. Even the constabulary, in Ireland, are feeling with the people.

The great dissenting body have long agitated for church separation, and without avail. They are getting tired of this mere social agitation; they have learned that political power is indispensable to rescue their church from the trammels of political usurpation; they see in the Chartists

the only body having at the same time both the *will* and the *power* to achieve their object; and, therefore, the old prejudice that operated there, too, and caused them to designate Charter and Chartist as irreligious, is vanishing as well, and they are beginning to see our principles in their true light—as strictly in accordance with Christian morality and religion. There is but one fear that still clings around their body, viz.; that we intend *physical force*, whereas they are men of *peace*. They will soon learn to draw the distinction between *passive submission* and protective measures. They will soon learn that we intend to carry the Charter by *moral means* (if the physical force government will permit it), and that a national organisation has the wholesome and perfectly religious object of protecting an unarmed people from massacre, in its attempts to uphold civil and religious liberty. This, all must admit, is in the interest of peace and religion; the more, as such an organisation will *prevent* an attempt at violence on the part of government, and thus the maintenance of peace be indeed secured; whereas, without it, bad financial and industrial measures would lead to still greater distress—that distress would lead to riot, and the very effects the lovers of peace dread, their own policy of a *merely* moral organisation would adduce.

The old game of “divide and conquer,” is also at an end. Irishmen and Englishmen are united in one common cause; and if Irish agitation will require all the force of government—and even that prove unavailing—surely no one can doubt that England need only *will* her liberty to *have* it. The military mechanism has been, indeed, cleverly managed. Scotch and English troops have been sent to Ireland—Irish to the colonies; but even there the democratic spirit receives them, and the soldiers of Canada, the garrisons of India, remember they are Irishmen.

As to sowing dissension among the popular ranks, this has now become an impossibility, from the glorious fact, that the people now look to *measures*, not to *men*. If the government were to bribe a leader the people would lose nothing more than—*one man*!

Again, financial difficulties paralyse the government. To resist democracy effectively, they must exercise their physical powers. They cannot do this without increasing taxation: taxation they dare not increase, because they would thus outrage the very class on which they mostly rely, the middle class,—therefore, they have nothing left for it, but to make the best of the little force they possess.



Now comes the difficulty of how to use it. If they at once parade the terrors of their law-*lessness*, they must dread a sudden crisis. Any act of persecution would be like a torch firing the train of a powder magazine. If they look on in apathy, the danger grows quietly over their heads. Either way they are doomed. The indictment of the three Irish democrats, for instance, has just increased their powers, by rallying added indignation on their side. On the other hand, had they overlooked their actions and their language, the democratic party, growing more daring with impunity, would reduce the power of government to a mere nominal thing, and as inevitably triumph. The Whig cabinet is in the position of a man at the verge of a rising inundation: if he attempts to dam it, he is overwhelmed; if he flies it, he is overtaken.

The duty of the people is clear: union and organisation, accompanied by an increasing and PERSONAL demand for their rights. A studious carefulness to commit no act of trespass or aggression—that they may thus, by putting their opponents in the wrong, bring over to their side the last remnant of the wavering and the doubtful.

And, in order to insure against a sudden and unexpected blow on the part of faction—for it is possible that faction may seek to lure the people into riot, and by one sudden and well-timed blow strike terror into their ranks, and throw the movement back for several years—in order, we say, to guard against a sudden stroke of violence, we earnestly recommend a universal organisation of the industrial classes, under a system of centralisation.

Thus prepared, we may go on fearlessly, step by step, without doubt or pause, equally prepared for EITHER line of policy the government may think proper to adopt.

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## THE MEAL-MONGERS;

OR,

## FOOD RIOTS IN IRELAND.

About forty miles from Dublin, in a S.W. direction, skirting the "Great Bog of Allen," there are a number of neat and somewhat superior class of villages; like many



of their unhappy kind in Ireland, they are the property of an absentee nobleman, Lord Digby, of Sherbourne Castle, in the county of Dorset. One of these villages, from whence he takes his title as "Baron of Geashill in the King's County," was given as a marriage portion about 1590, with Lettice, daughter of Gerald Lord Offaley, ancestor of the present Duke of Leinster.

The present sketch of "Food Riots" is taken from this food-sequestered village, and is not, alas! of unusual occurrence in some of the S.W. counties in Ireland, a strong opinion being entertained by the peasantry, that parties of "Ingrossers," or small farmers, whom they denominate "Meal-mongers," had combined to bond up their oats and meal, in order that, by having an insufficient supply in market, they might enhance the value of their grain, and raise their prices at the expense of the poor. It was no great wonder, then, that the poor people looked upon these men as their worst of enemies; as men, in fact, to use their own expression, "who were taking their bit out of their mouths," and many were the schemes suggested by the "Geashill boys" to make the mongers believe that their meal-hoarding propensities were duly appreciated by them. In this village lived a family of three brothers, who followed the graceful occupation of meat butchers, and whose name, "Delany," rendered them of rather doubtful Milesian extraction; but who, nevertheless, were in the full confidence of their village companions, although placed rather above them by more favoured circumstances; still were they always on a level with them whenever there was anything to call out their natural propensities for what they would call a "bit of a shindy." Mike, the eldest brother, who from his natural love for the "Fancy Art," was called the "Buffer," was a harum-scarum, crack-brained sort of a fellow. If he heard of a wake, or a wedding, a dog fight, or a bull bait, a fair, or a frolic, within ten miles, smack went his whip, round went the wheels of his little buggy, or mayhap he would jump into the natural saddle of his short-tailed nag! with a crooked stick in his hand by way of a bridle! Away he went, bounding over the village stream as if in mockery of its gentle gliding, at such a frightful pace as none but a real cockney son of the pouch and steel could envy. Ned, the second eldest, was quite the antipodes of Mike; no one ever knew Ned to bestride a living horse, his whole delight was in strutting about the ring of a cock-pit, or trotting thereto upon Shank's mare;

wherever there was a main of cocks to be fought there was Ned in the midst of them. Twenty miles would be but a pleasant morning's walk for him, if he had but the glorification of standing twenty minutes in a cock-pit! With Ned fair play was a jewel that he prized dearly, in support of which every particle of Ned's dress seemed disposed to second his efforts, each acting the part of a free agent; his shirt-neck and stockings alike scorning the tyrannical trammels of button or band! even the knee-strings of his unmentionables seemed to pay due regard to his self-devotional exercises in the ring of the cock-pit; but he, too, dearly loved a bit of a row, and was never backward in coming forward, even after a retreat had been sounded by some of the stoutest of his own party. The youngest, James, or as he was commonly called, Shamus, or "Crutchy Delany," was, at one period of his career, the wildest of the three; but was cut short of a leg, and deprived of an eye, in one of those party feuds whose belligerents rejoice in the unmeaning cognomen of "Black Feet," or "White Feet;" whose successors were the far-famed "Terry Alts," and the still more recent brotherhood of "Molly Maguires," not to speak slightly of the noble house of "Captain Rock," of whom it was said, that—

"Through Leinster, Ulster, Connaught, Munster,  
Rock was the boy to make the fun stir."

Nevertheless, Crutchy Delany was no mean authority to be consulted on important occasions, as in the sequel which we are about to relate will be seen. The conspiracy against the meal-mongers was planned under the spreading branches of an old oak tree that grew on the centre of the village green. After mass on a Sunday morning, which service was performed in an old barn which for some time back had been rented as a Catholic place of worship, for want of a better, Barny Cavanagh, the brogue maker, was the last man that left the shed, barrin' the priest, who waited for the congregation to depart to divest himself.

"Oh! boys, jewel," said Barny, "did ye'z hear the sermon?" throwing himself down on the elevated green bank beneath the spreading branches of the old oak tree.

"What was it about?" inquired a dozen voices at once, who had just returned from a foot-balling, and had placed themselves in a conspicuous position for the twofold purpose of concluding their plans, and being seen by Father Scully on his return from mass. "What was it all about,



Barry ?" reiterated half a dozen voices, more impatient than before.

" Oh ! by gor, Father Scully did cum out, shure enuf."

" Not yet we hope," said two or three voices ; " for we want him to see us," said another.

" Oh ! the devil go from you," said Barny ; " I mean he cum out about the ' meal-mongers. ' "

" Philelew !" says Shamus Delany.

" Somebody tauld him," continued Barny, " that we intend to give the meal mongers a drubin', and he ses the very devil himself will have nothin' at all to do with uz, if we meddle with them, because, as he ses, the Liburathur says that we must let the meal pass ; and besides, boys, I'm got good news for ye'z ; the clark tould me as how the bog stuff is all to be taken out of the bog holes, and to be filled up with clay, to make railroads."

" Shure that 'il give uz plenty of work for a twelmo'th an' a day," says Crutchy Delany, giving a shrewd doubtful nod of his head.

" What de ye zay, Crutchy ?" says Barny.

" Why I zay those tales about fillin' up bog holes il never fill our bellies ; and as for the advice of the Liburathur to let the meal pass, I only think, as if he had our empty stomachs he wouldn't take the advice himself (Bravo, Crutchy). I only wish, begor, that we had all the pennies ever we sent him, and we wouldn't be as we are. (" That's true enuf," said several voices). However, if ye'z are all of my mind, we'll fill our childers' bellies, instead of the bog holes. As for myself, I'm a rale young Irelander, and ye'z may depend the gentry 'il give huz nothing until they're forced, or till they sees the half of huz cut off wid starvation ; and maybe its then they'll begin to think of who's to till the land for them, or pay them their rents. So if ye'z are of my mind, let us all meet at the widdy Rouse's on Thursday evenin', and then I'll warrant ye'z," said Crutchy, aising his crutch in such a manner as required no further explanation of his intention ; " we'll fill our childers' bellies instid of the bog holes ! "

Seeing the priest coming they moved slowly along, muttering to each other in an under tone, " Faith and begorra, we'll fill our childers' bellies instead of the bog holes ! " and they kept their word.

Thursday evening is come, and the whole party are seated in Judy Rouse's cabin, smoking their short pipes round the expiring embers of a portion of the great bog.



Crutchy Delany sits in the dark corner, amusing himself cleaning up what seems to be the remnant of a cow's horn.

"Hard times, Shamus," said Judy, as she turned about half a dozen of potatoes into a circular frame, which were as quickly rescued by as many little hands, and devoured as eagerly as though they were sugar plumbs, instead of what they were:—

"Sickly soap like vegetable matter."

"Hard times, Shamus," said she; "but wirra strew avie! what is to become of huz. Sure God knows I didn't care a traneeen what becomes of myself, but these poor babbys—shure its enuf to drive one mad to think of it. Oh! Shamus, jewel," said Judy, in seeming great agony, as she dipped her lumpers in a mixture of salt and water, and instinctively held it to the youngest child's mouth, "What am I to do for another meal for my poor childer? God knows I've been out all day, and the hearts of everybody seem as hard as a stone; the poor hav'nt it for themselves, and the rich wont give huz anything. Sure, I dont know what use it is buildin' so many school houses about the barony, and the poor childer starving: shure, its food the poor creathurs want insted of larning, God knows. I won'thur how Mr. Richard Digby, or Mr. Benjamin Digby, or Mr. Kelm Digby, or the great lord himself, who has'nt put a foot in Geashill but once these forty years, can expect poor childer to get whole chapthurs of the Bible by heart, without a morsel of food in their little stomachs; shure, its enuf to sicken them for ever agin religion, to make them live on it in that sort of way; unless"—here poor Judy faltered, she wished to say something about conditions—but her feelings overpowered her; the last words were uttered with such phrensied gesticulation, that betokened the struggling emotions of the heart, desperately contending with difficulties—nor was Shamus unmindful of the poor widow's appeal to his sympathy, for he had already disappeared, and in a few moments returned to his seat in the corner, having left a small wooden bowl on the table. "Now Judy," said he, "there's a handful of rice, and a bit of oatmeal, you can make the childer a bit of stirabout for supper; keep your spirits up, I'll warrant you'll have more in the mornin', without prosilting the childer." At the sight of the meal, and the last cheering words of Shamus, poor Judy seemed suddenly metamorphosed into

another being—the grateful tear rolled down her joyous cheek, as she hugged her little ones to her bosom, and exclaimed: “May the great God bless you, Shamus, this night; its the poor that can feel for the poor; that’s more than the parson ever gave my poor childer since the first day ever he cum to Geashill, though many’s the price of a good pig ever poor Larry paid him, God rest his soul in glory.” The latch had risen just as Judy began the last sentence, and ere she had finished it, Mr. Fogarty, the village school-master was looking Judy full in the face.

“Well, but Mrs. Rouse,” said he “you know the parson is a very good man, and its your fault, or defect, as Dr. Johnson says, if you are not a recipient of his *more* than Christian-like bounty, and remember, Mrs. Rouse, all you have to do is to send your children to school, myself and Mrs. Fogarty will bring them up in the way they should go: that is, in the reformed way of the church: that is, according to Dr. Johnson, a change from worse to better! they will be clothed from head to foot with good linsey woolsey covering; but its a strange feeling, or fatality, as Dr. Johnson says, that you poor people will not be advised by your betters, who must be allowed, or tolerated, as Dr. Johnson says, to know what is best for your souls as well as your bodies.” This speech of Mr. Fogarty seemed, for a moment, to paralyse the volubility of poor Judy’s tongue, delivered, as it was, with such an air of earnest commiseration, that entirely hid from her view the subtlety of the proselytising old serpent. “Dear knows,” says she, “I would do anything in the world for the good of my poor childer.”

“I should think so,” rejoined Mr. Fogarty, chuckling with a degree of self-satisfaction at the impression he had made upon the phrensied mind of the poor woman; “I should think so,” continued he, as he rolled his bone headed cane between his hand and his knee, after the manner of an apothecary making pills with a palate knife, “people, now-a-days, ought to consider their own interest, and not put their best friends against them, or in opposition to them, as Dr. Johnson says.”

“But s’pose Mr. Fogarty,” said Barny Cavanagh, the brogue maker, who more than once whispered to Crutchy Delany, that he didn’t half like the goings on of the old gentleman latterly, “s’pose Judy was to give up the childer, would they be obliged to learn the Bible, and go to meeting or church instead of to chapel on Sunday? or

s'pose Judy was to givin to the kitchen of the glebe house, would she have to attend prayers every evening, and worship God the parson's way, instead of her own?" The last question was a settler for Mr. Fogarty; he saw, to answer it would undo all he had done before, and perhaps expose him to the ridicule of the villagers, who, through "ages of misrule and wrong," clung to the insulted religion of their fathers, still preferred the damp floor of the thatched barn, to the cushioned pew of the "law-made church,"

"For which they paid, but would not enter."

Mr. Fogarty, therefore, wisely contented himself by saying, that he thought the present was not a proper time nor place to answer such questions; but if Mrs. Rouse would call upon Mrs. Fogarty in the morning, everything should be arranged according to her desire; he would wish them all a very good night: "Late hours," continued he, "are signposts of ungodliness, or impiouness, as Dr. Johnson says, and leadeth man into vicious ways!" The latter portion of the sentence was delivered in a sort of a drawl, with his eyes raised towards heaven, and his cane towards his mouth, a veritable Obadiah!

The absence of the old man was desired by the whole party, they therefore had no great desire to prolong the conversation, lest it should trespass upon their time, which they thought was about to be employed in a much more profitable manner; there were twelve or thirteen of them, able and willing to work, but up to Thursday evening none of them had earned a sixpence, though some of them had wives and small children looking up to them for the means of existence. After the departure of the old man, silence was broken by Crutchy Delany exclaiming:—

"Its time, boys—the meal-mongers war comin'."

"Och, musha, elana," said Judy, "the'l be here time enuf with their great car loads of meal, as big as clumps of turf."

"It would be betthur for Vexeter Hall," says Barny Cavanagh, "to buy the meal up, instid of bibles and testaments, than laving it to the mongers, that wont let us have a morsel of it, unless at a price that nobody can give them, for a bit of it."

"Faith, we'll pay them off for it to night, any how," said rollicking Ned, twisting a straw band round a punch bowl shaped covering for the head, locally called a *caubeen*.



"Why don't ye'r keep a look out there," said Paddy Dunahan.

"Lend me the horn," said Mike the Buffer.

"Blow hard," said Crutchy. In a few minutes, Mike ascended the old castle walls, a sort of inclined plane, leading, some fifty feet high, to an old ivy-clad tower, from whence he could see any object for at least two miles along the desolate highway of the great bog. From the elevated position of the old tower, he could also give timely notice, by means of the cow's horn, of the mongers approach, to the boys of Raheen, and Clonneygown, whose localities from the village, through swamps and through mire, made them rather uneasy, lest they should be time enough to be too late for the meditated attack on the money-loving, famine-seeking "meal-mongers," whom they looked upon as their grave-diggers from England's "merchant princes," whose wealth had enabled them to monopolise the markets, by buying in cheap and selling out dear, realising a profit, it is pretty certain at present, of as much as ten pounds on a single ton of meal!! It was usual for the meal-mongers to halt at the village for the night, on their return from the adjoining market town; one of these evenings was selected by the King's-county boys, "for thrashing the corn out of them."

It was a beautiful evening in the latter end of August; the day had been made up of sunshine and showers, which made the market close somewhat sooner than was the custom, and the rich radiance of the fading rainbow, as it blended in variegated hues with the golden rays of the setting sun, seemed to linger longer than usual upon the dark ruins of the old castle walls, the crumbling turrets of the once splendid mansion of the renowned Baron of Geashill! ere it had been quite so fashionable to live in English castles, and hold Irish estates in trust for the benefit of their numerous progeny, and poor relations, who grow fat and insolent upon the good things which conquest had sent them, and who look upon the peasant's pig as a more essential adjunct in the cabin of the poor man, than is the partner of his sorrows or the child of his bosom.

Mike had not been long in his elevated position, till he descried the meal-mongers tracing their slow and steady course along the fenceless road, which twined itself like a great serpent across the barren heath. Pwhoo-hoo-hoo-hoo; went the cow's horn! Hector's trumpeter could not

have given a better blast ! re-echoing from hill to hill, like a truthful messenger, its new-born mission.

"O, be the powdhers-of Moll Killy," said Crutchy Delany, "ther coming at last," and the whole party darted towards the door.

"O, for heaven sake, boys, jewel," said Judy, "what ever are ye'z up to, this night ?"

They had disappeared ! The whole village was in an uproar in an instant, for, till then, the matter had been kept a strict secret from the women and children ; confusion was here ; helter skelter was there ; the interjection, "Oh !" with its accompanying relatives "What ever !" was uttered by a hundred voices together, while a little incident, connected with poor Judy, helped in no small degree to add to the general rising of the whole village ; men, women, and children were seen running from all sides towards the old oak tree on the village green—the appointed place of rendezvous. Mike, in his descent from the old tower, had taken advantage of the general tumult to rescue poor Judy's donkey, which had been impounded for a trespass a few days before ; he had succeeded by main strength in getting the donkey over the pound wall, and was carrying poor Neddy across the village green, when, lo ! just as he came to the old tree, Neddy thought proper to express his thanks to his liberator in the most public manner, which called forth an encore from no less than one and twenty of his comrades, who came running and roaring from the adjoining skirts of the bog, with pricked ears and cocked tails, no doubt rejoicing at their lost brother that was found ; the donkey storm of bellowing set the whole rookery in the beech trees of the old churchyard a-cawing ; what with the women and the children, the donkies, and the crows, and hurras for the fight, a looker-on might be led to think that another Charles, or the Devil himself, was centred in the old oak tree on the village green ; like a grand centrifugal magnet, it seemed to possess the power of repulsion as well as of attraction, for suddenly the whole body of noisy brawlers, above and below, diverged in uproarious tumult towards the road which led across the far famed Bog of Allen. The cavalry of donkies led the way ; next followed the invincible "Buffer," on his short-tailed nag—his legs and arms in rapid motion, like the wings of a windmill—surrounded by a company of sharpshooters, with muskets from the

wood of Shililagh, whose duty it was to urge the cavalry in a direct course, and not allow any fugitive "meal-mongers" to escape. Then came Ned and Crutchy Delany, the former carrying a tolerably sized sieve slung over his shoulder, anticipating a supply for his darling cocks; while the latter acted as fogle master with the cow's horn; the rear was brought up with what might not misapplicably be termed a motley number of squatters and camp followers, while the carrion crows seemed to point out the field of battle by alighting in great numbers on the road, mid-way between the belligerents; daylight was retiring beneath the horizon, evening was wrapt in her mantle of grey, and night—sable night—was fast approaching, to throw his pall o'er the dread meeting of *Famine, Monopoly, and Revenge*.

The meal-mongers were not so strong in numbers as their assailants, but they had flesh, and sinew, and bone, and stout weapons, and they knew how to use them; they numbered thirteen; each carrying a loaded whip, of which the English reader may form some notion of the defensive and offensive properties by the following description:—Its length is a yard, one foot of which is a square piece of tapered iron, bound to, and strapped all over with stout pieces of whalebone; a handle of lead is often cast over the piece of iron, and all bound tightly over by heavy weights with stout catgut; they met in deadly conflict on the narrow fenceless road, the whips made woful havoc on the heads of the peasantry, and the poor donkies, by getting entangled with the carts and horses, suffered not a little; but they ought to have known better than to have got themselves into such a scrape—we cannot say much more in their favour, it was certainly not uncalled for by them—and we hope all other asses will take warning by them; they were half a mile from the village; a sort of a running fight was continued for about a quarter of a mile, the mongers endeavouring to gain the village by alternately whipping the horses, and beating back their assailants; the bridles were cut, and the horses becoming unmanageable, a desperate conflict ensued to gain the mastery; each man assailed his fellow with whip and cudgel, then came the desperate grasp; one young fellow was thrown right over a donkey into a woman's arms, and as she tied a handkerchief over his head, which was bleeding profusely, was heard to exclaim, as he seemed to shiver in the limbs with sheer weakness:—"Och Nancy, avourneen, macree:



shure its not the mungers thats beaten us, but the hun-gers." He rushed again into the midst of the fray, and made up with valour what he could not do with strength. The fortune of the night was now turning in their favour; they had succeeded in capsizing most of the meal-mongers into the bog holes—the last was on his legs in a death-grasp-like struggle with the invulnerable Mike: they were both powerful men. "I have you at last," said the monger, as he pinioned Mike up against a meal cart; when the latter made a desperate plunge, seizing the arms of his adversary in return, as he often would do with the horns of a restive bullock—the next moment he had him on his hip—when, with the well-known jerk of the practised wrestler, Mike sent his assailant first into the air, and then into the

"Dark and dismal swamp,"

A tremendous cheer for "Geashill and the sky over it," succeeded, after which the cars proceeded in glorious triumph towards the village, the victors returning in nearly the same order as they had left, the donkeys bellowing, and the crows not seemingly quite pleased with the result; but as it is not all gold that glitters, so victory also, sometimes, has its dark side as well as its bright. The meal-mongers, after somewhat recovering their sousing in the bog, had taken a short cut to the village inn, and having regaled themselves with a drop of the creature, sallied forth like giants refreshed, to regain their lost ground while "the boys," contented themselves by consigning the meal carts, meal and all, to the tender mercies of the women and children, while they further employed themselves making a sort of ring fire round the old oak on the village green, in commemoration of their victory; while, to do the meal-mongers justice, they seemed noways disposed to fight the battle over again with a handful of ragged, hungry women and children.

One little urchin seemed, however, inclined to bring matters to another issue. He had ensconced himself in the centre of one of the meal cars, and having untied one of the sacks kept stowing away into his upper garret, which seemed as capacious as the pocket of Grimaldi. The full moon had suddenly cast off the trammels of of a dark cloud, and in the intruder we beheld a sort of hunchback, with head of monstrous size, and forbidding aspect; his eyes seemed of unearthly glare; his forehead was sunk back; a slight elevation of the nose took place just above the nostrils; the under part of the face protruded much, while the flabby skin of

his sunken cheeks hung widely over the tying of a tabby cat-skin cap, the attached paws of poor puss, at either side, giving it the appearance of ears: they whipped at him in vain, his unsuspecting little hand would coil round the thong, and the whip would follow, till he had deprived some half dozen of their weapons; and when they would mount the cars to come in closer contact with him, his cheeks would swell up like bladders, and a sudden gust of meal dust would meet his chagrined assailants, who at length gave over the attack, saying, "Who knows, but maybe he's a fairy or a leprecaun from the hills." In truth, he was more like the cub of a Bengal tiger peeping out of its wigwam. The scene was now fast closing—nor without dramatic effect—the full moon seemed to review with more than lurid light the departing meal-mongers as they entered the inn yard with bandaged heads and sore bones; while the red bog stuff and the white marl of the damp road gave them all the appearance of a piebald group; the village stream, too, reflected a hundred bright porringers and spoons, with little children devouring "crowdy;" while in the centre stood the pride of the village, the good old oak tree, around which blazed with glowing heat the "ring fire" of victory, thanks to the "great bog," on which might be seen "swing-ing and singing away," some dozen of old kettles, and the ever to be cursed "praty pots;" while the women stood over them with small sticks in their hands, dubbing the oatmeal in, with a more joyous chorus than the witches in Macbeth over their cauldrons, for they had already forgotten—

The toil and trouble,  
For bubble, bubble!

## THE GERMAN YOUTHS' SONG.

*Translated from the German of Count F. L. von Stolberg, and  
dedicated, by the Translator,*

TO THE CHARTIST YOUTHS.

Mein Arm wird stark, und gross mein muth,  
Gieb, Vater, mir ein Schwerdt !  
Verachte nicht mein junges Blut,  
Ich bin der Väter werth.

---

My arm grows strong, my spirits soar !  
Give me a sword to wield !  
Father ! despise my youth no more ;  
I'm worthy of the field.

My soul no longer deigns to bow  
To boyhood's silken band,  
I'd die, oh ! father, proud as thou,  
The death for Fatherland.

Early in my childhood bright,  
War was my sport by day ;  
Of perils I would dream by night,  
Of wounds and wild affray !

How oft my shout the visions broke,  
Of many a Polish war ;  
But late, I with a blow awoke,  
I dealt the Russian Czar !

And lately, as in distant lands  
I read of gallant deeds,  
Of conquered tyrants — broken bands,  
And mighty nations freed.

While eager read, with wondering joy,  
Of youths, a gathering swarm ;  
I, father ! felt a strange alloy,  
And tried my strength of arm.

My arm grows strong, my spirits soar !  
Give me a sword to wield !  
Father ! despise my youth no more ;  
I'm worthy of the field.



# THE LABOURER.

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## THE SONG OF THE GAGGERS.

BY ERNEST JONES.

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Gag—gag—gag !  
Is the cry of the traitor band,  
While they try, with a printed rag,  
To ride like a midnight hag  
On the breast of a sleeping land.

Come, knave and villain, informer and spy,  
To the government mint, where you coin a lie !  
Gold—gold—gold !  
Is the pay for the ready slave,  
Whose word at a breath can destroy the bold,  
In the halls where justice is bought and sold,  
And the withering glance falls keen and cold  
On the heart of the true and brave.

Gag—gag—gag !  
Is the cry of the traitor band  
While they try, with a printed rag,  
To ride like a midnight hag  
On the breast of a sleeping land.

We'll stay the stream in its fullest force,  
We'll stop the world in its onward course—  
Gag—gag—gag !  
The voice of six thousand years  
Shall begin at our bidding to fail and flag,  
Not a lip shall breathe, nor a tongue shall wag,  
And history's page be an idle brag,  
Compared to a Russell's fears.

Gag—gag—gag !  
Is the cry of the traitor band,  
While they seek with a printed rag,  
To ride like a midnight hag  
On the breast of a sleeping land.

In vain shall the blood of an Emmett have flowed,  
In vain shall the breast of a miser have glowed !

Gag—gag—gag !

The thought in the teeming brain !  
The pulse in the heart of the world shall lag,  
And nations the burden of misery drag,  
And Lilliput trample on Brobdignag,  
As long as a Russell shall reign.

Gag—gag—gag !

Is the cry of the traitor band,  
While they seek, with a printed rag,  
To ride like a midnight hag  
On the breast of a sleeping land.

## REFORM AND REFORMERS.

There has generally been a great difference between *Reform* and *Reformers*, and one of the great evils in political movements hitherto, has been, that the Reform and the Reformer have been considered identical. All has hinged on a few men—if they were weak—or knavish—or baffled—the movement was lost, for the people had looked to *them*, instead of to *themselves*. Now, a change has come over political feeling. “Measures, not men,” is the motto of the day. The people have outgrown their political leading-strings, and begin to think, judge, and act, for themselves. Mr O’Connor has greatly conduced to this result, inasmuch as he has ever tried to inform the popular mind—to *explain* his motives and his actions, to give *reasons* instead of merely urging *opinions*, and thus we find that the people can no longer be lead astray by any will-of-the-whisp, and no longer bow slavishly to any stereotyped idol.

This is of greater consequence than ever, in the present state of the Chartist movement. Strong and promising, as is its present position, swarms of ambitious men are now starting forward, ready to float on the tide of success to the haven of their own self-interest ; but who never toiled in the hour of adversity, who never joined us in the time of depression.

We conscientiously believe that the people are ripe and ready to obtain their rights; but if anything could make us doubt it, it would be the fact, that every bog-light that thus appears on the surface from the mire of aristocratic or middle-class life, is not only hailed with open arms (*this is well enough,*) but actually promoted to office, over the heads of deserving working men—old guards, and veterans in the Chartist cause. This should not be. *If a man is to wear epaulettes, let him earn them.*

We agree, also, that working men must, as a whole, carry the movement of the working class; but we disagree alike with that spirit of class servility, which makes more of a recruit a few days old from the ranks of wealth and “birth,” than of a working veteran—and with that spirit of class-hostility on the other hand, which would *exclude* all but working men from participation in the great work of redemption. This is a narrow spirit. This is, indeed, a *class-spirit*—this is the very quintessence of *class-legislation*. ALL MEN ARE BRETHREN—and we, who eschew class-distinctions, should be the last men in the world to curl ourselves, like a hedgehog, within the bristling limits of class-exclusiveness. Here are two extremes alike dangerous to our movement: excess of confidence, and excess of exclusiveness. To follow this subject still further, we must cast a glance at the Reform Party in the House of Commons. Here is another phase of political danger. A number of men have formed a parliamentary opposition, for the express purpose of *extending* the suffrage; men *inclined* to liberal principles—men of wealth—men who have much at stake to uphold the monied interests—men who claim to be leaders of the people—but whom, on the contrary, the people are pushing onward.

Now, we do not wish to asperse the motives of those gentlemen—we do not wish to raise that class-hostility, against which we have just been inveighing; but we wish to point out to the working classes, that it is the paramount object of the middle classes to obtain the lead in the Reform movement. They wish to do their *class* all the good they can—and they think, if working men carry the movement, the *producers* will stand *first*, and the *distributors* (middle class) stand *second* in the scale of power.

Now, we unhesitatingly assert, it is the right of the working classes to be the most powerful and primary interest in the community; to this the other classes will never consent, until compelled; and for this it is necessary



that the toiling millions should retain the leadership of their own cause. We wish to ask the "Reform party" in the House of Commons, what are they for?—What do they mean to do? If they want the support of the country, the country must know what they mean. Are they for the six points of the Charter? If not, for how much? How do they mean to obtain it? Why did they not join us before? What do they want the people to do? A burnt child dreads the fire—and let them rest assured, before they can stir the people as they were stirred for the Reform Bill, vague professions must cease, and we must have guarantees that they really mean the Charter.

These gentlemen tell us, too, that we must wait. We want to know how long? We have waited very long already; we are not *over-impatient*, but while the grass grows the steed starves. We have experienced the truth of the maxim, that "God helps those that help themselves;" and before we can consent to wait for them, they must lay before us a programme of action—showing us the means to an end—defining the goal, and saying: "These, and these, are the stages by which we will travel; may be, somewhat delayed by bad weather on the road, but never swerving from the direct course, and never stopping contented at a HALF-WAY HOUSE."

We tell these gentlemen we do not intend to oppose, as long as they act honestly; but, we repeat, we will not support them until we know the conditions. We have no great confidence in them; the more as their leader, Hume, proved himself hostile to Chartism, when he pointed out to government how they could attack the National Convention. Unless his army prove rebellious to their leader, we have not much hopes of the campaign; on the contrary, we believe that the Charter will be carried, not by the middle-class opposition in the House of Commons, but by the NATIONAL ASSEMBLY of the people.

We repeat, we are prepared to waive old animosities, and to enter on new friendship, as long as that friendship is based on candour, honesty, and principle; but we will have no truckling, timeserving, or temporising. As the pioneers of reform, we will not *wait* for the laggards. The working classes are marching on the high-road to progression—the middling class are hobbling after. Why do they come? BECAUSE WE ARE MOVING ON, and they cannot do without us. *If we stop, they stop; if we go on, they will spur harder.*

# ST. JOHN'S EVE:

## A ROMANTIC DRAMA, IN THREE ACTS.

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### *Dramatis Personæ.*

RUPERT .....	A rich old man.
RUDOLF .....	A young Huntsman.
ARKYL .....	The Cavalier.
The SUPERIOR of the Convent of St. John.	
WILHELM	} .....
OTTO	
HUBERT	
GEMMA .....	Rupert's Daughter.
TRINA .....	Her Attendant.

Monks, Messengers, Attendants, &c. &c. &c.

The action during the first two acts comprises the Eve of St. John and the subsequent morning. A year is supposed to elapse between the second act and the third, which last takes place on the Eve of St. John following.

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## A C T I.

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### SCENE I.]

*A Terrace before an old Mansion embosomed in woods. Through the trees is seen a village, the Sun setting behind the spire of the Church. Distant sounds of rustic song and festal music are heard as the curtain rises, and subsequently at intervals.*

*Gemma stands listening on the Terrace.*

*Gemma.*   Ye are happy! merry village-dancers,  
               Would I might join ye!...Ye are happy!...  
               happy!

*Voice from within the house, harsh and discordant....A plague upon their senseless merriment!*

- Gemma.* Alas ! my father chides again. Ah, me...  
 Dear Rudolf ! Rudolf ! must we part ?  
*(Music and bursts of laughter behind the scene.)*  
 Again !...  
 The voice of mirth sounds strangely to mine ear.  
*Voice from within....* The Caitiffs know no pleasure without  
 noise.  
 Would I could damp their joy ;...Ho ! Gemma !  
 Gemma ! *(calling.)*
- Gemma.* He'll chide ! He cannot bear his prisoned bird  
 To look on others bliss and liberty.  
 'Tis hard, so very young, to sigh and weep  
 At seeing others happiness...Yon sounds  
 Seem bitter mockery of my solitude  
 That voice, a knell...Yet 'tis my father's voice !  
 Rudolph ! my Rudolph ! for the last time here  
 I promised I would meet thee...and, alas !  
 'Tis but to give and take a long farewell.
- Rupert. (entering from the house in anger.)* What do you  
 here ?  
 Mark you the loitering throng  
 Gazing in gaping wonder from afar,  
 Because 'tis strange to see old Rupert's child ?  
 While you stand here, and with your drooping  
 looks  
 Seem to accuse me to them. Oh ! I know,  
 That they speak ill of *me* and pity *you*,  
 Because, forsooth, I thwart your idle whims.  
 No matter ! Let them talk. What did you here ?
- Gemma.* There was a dance upon the village green,  
 I saw it from my window, as I sat  
 Alone and sad. The dancers looked so happy...  
 My heart beat to the music...Oh ! forgive me !  
 For something prompted me to join the throng,  
 And I could not resist...but came to gaze  
 Like a pained spirit at the gate of Heaven.  
 Oh ! Do not chide me, father !
- Rupert.* Out upon you !  
 Yourself forgetting thus to join with serfs.  
 My daughter...You should think whose child  
 you are,  
 And not demean yourself.
- Gemma.* Forgive me, father !  
 But we were once as *those*.



- Rupert.* What now ?... We ?... we ?  
 That I have raised myself from humbler state,  
 Through dint of talent and of energy,  
 Can be no reason I should sink again.  
 Peace ! well befits it for a promised bride  
 To dance with serfs upon a village green !
- Gemma.* Speak not of that strange man. I love him  
 not.
- Rupert.* You love him not. Ha ! ha ! and do you think  
 That is an argument to urge to me ?  
 You think to cover every childish whim  
 With those unmeaning words... *I love him not !*  
 You have not seen him since your early child-  
 hood ;  
 When ye were affianced. Many years  
 He has been absent in the Indies far,  
 And won high honours and a princely wealth.
- Gemma.* The *rank* and *wealth* of man are in his *soul*.
- Rupert.* What still that vagrant Rudolf in thy head ?
- Gemma.* No ! In my *heart*.
- Rupert.* Then I'll erase him thence !  
 To kill thy daring and rebellious love,  
 Learn : thine affianced comes across the sea  
 To claim thee as his bride. My letters say,  
 The ship that bears him hitherward, has sailed,  
 And in a month we may expect him here.  
 Therefore I warn thee.
- Gemma.* He too once was poor  
 And you opposed *him* not.
- Rupert.* So *we* were then ;  
 We're wealthy now.
- Gemma.* And Rudolf may become so.
- Rupert.* Become ! No ! *He* is not the man for that.  
 He's far too *proud*, girl ! ever to grow *rich*.  
 Who would grow rich, must *stoop* to pick the  
 gold,  
 The proud man *scorns* to *lift* from the *low mire*.  
 But now no more of this, and have a care  
 Thy looks be brighter... I hate moody brows.  
 (*Exit to the house.*)
- Gemma.* His heart may change. Oh ! heaven change  
 his heart.  
 He is gone. The rapid sun sinks low and wanes,  
 The village dance is o'er, and Rudolf comes  
 not.

Poor Rudolf! Playmates in our childish days,  
Must we be strangers now? I promised here  
To meet him, where so oft in happier hour  
We met. He comes not, and my heart is  
breaking.

[*She seats herself on a stone bench, and sings the following song to her lute.*]

POOR BIRD.\*

At break of day—its matin lay  
A bird all blithely sang and gay;  
Ere noon its note had died away!  
Poor bird! Poor bird!

It has no nest—to take its rest,  
It roves all homeless and unblest  
Far from the spot it loves the best.  
Poor bird! Poor bird!

Its wings wave slow...and weary grow,  
Its wounded heart beats faint and low,  
Is there no resting place for woe?  
Poor bird! Poor bird!

It pleads in vain...In plaintive strain;  
Will none have pity on its pain  
And guide it to a home again?  
Poor bird! Poor bird!

[*Rudolf has entered during the last stanza. He is attired in the dress of a huntsman, with plume and hanger.*]

*Rudolf.* Sweet Gemma! This is kind to let me see you.  
You weep...sad augur! Have we then no  
hope?

*Gemma.* In heaven! That may change my father's  
heart,  
And in thy Gemma, who will never yield  
Unto another's love.

*Rudolf.* Sweet girl! I came  
While yet I may, for soon the time approaches

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\* This song has been set to music by Benedict.

When I must hasten hence to distant lands,  
 To seek a fortune, that may make thee mine.  
 But much I fear it is a hopeless quest.  
 Oh ! That the noblest still must be defiled !  
 That gold should measure honour, love, and  
 faith !

Out on the world ! We are at war together !

*Gemma.* Thou art most strange. Forsooth, a look so  
 stern

I never saw thee wear.

*Rudolf.* Times alter men.

Oft have I seen the meek, defenceless lamb  
 Turn fierce as tiger in extremity.  
 Believe me, Gemma ! there are times, in which  
 Men change to fiends. Methinks they are at  
 hand.

*Gemma.* Oh, Rudolf ! Rudolf ! Art thou come to this ?

*Rudolf.* Nay ! Fear not, sweetest ! For whate'er betide,  
 To thee I'll aye be gentle, though the world  
 Turn what is blood in me to fire.

*Gemma.* Beware !

For thoughts like these lead never unto good.  
 Soft mercy dwells above, that, if we trust,  
 From darkest fortunes lifts to brightest ends :  
 But if self-willed, we grasp our fate's strange  
 woof,

We rush but unto ruin and destruction !

—— Thou hearest not...Art buried in deep  
 thought...

—— Thy brow is dark and frowning !

*Rudolf (starting as from a dream.)* Should we part  
 Then I may ne'er see thee again...perchance  
 I never may return...and absent...thou...  
 Mayest fall a sacrifice to tyrant power !  
 I hence...what may not happen ?...Oh ! thy  
 father

Spurned me. He reviled me. Slandered foully !  
 Girl ! Were he not thy father ! !...Ha ! that  
 word

Sends the hot blood all cold back to my heart.  
 Thy father...Peace ! peace !...Yes...He is thy  
 father.

(Pause.)

And he alone is hindrance to our union.

Gemma ! Thy father's very, very old.



- Gemma* (*anxiously*.) He is...and what of that ?  
*Rudolf.* Why...nothing...but...(*embarrassed*.)  
*Gemma.* But what ?  
*Rudolf.* He is infirm.  
*Gemma.* What thought is that ?  
*Rudolf.* I scarce can think...  
*Rudolf.* He numbers eighty winters, does he not ?  
*Gemma.* He does, may heaven increase them !  
*Rudolf.* At such age  
 Life is uncertain, and a sudden blast  
 Will oft extinguish its fast failing lamp.  
*Gemma* (*with growing anxiety*.) *Rudolf!* I know thee not.  
 What mean thy words ?  
*Rudolf.* Ay ! He may die ere long, and then...and  
 then...  
*Gemma* (*starting up*.) *Rudolf,* farewell ! if e'er again such  
 words  
 Shall pass thy lips, we part to meet no more !  
 To build one's fortunes on another's death,  
 Is murder, though it lack the hand and steel !  
 And 'tis my father ! *Rudolf!*... 'Tis my father !  
 (*Exit Gemma.*)  
*Rudolf* (*calling after her*.) Forgive me, *Gemma!* dearest  
*Gemma!* Stay.  
 I meant it not... 'Twas but an idle thought.  
 Oh ! she is gone, and I am all alone  
 With but a busy devil prompting here.  
 (*Touching his heart.*)  
 I do not *wish* him dead ! No ! Heaven's my  
 judge !  
 This moment would I throw my life away,  
 To save his, were it perilled.  
 (*Hesitatingly.*) No ! no ! no !  
 Sure am I that I do not wish him dead...  
 I merely thought, IF it pleased heaven above  
 To TAKE his life...we might be happy then !  
 (*Pause.*)  
 Ah ! I feel uneasy ! wretched ! wretched !  
 I fear me that I know not mine own heart.  
 (*He crosses the stage in visible agitation.*)  
*Gemma* is gone in anger...and the world  
 Grows dark and darker round me...Life's stars  
 wane !

Men scowl and frown upon me...and for *why*?  
 Oh, yes! I have the greatest fault...I'm poor!  
 Is there no justice yonder in high heaven?

(*With clenched hands lifted upwards.*)

[*It has been growing darker and darker gradually, so that it is almost night. At the last words of Rudolf a tall figure, veiled in a dark flowing robe, with overshadowing cap and sable plume, steps forth from among the trees, and advances behind the speaker. An expression of triumph gleams upon his countenance, which is pale as that of one long buried.*]

Stranger (*aside*.) Ah! I have watched thee long and tracked thee far,

And seldom until now, by word or sign,  
 Hast thou yet given me power of nearing thee!  
 Henceforth thou shalt be mine. The time is come.

(*Rudolf, who has stood buried in deep thought, turns suddenly, and starts on beholding the Stranger.*)

Rudolf. Ha! Who art thou?

Stranger. Dost recognise me not? (*His manner is at once contemptuous and familiar.*)

A brother student of your younger days...

An old...a very good old friend of yours.

Dost not remember me?

Rudolf. I never saw thee!

Stranger. Oh! You but forget. I'll prove it to you.

Do you remember when into the church

You stole, and broke the sculptured cherubim?

I WAS WITH YOU THEN!

Rudolf. Yes! Heaven forgive me!

But you I can remember not

Stranger. Perchance,—

Friendship has a slippery memory.

I was with you ne'ertheless. Again,

You bore a young maid from her father's house!

I WAS WITH YOU THEN!

Rudolf. But, moved at heart,

Pure I restored her to her father's arms.

Stranger. Ha! ha! you did! I was NOT with you then!

But I was with you, when one night you won

His pittance from a gambler. I WAS THERE!

You drove him to despair and self-sought death!

I stood behind your chair that live-long night.

- I prompted you the cards—I shook the dice!—  
You ruined him!*
- Rudolf.* Good Heaven! what bitter pangs  
It cost me: But the ill-won spoil I gave  
Unto a widowed mother.
- Stranger.* For the which  
Some robbers came and murdered her. Ha! ha!
- Rudolf.* 'Tis strange that I should not remember you.
- Stranger.* Oh! there are many strange things in the world.
- Rudolf.* And where hast been these years?
- Stranger.* Far—very far.  
I have returned in secret, and I feel  
Death's hand upon me;—you do need a friend.
- Rudolf.* I do—and have none.
- Stranger.* I will be one, then.  
But tell thou none I have returned again,  
For none have seen me—I have spoke with  
*none!*  
For I have enemies in yonder convent,  
And they might seek me out *with mass and bell*,  
And drive me hence!
- Rudolf.* Thy speech, thy manner's strange!—  
The bell and mass *are only for the dead!*
- Stranger.* Oh, heed not that. Mark! you alone of all  
Have seen me. Keep your secret *with the*  
*grave.*
- Rudolf.* *With the grave?*
- Stranger.* Or *like the grave.* But tell me of your life—  
How fares your suit with Gemma?
- Rudolf.* Haplessly.
- Stranger.* I know it, and your rival hastens here,  
While you go hence to mend your fortunes. Ha!  
Your rival thanks you for thus flying him.
- Rudolf.* 'Sdeath! How!—But Heaven! How did'st  
thou learn that,  
Saying but now *thou had'st seen none, save me?*
- Stranger.* Oh! secrets soon reach even strangers' ears,  
And Common news are scarce thought worth  
the telling.  
Rudolf! methinks your suit stands *not* so bad:  
Her father's old, and *ere the year may die!*
- Rudolf.* Ha! think you that as well?
- Stranger.* Dost wish him dead?
- Rudolf.* How darest thou?—it were a thought profane.



*Stranger.* But were he dead your fortunes were more  
bright,—

You would be happy.

*Rudolf.* But I wish it not.

*Stranger.* Say, would you at the least not wish to know  
Whether this year bringeth his death or not?  
For it might spare much sorrow,—nay, might  
save

Your life from misery! with you away,  
Gemma may pine and die—may yield to  
force,—

She may be wronged—who knows?—while,  
were you here,

All this might be avoided, and perchance  
The old man dies within the year! Too late  
You would return, the evil had been done!  
Now, could you know whether old Rupert died,  
This endless, helpless sorrow might be spared.

*Rudolf.* Oh! could I know!—But 'tis unhallowed quest.

*Stranger.* Nay, the mere knowledge does not cause his  
death.

And might thus save long years of agony;  
I could inform you how to gain it.

*Rudolf (eagerly.)* How?

Where?—Tell me! tell me!

*Stranger.* Nay!—it were unsafe;—  
You are not bold enough to dare it.

*Rudolf.* Try!

*Stranger.* Then listen: This is *St John's holy eve*.  
*Repair at midnight to the village church,*  
*But enter not;—rest thee upon a tomb,*  
*With grave-earth on thy breast, and as the clock*  
*Strikes twelve, thou'lt mark a gleam illumine the*  
*aisles,*

*And phantom funeral-service peal within.*  
*Then through the gate, that to the hamlet leads,*  
*Will enter one by one the shrouded ghosts*  
*Of those, who in the year shall slumber there!*

*Rudolf.* Ha! but 'tis sinful!

*Stranger.* How men's coward hearts  
Apply dread words to things, they know not why.  
*Knowledge is not sinful.*

*Rudolf.* It was erst so.

And then 'twill drive me mad. Oh! should I  
see—

*Stranger.* Perchance *thyself*! Does that arouse thy fears?  
But rest assured men see not their own ghosts.

*Rudolf.* Dost think, that I fear death?...No! But the dead.

*Stranger.* Then rest contented, coward, with thy fears!  
Seek not to fathom glories that may come!  
Shrink from the chance of misery, drag on  
The lagging year in agony and care...  
I leave thee!

*Rudolf.* Stay! I'll brave it, by my life!

*Stranger (aside.)* Say by thy soul! 'Tis nearer to the mark.

*Rudolf.* Wilt thou be there?

*Stranger.* I'll not be far away!  
From this hour on thou shalt not be alone.

*(Exit Stranger.)*

*Rudolf.* Yes! I will go!...I can bear *this* no longer.  
This dread uncertainty will drive me mad.  
I feel it!...But I must see Gemma first.  
She went in anger, and I cannot brave  
The fearful hour with Gemma's anger on me.  
I've cast! I will be there...I must...I will.  
Down! restless heart! Thou shalt not hinder  
me.

*(Exit Rudolf.)*

## SCENE II.

*[Chamber in Rupert's House. Rupert and Otto.]*

*Rupert.* Come hither, Otto! I would speak with you.  
You know I always have been kind to you.

*Otto (aside.)* Yes. When you'd a point to gain.

*Rupert.* And now I fain would render you some service.

*Otto (aside.)* Ay! There it comes. *(Aloud.)* What  
do you want me to do for you, Sir?

*Rupert.* Oh! Nothing, friend!

*Otto (aside.)* Oh! It's to come out by degrees. It's no  
joke, then.

*Rupert.* There has been a festival this evening in the  
village. You were there? Merry? Eh?

*Otto.* Yes!...*(Aside.)*...I wonder what he's driving at?

*Rupert.* Now, did they talk of me?

*Otto.* Oh yes! Of nothing else!...*(Aside.)*...Here's  
a capital opportunity of telling him some pleasant truths.

*Rupert.* Caitiffs! What said they?

*Otto.* Oh! I dare not tell you.

*Rupert.* Nay, but I command.

*Otto (with eagerness and warmth.)* Well, then, but recollect! I say it not, *they* said it...Well, one said, "Otto! your master's an old scoundrel!"...Another, "The upstart villain!"...Another, "The miser, who has coined orphans' and widows' tears, and keeps them locked up in chests to be the curse of whoever inherits them."

*Rupert.* Hounds! Every ducat shall be buried with me.

*Otto.* "Old anatomy! who crawls about the incarnation of a foggy November's day!"..."Tyrannous old croaking monster!"...

*Rupert.* How? Slave!

*Otto.* Oh! I say it not. It is but what *they* say. "Libel on white hairs, who can do nothing, but mar the happiness of others"...

*Rupert.* Sirrah! Have done, I say! I'll hear no more.

*Otto.* "Who seems to delight in his child, as fiends would create an angel to have the pleasure of torturing it."...

*Rupert.* Hold! villain! Hold!

*Otto (aside.)* Oh! that was delicious! I have not had an opportunity of telling him my mind for a long time.

*Rupert.* The foul-mouthed hounds! Now, Otto. There they lie... I love my child... For her I've won, for her I've kept my wealth... For I too could have spent it in fair joys! But I will not see all this labour lost... To fall into the first young gallant's hands... with whom my child may chance to fall in love!... No! no! She must have one who will prize both... my *daughter* and my *gold*, my *gold* and *daughter*!... Aye. Rudolf shall not have them, if I slay him. Here! Otto! listen! from what I have heard I much suspect that they will meet to-night... Now, then, *watch Rudolph well where'er he goes*, and tell me whether he comes near my daughter!... I will reward you, Otto! I will reward you!... To-morrow I will give you... ough!... ough!... ough!

*(Exit Rupert.)*

*Trina (enters from opposite side.)* Hist! Is nobody here? No. That's right!

*Otto.* That's right... Why, what do you call *ME*?

*Trina.* Why... Otto...

*Otto.* Oh, no; of course, I'm nobody... look at me!... I'm nobody!... Feel me! I'm nobody! Why, I declare,



you're right...I'm quite *platonie* !...as father Andrew said, when he was caught with...

*Trina*. Now, don't be a fool, Otto ! for I want you to do something for me.

*Otto*. Oh ! Then that won't do at all !

*Trina*. Yes ! And my young mistress too !

*Otto*. Oh dear ! The deuce she does !

*Trina*. Yes ! You see, because she has parted with Rudolf in anger. Do you understand ?

*Otto*. Oh, yes ! Now I understand you perfectly.

*Trina*. Well, I said I knew I could trust you.

*Otto*. To be sure you can.

*Trina*. Then she told me to beg you to carry this letter from her to Rudolph...

*Otto*. Well, is that all ?

*Trina*. Yes ! You'll do it for me, won't you ?

*Otto*. Oh, ah !...Hum !...Why, yes. If I'm rewarded.

*Trina*. For love of me !

*Otto*. Then your love must reward me...This comes capitally, I am to hunt after Rudolf...and now I've got something to say to him when I've found him.

*Trina*. Now, why don't you hurry ? Haste, good Otto ! —go !...Why don't you go !

*Otto*. Because I can't (*With a tender leer.*)

*Trina*. Why can't you ?

*Otto*. The *maggot* is held by the pole, you know... Now, then, give me one kiss before I go.

*Trina*. No ! not for another month.

*Otto*. Oh ! won't you ?

*Trina*. No ! not for a year.

*Otto*. Oh ! won't you ?

*Trina*. No ; not as long as I live.

*Otto*. Well, never mind ; good by...(*Trina pouts.*)... Well, what's the matter ?

*Trina*. You needn't be off in such a great hurry, I should think.

*Otto*. Oh ! but I am ; you told me, you know.

*Trina*. Stay ; I'm very ill.

*Otto*. I'll send the doctor.

*Trina*. I'm dying !

*Otto*. I'll run for him.

*Trina*. I'm dead !

*Otto*. Well, then, I'll prescribe for you. I carry my

medicine about with me...*First dose*: An insinuating look; if that has no effect, repeat the dose, and add a gentle pressure of the hand...(*Takes her hand.*)...Do you feel any better.

*Trina.* Get away; I'm very ill, indeed.

*Otto.* That failing, stronger remedies become necessary.  
*Dose third*: Application of arm round the waist, a squeeze, and some soft nonsense. Do you feel any better now, my dear?

*Trina.* Oh! I'm fainting; leave me; I shall fall.

*Otto.* Oh! then the case is becoming desperate. A kiss is absolutely necessary...(*Kissing her.*)...That's it. Do you feel easier now? ... Well, good by; I'll send the doctor.

*Trina.* Otto, suppose we were to look for the doctor together?

*Otto.* Come then, quickly; for now it's kill or cure.

(*Exeunt.*)

### SCENE III.

[*Bright Moonlight. The Village Churchyard. The Church in the background. Church Porch on L. Gate to Churchyard on R. Tombs thickly scattered about. The Stranger standing beside a low, flat tomb in the centre of the stage.*]

*Stranger.* This is the spot whence springs thy ruin,  
Rudolf!

This is the stone on which he'll cast him down.  
It suits me well, for here a murderer lies,  
Whose crime, unproved, still yields a holy  
grave;  
Thence in the churchyard desecrate I'm free.

Now I'll send slumber o'er thee, Rudolf, call  
Such phantoms o'er thy sleep, will drive thee  
mad;  
Kill thy fond Gemma's heart with false alarms,  
And make ye both turn rebels unto heaven.

For I too loved his Gemma—might have won  
her—

He thwarted me—despair drove me to sin.  
 I stand all dedicate to heavenly wrath,  
 But to eternal Justice cry : forbear !  
 They're guilty, for they made me what I am.  
 And thence it is permitted me to tempt them.  
 Now, Powers of Evil, listen to my voice.

By slanderer's smile at calumny's success,  
 Rise to the work of Evil ! Rise ! Arise !

*(The moon is overcast. Darkness.)*

Heaven veils its light : then hell begins to see.  
 By the fine sophistry that lures to sin.

*(Thunder under the earth, deep and faint:)*

They answer from beneath me, but as yet  
 Loud thunders rolling upward from deep hell  
 Stay half-way on their course. Oh ! Rise, Arise.  
 By the dark thought upon a murderer's heart  
 Before he strikes his victim, Rise, Arise.

*(Groans and shrieks under the earth, loud  
 thunder.)*

Ye shriek ; then I disturb your sleep of anguish,  
 And ye will come anon. Now, by the terror  
 That walks beside the culprit to the scaffold.

*(Laughter, loud and ascending, from under  
 the earth, echoed from the tombs and rocks.)*

Ye laugh. Oh, then ye feel that ye may come.  
 Come ! By the black, but deeply-burning fire,  
 That drops its pulses through incestuous veins.

*(The graves open, and the chorus of laughter sounds as  
 on the stage. A light is seen gleaming against the grave-  
 stones, thrown upward through their openings. Lightning  
 wheels around the church.)*

By the last death-pang of an atheist.

*(Sheets of fire flash upward through the open graves—the  
 storm bursts—the form of the murderer rises slowly out of the  
 grave by which the Stranger stands, and a fiend peers out of  
 every tomb.)*



*The Phantom.* Thou mayest be spared, but 'tis on one condition.

*(The form begins to sink.)*

*Stranger (with imploring eagerness.)* Name it. Stay. Oh, answer me. Stay; speak.

On what condition, and what time for trial?

*(The phantom gradually disappears below.)*

*The Voice from the Grave.* List. They or you, before the clock strikes twelve

At St. John's Eve next year, are ours for ever.

*(He disappears amid thunder and tempest; the graves close, the fiends vanish, and all is as before, calm and bright moonlight, save that for a time the thunder, shrieks and laughter are heard gradually dying away underground, as though descending back to hell, while the Stranger stands with outstretched arms over the tomb.)*

*Pause. Rudolf enters the churchyard through the gate next the village; the Stranger is discovered leaning against a tombstone in the background, and the church clock begins to strike twelve very slowly.)*

*Rudolf.* It is the field of death, where Time sows seed  
For dread eternity. It is the Church,  
And yet I cannot pray. I'm faint: I'll rest  
here.

*(He seats himself on the tomb in the centre.)*

It is the time; then come. Chill, death-damp  
earth,  
And cool my burning heart.

*(He takes some grave-earth, places it on his breast, and lies down.)*

Ah, thus 'tis well,

For some strange slumber's on me: I must rest.

*(He falls asleep. The clock ceases to strike, and immediately a sudden gleam illumines the interior of the church, the organ sounds, and funeral service is heard performing within, though no one is visible. Presently, one by one, in their white shrouds, each holding a burning taper, a phantom funeral train enters the churchyard by the gate from the village, and passes in a slow procession into the church, the funeral service pealing all the time, and the Stranger waving them on with his arm, as he stands towering in the background. Many of Rudolf's friends*

and relatives are among them, as appears from the exclamations he makes in his sleep.

Last of the train Gemma appears. As she ascends the steps of the porch she turns round, pauses, looks with a melancholy expression of countenance on Rudolf, who still lies asleep, thrice waves her hand to him in farewell, and as he starts up, passes within the porch. At the same instant she, the lights, the phantoms disappear, and all is as before, silence and moonlight.)

*Rudolf.* Gemma, where am I? I will come, my love.

(*Pause.*)

Where is she? Silence, solitude, and night.

Oh, my foreboding heart. Then all is lost.

Why came I here. Oh, tempter thrice accurst.

(*The Stranger advances with a smile of triumph.*)

Art thou a fiend, to triumph in my pain.

*Stranger.* If so, reproach me not. The fiend ne'er comes

Until man's heart has whispered prayers for him.

Trust me, no fiend can injure man so much

As by fulfilment of his own desires.

(*Rudolf sinks overpowered at the Stranger's feet, who laughs in triumph over him, and the curtain falls.*)

END OF ACT I.

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## SELF-RELIANCE.

BY PRO-PATRIA.

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We know that many distinguished and able writers, and popular agitators, who sincerely wish success to the cause of liberty and human progression, are accustomed to indulge in dolorous complaints about the apathy and indifference of the middle classes to the great cause of liberty which is now engrossing general attention: they lament the disparity of feeling, the difference of opinion, and the imaginary interests which have so long divided the middle classes and the industrious millions of this country, and long for the

time when these differences will be entirely removed, and the middle classes will throw aside all former animosities and obsolete prejudices, and extend the hand of fellowship to the working classes, and call them *brethren*. To a certain extent we reciprocate these feelings and aspirations, because they are in strict accordance with the sacred principles we advocate—the deathless principles of true liberty, universal brotherhood and love. We believe that the *real* interests of the one class are bound up in the welfare of the other, and that they are both equally dependant on each other. We still remember the time when both classes struggled side by side under the banner of liberty, for the true realisation of the just constitutional truth—“Taxation and representation should be co-existent;” and we do not attempt to deny that to this the middle classes, aided by the energetic exertions of the sons of industry, forced the Reform Bill into law; they gained a triumph over Britain’s proud aristocracy; but we cannot conceal the notorious fact, that while the working classes have been completely deluded and deceived as to the promised fruits of that measure, the middle classes have been equally cheated and robbed of their rights, by the cunning machinations of that heartless aristocracy over whom they vainly imagined they had gained a permanent and most decided victory! Thus we find that in the United Kingdom 232 members of the House of Commons represent about 220,000 electors; and thus it may fairly be calculated that out of the 658 members of that House, 330 of them, or a clear majority, are returned by less than 300,000 persons! The destinies of this country, therefore, are actually confided to the care of about *one-third* of the present electoral body! In other words, *one-twenty-third* part of the male adult population elect an absolute majority of that House, and the remaining twenty-two parts are *slaves*, not merely in *name*, but in *reality*.

We cannot wonder, then, though we find the trade of the country almost completely ruined; the exports and the revenue most materially decreased; the greatly increased taxation of the country; the increased and yearly increasing extravagance and criminal prodigality of our irresponsible rulers, and a thousand other most disastrous evils, the result of class legislation. We cannot wonder, though these monstrous evils surround us on every side, and darken the fair picture which a beneficent God has created to strengthen the physical functions, and develope and expand



the noble faculties of the immortal mind ! We know that the middle classes are suffering their share, even to the full, of the great and wide-spread destitution and distress, which has fallen with such fearful violence on the toil-worn shoulders of the industrious classes of this country. While we feel, then, that there is even more than sufficient cause for the middle classes rousing from their death-like sleep, and uniting with their brethren, the working classes, in a firm phalanx of resolute men, to demand their just rights, and would even rejoice to see them striving in the midst of "labour's sons" in so holy a cause, we do not for a moment imagine that any remunerating good can be gained by confining all our exertions to accomplish a union, which can only be brought about by *time*, and a further experience of the disastrous consequences of class legislation ! The middle classes are *selfish* to a very great extent. We believe *all men* are necessarily so to a certain extent, and so long as they can *exist* with any comfort to themselves, they will never engage in a real energetic struggle for the political rights which they imagine they now enjoy, and which are *now* demanded for *others* ! The rise, insignificant progress, and *utter failure of their own agitation*—the *complete* suffrage movement—proves this position to a demonstration !

*As a class* they never act from *pure love of principle* ; there must be always something *respectable*, something to produce some *real* advantage to *themselves*, connected with any movement they are called on to support, before you can calculate on their support. We know that some will be inclined to tell us that the Chartist agitation presents nearly all these points, and that therefore the middle classes have a *real interest* in supporting it ; but they forget, alas ! it is not *RESPECTABLE*, at least according to their ideas of respectability. We contend, then, that the working classes should not wait for a middle-class movement on their behalf ; the "good and true," and the intelligent men of that class, will support us when their support is really required ; and the other portion, the hopelessly selfish and ignorant, we can dispense with their services altogether. After ten or twelve long years of Chartist agitation, during which all the arguments which the most intelligent writers, and the most talented orators, could bring to bear upon the point, and all the inducements which could be held out to the middle classes to join the popular movement, have been again and again advanced and insisted on ; after the most liberal and

intelligent men *of their own class* have IN VAIN attempted to form and continue a movement among them, it is our deliberate opinion that all the good that can be effected among them has already been accomplished, and that henceforth the working men must *look to themselves*, and depend on their own exertions *alone* to work out *their own* salvation. It is a good and a true saying, which cannot be too strongly insisted on, that "God helps those who help *themselves*!" The toiling millions have a most decided interest in slaying that hydra-headed monster, class legislation, which threatens to devour them; and the sacred principles for which they now contend are noble, just, and good; and having thus *interest and principle* to stimulate them to duty, they should at once to the glorious work—the regeneration of mankind, and the salvation of their country. Justice will nerve the arm—principle will cheer the heart—God *will defend the right*! Then "put your trust in God, *my boys*, and keep your powder dry!"

*Aberdeen, April 20th, 1848.*

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### THE WIFE.

Death sleeps upon thy brow—pale wife!  
 Death gleams through thy clear smile,  
 But thy heart's-love for thy children  
 Holds thy heart's-*life* back awhile!

Age did not dim those eyes—pale wife!  
 Years have not drooped that head,  
 Nor was it sickness wasted  
 The cheek—whose bloom hath fled.

Then why does Death's pale king—pale wife,  
*Here* halt upon his ride?  
 Thy husband's hand 'twas beckoned—  
 And then drew him to thy side.

Thy husband had thy true heart  
 As a piece of garden land,  
 Which had yielded forth all beauty  
 To his fond and fostering hand—

But he trampled down the roses,  
Heart's-ease, and violets blue,  
And he planted in the cypress,  
And the wormwood and the rue ;

And he smiled no summer sunshine  
Of affection, or of praise,  
To encourage the crushed flowers  
Their languid heads to raise ;

He breathed no gentle zephyr  
Of cheerfulness and health,  
To draw from forth that garden  
Its stores of priceless wealth :

But he blew a biting blast  
Of cold neglect and scorn,  
And chilled to winter's iciness  
Each blossom of fair form.

The husband laughed with pleasure  
To see his toil progressed,  
But the thought of its *completion*  
Gave gladness to his breast.

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Then there glided forth in stillness  
One blossom of pure white,  
And pended from its dark-leaved branch  
A globe of trembling light.

This little blossom came—  
A message from the heart,  
To say that all was ready,  
And death might do its part.

Then the husband wandered forth,  
The expecting guest to bring,  
And he brought back to his mansion  
The dark funereal king.

The wife smiled through her tear-drops,  
To greet her husband's guest,  
Lo ! the ghastly King of Terrors--  
Of all terrors dispossess !



In mercy to that grieved one,  
 He threw of *all* his gloom,  
 Nor waited till he'd led her  
 To the *other* side the tomb.

A youth divine she sees,  
 With glad roses in his hair,  
 And a bright arm points to heaven,  
 And she smiles, "Yes! take me there."

Then thought flew to her children,  
 And rested there in gloom,  
 For she thought, as had been *hers*,  
 Would their father—make *their* doom.

Now a voice most full of music  
 Came whispering in her ear,  
 "Comfort take, poor mother,  
 For thy dear ones cease all fear."

This Angel of kind presence,  
 Blest deliverer of the opprest,  
 Shall watch upon thy children  
 From his place of tranquil rest.

*Each* harsh word from the father,  
*Each* threat—*each* cruel blow,  
 Shall bring him one step nearer  
 To the sufferer below.

Till thy pretty babes shall *see* him  
 With his crown of roses bright,  
 (For he'll cast aside in lovingness  
 His panoply of night.)

And he'll take each tender little one  
 And bear it on his breast,  
 And bring it to the heaven  
 Where its mother finds her rest.

And in thine arms, pale wife!  
 He'll lay them one by one,  
 Till thou hast back—fond Mother!  
 Each darling little son.

JANE.

## PRIDE AND PREJUDICE;

R, THE MARTYR OF SOCIETY.

ON the banks of the — dwelt a noble family, famous for its antiquity, its possessions, and its pride. For 700 years, it is said, the title and estates of Wonrad had descended from father to son in one unbroken line; and many were the quarterings on the baronial arms of that illustrious house. Illustrious it certainly was, in the world's language, but wherein its real greatness consisted was a problem more vague of solution. Cat's paws and griffin's claws, boar's jaws and shark's saws, daggers, knives, spears, and steel fists, were the emblems of the family virtues; an adder was the crest, while a fox and a savage, standing on a bleeding heart, were the supporters of the heraldic escutcheon. These had all been conferred by successive princes, or won by intermarriage, and were traceable to deeds of military glory and feudal prowess, assimilating vastly with the nature of their emblems—such as a thousand armed men, cased in steel, well fed and half drunk, defeating and slaughtering twice their number of unarmed and emaciated peasants;—sallying from a strong castle, and burning a defenceless village, and many other manly feats equally creditable to the performer, and equally convincing of true courage and heroism. We have said the estates of the family were large, and well they might be; it is true, many a large farm had been drunk or gambled away—but a successful foray, or some work at the backstairs of the palace, always made up for losses and deficiencies; and thus the family of Wonrad, in the 19th century, were as rich as of old. If you had demanded, however, to see the title deeds to their possessions, they would have looked rather foolish, inasmuch as I have never heard even themselves assert that they had either earned or bought one acre of their lands. On such occasions they would point to an old sword in the armoury, but it was rusty; and where statutes are written with steel pens, it requires that the said pens should be sharp and new.

At the time in which our narrative begins the Baron of Wonrad had a son, who promised to differ somewhat from the stereotyped editions of his ancestors. He seemed to recognise the laws of humanity more than the dictates of

pride—and aspired to a patent of nobility from the hand of God, in preference to one from the hands of man. At the university he therefore associated with the most talented and industrious, being naturally thrown more in their company, he being himself an assiduous student. As a necessary consequence, his associates were of the *poorer* (thence called the *humbler*) walks of life—once the sons of rich and titled houses did not require to *learn* in order to *live*, and therefore never cared to *live* in order to *learn*. This brought him necessarily into collision with his aristocratic fellow-students, who sneered that one so high-born and so wealthy should demean his rank by such unworthy comrades. Carl Wonrad's was, withal, a haughty and a passionate spirit—he could but ill brook insolence—and thence lived in perpetual dissension with his titled compeers. Three duels were the result. Victorious in each—even these did not excuse non-molestation, inasmuch as the aristocracy were proverbially brave and reckless, and it became a matter of distinction to try one's prowess against the redoubtable but eccentric Wonrad. Shunned in society, or but met to be insulted, the young student did not find an equivalent in his more humble brethren, for these were not yet imbued with the true spirit of democracy; their families were dependent on the families of their more rich and noble fellow-students. Wonrad was the marked object of hostility on the part of the latter, and was therefore coldly treated, even by those for whom he had sacrificed influence and position.

Disgusted, but not yet disheartened, he left the university prematurely—to return to the home of a frowning father and reproachful mother. He received a bad character from the heads of the university, and though there existed not a more moral and temperate young man, he won the stigma of dissipation and idleness.

Knowing the very reverse to be his character, a perversion like this roused his anger—this his scorn—he encased himself in the armour of his own thoughts—his impetuous nature hardened, as it were, into a calm contempt of the world, and utter carelessness of its opinion—a deep pride at the consciousness of virtue and the supposition of vice.

A necessary effect of this was an apparent coldness in his manner, even on occasions the most sorrowful and affecting; and thus that man, whose heart was naturally alive to every emotion of tenderness and pity, was accused of being



callous and hard-hearted, at the very time when he felt perhaps more keenly and more truly than nine-tenths of the scoffers who surrounded him.

Met with coldness and reproach at home, his active spirit disdained frivolous amusement, and scorned to live in idleness. He therefore demanded of his father to place him in a useful sphere of action.

The father stared—thought his son remarkably eccentric—told him, “he really need not work for a living—government patronage was certainly at his command, but he much doubted whether, with his *volatile* disposition, he would do credit to his family in a high official capacity.”

“I want to work for my living,” doggedly replied the son. “I want no high office—let me rise by merit.”

The father smiled contemptuously—called him a crazy visionary,—told him, he had himself been as foolish once,—most young men were so—he would learn to laugh at, and despise his present folly—to regret he had ever been so silly as to set up his judgment against that of all the high authorities of the country—in short, he would grow wiser when he knew more of the world.

After this sermon, Carl Wonrad soon found himself installed in a high and lucrative office—much against his will—inasmuch as he saw patient merit toiling unrequited beneath him, and was too proud to like rising by the mere adventitious circumstances of rank and money.

Once, however, in possession of office, he thought he might do some good, and reform some abuses by its retention. Accordingly, he devoted himself assiduously to the performance of his duties. He soon found that one of these was to prevent peculation and sinecurism in his subordinates and superiors, and he did not hesitate to take the necessary steps. The hornet’s nest was raised! His superiors treated him with insolence—his subordinates conspired against him. Single-handed he waged the unequal battle. To baffle him, the public accounts were confused and falsified on all sides—it was impossible to restore regularity—every difficulty was thrown in his way—no help was given—he failed in proving that which he knew; one thing he succeeded in—that was, in showing that the public accounts were in the most horrible state of confusion—but what was the result? Before his accession to office, there had apparently been no confusion whatever,—after his accession all was a chaos! The tables were turned against him—he was accused of the

very thing he had been trying to remedy—he was ignominiously dismissed from office as signally incompetent, and narrowly escaped an imputation on his honour !

Disgusted with what he had seen of the world—he looked forth from his social solitude—and beheld the tribes of the earth. The aristocracy he scorned, and was hated in return—the middle class he had tried at the university, and despised their mean souls even more than the aristocracy—and looking on the workers, he exclaimed : “ These are the men for me ! Here is still the honest heart—the manly arm and the unwarped brain ! Here are the materials of humanity—to work, then, at the task of redemption.”

He was received with open arms—but, alas ! he soon found the democratic spirit was not there—the people still bowed to rank—and it was more the *aristocrat* than the *man* they cheered in their new ally !

Still he was not disheartened—and soon new elements of thought and action arose in his breast.

The more he estranged himself from his former peers—the more their hostility was hurled upon him.

“ Ah ! ” they said, “ we thought it would come to this ! Idle and dissipated at college—he disgraced himself in his official capacity—and now, scorned by the respectable of all orders, he throws himself among the low and vulgar—the infidel and the debauched ! He is bringing his illustrious parents in grey-headed sorrow to the grave—thus, ever, is the career of the volatile, the spendthrift, and the demagogue.”

It was unavoidable, too, that among the working classes, with whom he had allied himself, there should (as among all classes,) be some bad characters ; some acts of outrage were committed—crimes and disgraceful actions were perpetrated by solitary individuals—these were immediately held up to the broad light of day, and the vice of the few was paraded as the character of the whole. Carl Wonrad might, perhaps, unconsciously associate with some of these very men—ay ! even on terms of friendship—and, accordingly, this obloquy attached to him—his former equals noticed him with insult, and if he demanded *satisfaction* at their hands, it was denied to one who had placed himself out of the pale of *gentlemanly intercourse*.

With supreme contempt he turned away from the haughty coward. “ GOD AND MAN ! ” was his motto—and as he toiled honestly for these, he strengthened as the cause grew

strong—though the waves of faction were buffeting around him.

Denounced, abused, he still looked to *measures*—not to *men*—and if a personal attack was made upon him, he still replied: “True or false, I care not. Time will prove the right! Heed not what I *am*; but listen to what I say, and if you think I counsel right, follow my advice, and forget the man who gave it.”

At this time his father died; and, indignant at what he termed his son’s disgraceful conduct, disinherited him, and cast him on the world. It was then that denunciation raged anew against him. Forgetting that his democracy had *caused* the loss of his property and position, men now accused him of being a needy gentleman—too proud to work, and too poor to live without labour; and, therefore, troubling the waters of society, that he might fish a treasure from their current.

He bore the accusation quietly, again replying: “Never heed my *motives*, as long as my words and deeds are useful. Time will solve the former—and *you* can judge the latter.”

Still he struggles—his domestic ties are almost rent—his social ones entirely. Still he struggles, and the hand of grief (backed by pride and prejudice,) is busy with his dear ones! Still he struggles—and men tell him, the people care not for him—that he, who is sacrificing the comfort and happiness of his family for them, will fail in his attempt, and that not one of those would stand by him, or even pity him in his fall; but that men will sneer at his folly—laugh at his enthusiasm—or distort his motives. But his motto rises to his lips: “For God and man!” and as he looks to no reward, but in his own heart, he turns to heaven and says: “Thy will be done!”

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## THE LONDON DOOR-STEP.

(A TRUE STORY.)

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THE clouds were over head—the rain was driving down the streets—and every now and then a cab came tearing past at the fullest speed of which a worn-out, jaded horse was capable, dashing the mud over the wet door-steps of the



stately mansions. On that inclement day, not even the comfortable carriages of the aristocracy were to be seen ; but from within the rich and curtained windows you might notice the ruddy firelight, and well-clad figures moving listlessly along the warm and carpeted floors.

Different was the state of the outcast on the door-step. Oh ! those London door-steps—could they speak, what tales could they tell of the feet that tread over them, the forms that rest on them. They would tell of lust prowling to its morning's lair—of dissipation staggering from its midnight orgies. They would tell of the hard speculator returning with a harsh, firm, step from the side of his ruined victim. They would tell of the fluttering footfall of the female gossamer of fashion—the cold tread of the un pitying statesman, the snake-like gliding of the successful lawyer. Of the bloated trader, purse-proud and vulgar, returning from his city shop to his west-end *apery* ; of menial insolence, and area theft—of greater robberies by greater robbers,—they could unveil the clock-work of that vile machinery, that crushes human nature in its working, and smooths its wheels with the blood of fellow beings.

On the day to which our narrative alludes, a poor young woman, with a baby on her breast, sat on the door-step of a mansion in Grosvenor Square. Traces of emaciated beauty still lingered on her face—her tattered shawl and ragged gown clung loosely to her form, for famine had shrunk her frame from its natural proportions. Her dress was wretched, but her hair was neat, shewing that poverty, and not idleness, was the source of her raggedness. She pressed the little baby to her breast, but there was no nourishment there—hunger had been beforehand with that baby, and it turned its pretty, thin, little face, up to its mother with a faint cry, and a look of piteous disappointment and reproach.

Sad was the history of that mother. Some weeks back her husband, who had been long out of work, had been promised a job in London, and accordingly left Leicester, his native town, in search of the expected employment. When in London, he found that the master who was to employ him, had taken on a supply of fresh hands at lower wages than were promised to him—and he found himself hopeless and destitute. In vain he implored for work—in vain he even fawned upon the rich—wistfully he gazed at the full provision shops—at the great mansions, at the splendid equipages, and he whispered, as the carriages of the aristo-

crats rolled by : " Oh ! if but *one* of you would put down *one* of your fat horses, its cost would make happy a whole family of human beings !" and his tears started to his eyes as he thought of his poor wife and little baby. Had it not been for them, he would have stolen bread to satisfy his hunger ; but his liberty was necessary for their support—he still *might* get work. Meanwhile, even the Bastiles closed their accursed gates against him—they were overgorged—the door-step, and the park, and the arch of the bridge were forbidden ground ; the houseless outcast was not even allowed to lie on the cold bed that God had smoothed—the hard wet ground—the inhospitable stones—for the " move on," of the policemen broke the rest of the exhausted beggar.

Thus days wore on—it was the tenth of April—and the weary outcast had gazed on the magnificent pageant of Kennington Common—we will not describe his feelings when he saw the hundreds of thousands, with the seal of REVOLUTION, stamped by oppression on their foreheads—we will not say with what feelings he returned towards the bridges—but he returned peaceably, unarmed, and exhausted. While passing Blackfriars Bridge, he saw an assault made by the police on a group of unoffending persons, and a woman struck with a truncheon—as the blow was about to be repeated, mechanically he interposed his feeble arm : " Down with the —— rioter !" cried a serjeant of police, and with a fractured skull the helpless victim was dragged to the nearest hospital, where he died three days after.

Meanwhile the wife, buoyed with hope, had been awaiting anxiously, in Leicester, tidings from her husband. Not hearing, she made up her mind, towards the close of April, to follow him to London, and, accordingly, without means and with a heavy heart, she took her baby in her arms and set out for the metropolis. Oh ! it was a hungry, weary walk. Foot-sore she reached town, and sought the employers who had promised work—after much difficulty and insult she found them—and with scorn and insolence they drove her from the shop, telling her they " knew nothing about the fellow,—lots of vagabonds came seeking work at their place, and they couldn't be answerable for what became of every idle rascal who called there."

Heart-broken she wandered through the streets—and one weary afternoon she sat, as we have described, on the door-step in Grosvenor Square. A faithful wife, a kind mother,

with every virtue that adorns a woman—she sat there—and thus—while the man within had £15,000 per annum, a seat in Monmouthshire, and another in Notts, a title and a place under Government. His wife that morning had been busy issuing directions for a nocturnal *fête*, and was that moment reading one of the most obscene novels of *Paul de Kock*!

There sat the outcast—she had walked all the way from Leicester—for six and thirty hours she had not tasted food or drink, save some draughts of water on the road-side, and one charitable working-man had given her half a pint of ale, as she was crawling through a country village within twelve miles of London.

There sat the outcast—and the faintness of exhaustion came over her—her grasp relaxed, the baby slipped out of her arms, and slowly rolled down the three stone steps on to the pavement, where it lay moaning piteously and feebly, while its mother sunk back against the threshold.

“John,” said the baronet, to his powdered lackey—for he stood at the window of his library—and had rung for his cab, seeing that the rain had somewhat ceased—“John, do you see that drunken woman on the door-step—send her about her business—what does she mean by lying there?”

John obeyed the command with a brutality that exceeded even the intention of his master, and seeing a policeman, committed the poor woman to his charge.

The policeman saw in this prisoner nothing but a drunken prostitute—not his the fine feeling to take more than casual notice of her—and, little removed from the brute by nature, he dragged the child up by its arm, and shook its mother till consciousness returned; when the latter, roused at the faint shrieks of her child, snatched it from his arms, and staggered after her captor.

She was classed with the “drunk and disorderlies,” and placed for the night with the most unhappy outcasts of creation, who, though sinners, learnt their sin at the hands of society.

That night she died! A verdict was returned: “Died of exposure to cold, and exhaustion.” The child was sent to a workhouse—where, deprived of the fostering care of a father and a mother, the love of kindred and the hope of youth—of every domestic tie and manly example—society is rearing a young thief, to punish him, when he has well learned the lesson.



Such is the true history from a London door-step. Had the proud aristocrat been a Christian—instead, he would have invited the poor Pariah to his house, he would have shared, ay, even a mere trifle of his ill-gotten wealth with that wretched victim—he would have become the founder of happiness and virtue in an honourable family, instead of being, as now,

### A SOCIAL MURDERER !

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### THE PEASANT GIRL.

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Like yon star, that hangs lone in the desert of space,  
 An oasis of light 'mid the dark of its blue,  
 With the clouds of the gloomy night near on its trace,  
 And the ray of its brightness all dimmed by their hue.

Like yon dying star, my beloved one ! I found thee,  
 Standing alone on the desert of earth,  
 While the cold and the vain threw a dark cloud around  
 thee,  
 And dimmed with its shadow the light of thy birth.

But thou art all pureness and goodness and love ;  
 Whatever the lineage by which thou art known,  
 The sire of thy soul and thy heart is above,  
 And from him I receive thee, and make thee mine own.

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### NATIONAL LITERATURE.

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### III.—GERMANY.

#### INTRODUCTION.

THE works of a great man belong not alone to the nation in which he was born, they are given to the world at large, the legacy of a master spirit to mankind, and as such they should pass as watch-words from land to land, admitting us

into that vast realm of every age and clime, the empire of soul and intellect.

It is thence, that the works of authors of all countries should be translated and intertranslated, that we may all participate in their beauties, and drawing from the spirit of each, fill thought's own temple with glorious images, amid which at times we may become worshippers, listening to the hallowed music, that pervades its invisible, but eternal aisles.

In this spirit I would open the page of German literature. Neighbours and kindred, we may well wander with pleasure amid the mazy labyrinth of flowers—albeit intermixed with weeds—the German bids us enter, tarrying awhile at times to admire the beauty of some blossom, more fresh, more lovely, than the rest.

It is not intended to give a succinct history of the authors of Germany, as is so often the case, when the works of great men are treated—not to write a diary of their private life, but to become the biographer of their works, narrating but the former, where their actions are intimately blended with their words, and thus far become an essential part of the latter, that they illustrate the spirit in which they are written.

## THE AUTHORS OF GERMANY.

### I.—FREDERICK VON SCHILLER.

[Born at Marbach in Würtemberg, 10th November, 1759, died May 9th, 1805.]

No name has a greater right to stand at the head of German literature, than that of Schiller. As through a triumphal arch into a city of palaces, we pass through his works to those of his cotemporaries.

Diverse and manifold as was his genius, he attained excellence in every style he attempted, and thus stands as the representative of literary Germany in his day, for in him we find the poet, the dramatist, the historian, the satirist, and the philosopher. Greatest as dramatist and poet, too much the poet to be the truly great historian, but the sound philosopher, where he let his reason control his imagination.

As poet, his "Hymn to Joy," "The Gods of Greece," "Resignation," "The Ideal," "The Lay of the Bell," "Honour to Women," and the celebrated ballads: "The Diver," "The Cranes of Ibius," "Fridolin," "The Hostage," &c., are too well known to need remark. We will only select one of his romances and idylls, by way of illustration, and then proceed at once to his dramatic works.

These latter fall into three distinct periods, and the character, that designates each, is essentially different. To the first, the period of youth and fancy, of an ardent imagination, that forgets it writes for more than the few, who can appreciate and understand, and that in order to produce a wholesome effect the moral must be simply apparent, not hid under a network of passions, the very greatness of whose evil is alluring, belong: "The Robbers," "Fiesko," and "Cabal and Love," productions, certainly nothing but a great mind could have created, but unfortunately weakening the moral by the very splendour of the evil they would deprecate. Dealing with the grand and terrible, yet withal blending the most soft and delicate feelings.

We come upon these fairy spots unawares, amid a chaos of dark passions. It is as though we found flowers growing on the rim of a volcano.

As a proof how in these pieces he failed to inculcate the moral he intended, let us take "Fiesko." Here we find a mighty spirit, Fiesko himself, trying to subvert an old established tyranny—alas! revenge and ambition are the main-springs of his actions; he succeeds, and now the retributive justice must come, but again, he has been represented to us enshrined in such a halo of false glory, so many lofty and endearing traits are portrayed to us, that we are unprepared for the catastrophe, nay more, our feelings are wholly enlisted on his side. Now then, how, and from whom, comes the retribution? From his dearest friend—from the man he loved and trusted above all others—from Verrina! who hurls him off a plank into the sea, when, proclaimed Doge of Genoa by the triumphant populace, he is about to liberate the convicts on the galleys. We cannot sympathise with the lofty, but terrible patriotism of Verrina, and as we gaze into the heaving waves, and mark the dying hero cry: "Help! Genoa! help thy Doge!" we fain would stretch the aiding arm, and with a cold shudder turn from the unfamiliar patriot.

In "The Robbers," Schiller has portrayed the very opposite element to that pervading "Fiesko." In his own words: in the "Robbers" he has described a being, sacrificed to exuberance of feeling; in "Fiesko" he attempts the reverse—the sacrifice of feeling to art and intrigue. In this he had a difficult task. "Whatever importance," he observes, "the conspiracy of Fiesko may have won in the field of history, it might easily fail to excite and interest on the stage. If it



is true, that sentiment alone awakens sentiment, methinks the political character must fail to be interesting on the stage, in as far as he ceases to be the feeling man, in order to become the great one in the political world. Therefore it was not in my power to make my drama glow with that fervent life, which breathes through the unmixed creation of feeling, but it was in my power, and it behoved me, to deduce the cold and unfertile workings of policy from the human heart, and through that very deduction to link them again with sentiment and feeling." He seems himself to have felt the objection with which we have started, and to be endeavouring to remove it.

Another instance. "The Robbers," written when Schiller was only sixteen years of age, made such an erroneous impression on the public, that it was found necessary to suppress the piece. It so excited the youth of Mannheim, where it was first represented, that numbers of them, belonging to the first families of the country, formed an association under the name of "The Avenging Angels of the Father-Land," in imitation of Carl Moor and his fictitious associates, and were about to betake themselves to the forests, when they were prevented by the authorities. Thus, they drew from Schiller's play the very reverse of the moral he intended to inculcate, and certainly does (as we shall subsequently shew), but in such a way that nine-tenths of his readers would, without going deeply into his meaning, draw the same conclusion as the students of Mannheim.

To the second period, which presents us with more classical and highly finished, though perhaps not less imaginative productions, belongs "Don Carlos," a tragedy, written professedly for the study and not for the stage, yet crowned with the most decided success in every theatre of Germany. Bursts of impassioned intellect, and the holy revealings of a pure and a lofty soul, gem an otherwise imperfect work.

It was reserved to the third period of Schiller's life to produce those masterpieces of thought and language, left us in "Wallenstein," "The Bride of Messina," and "The Maid of Orleans." In these he achieved the triumph of combining the highest philosophy with the most daring flights of fancy, classicism with romance. Schiller would have gone to the grave without his brightest laurel, were he not the author of these.

The "Bride of Messina" is a work standing alone, a shade of the olden time, a combination of the classical and the

romantic. Schiller has here brought the chorus of the ancients to aid the spirit of modern tragedy, and though perfect as a dramatic work, the "Bride of Messina" possesses all the fervour and adornment of a poem. The plot is highly exciting, and deals with love—we had almost said with love alone, for it exhibits in its most glorious phases love as a passion, love filial, and love fraternal—that, more powerful than hatred and ambition, reconciles warring brothers, and reigns the master-passion of the piece. But by its side stands fate—that spirit of ancient tragedy—dark, inscrutable, unbending, and, as of old, the energies of man are employed but in vain to frustrate its decrees, for ancient crimes, still unpunished and unatoned, rest upon the house of Messina; and is not a crime a curse?—the crime of a father, a curse leagued unto the son? The characters are all of a better and higher order, in which this tragedy stands alone. Don Cæsar only has a vein of ambition and anger, that mars his otherwise noble heart. It is this that brings the catastrophe as it were; aids fate in making him, who breathes but noble thoughts, does but noble deeds, commit, in the madness of sudden anger, a deep and deadly crime, as though to shew that fate may plunge us in ruin and misfortune, but can never make us guilty of a crime, if there be not one lurking shadow on our spirit; for Don Manuel escapes the taint of sin, though at a dear and bitter cost, thus pointing the moral of the tale, that:

"Life is not the highest good we know,  
But crime the greatest evil."

As an essayist, Schiller is well known by his "Thalia," a journal that appeared at Leipzig, and "Die Horen" (Tübingen, 1795-1797). As a novelist, by his "Ghostseer," and several minor pieces, among which "The Culprit from lost Honour."

His translations comprise several passages from the ancients, and a masterly version of "Macbeth." His historical works are marked by a too romantic tendency, and too flowery expression, which accord ill with the severe style history demands. Abstracted from this, his "Thirty Years' War," and "Revolt of the Netherlands," must certainly rank amid the first works of their class.

We cannot better close this notice of one of the most popular authors of Germany, than with the words of Goëthe, his great cotemporary and friend:—

“ Upon his brow the glory <sup>glow more</sup> glow more,  
 As glowed the *Spirit's* youth, that never dies,  
 That courage high, that, soon or late, will sweep  
 O'er dull-resisting worlds in victories!  
 That *faith*, that ever higher mounts and flies,  
 'Mid every change its onward course will keep,  
 That good may silent prospering still career,  
 And virtue's hallowed light at last appear.

\* \* \* \*

Unwilling to his loftier worth to bend,  
 Fierce spirits many, that in combat rose,  
 Now feel the might with which they would contend,  
 And willing yield, where once they would oppose,  
 Content on him attendant to ascend.—  
 Linked with our dearest themes, his memory glows.  
 Then praise his name, for after-life shall give,  
 That, which but half is granted, while we live.

We will now proceed to the two masterpieces of Schiller's dramatic genius, the one of early, the other of maturer years. The first, and then the best, “The Robbers,” and his “Wallenstein.” After what we have said of the former, it is but fair to let the author speak in his own justification, but his very words will prove that his *moral* was liable to misconception, and as such, he must, in this instance at least, be considered as a dangerous monitor.

It is thus he reasons on the design and tendency of

#### THE ROBBERS.

After adverting to its dramatic form, he says: “The plan rendered it necessary that several characters should appear, who would offend our finer feelings and our stricter ideas of morality. Every painter of the human heart is subjected to this necessity, if he wishes his portraiture to be true to nature, and not a mere ideal creation, a mere abstract of the original. It has become customary to shadow forth the *good* by the *bad*, and to heighten by contrast the colouring of virtue. But he who aims at destroying evil, at avenging religion, morality, and law upon their enemies, must reveal vice in her unclothed hideousness, must place her in her colossal greatness before the eyes of mankind.” . . . .

“In this work vice is portrayed, with all its internal springs of action. In Franz it solves the chaotic pangs of conscience in powerless abstraction, anatomises its internal conviction, and mocks away the solemn warnings of religion.



To him who has once achieved the power (a boast we envy him not) of having sharpened his intellect at the expense of his heart, the holiest is no longer holy, God and man, both this world and the next, are as nothing in his eyes. I have striven to give a living portrait of a being of this kind, and, testing its power by truth, to display the entire mechanism of his evil system." . . . . .

"By the side of this being I have placed another, who will perhaps embarrass not a few of my readers. One, whom excess of evil attracts only, because of its *greatness*,—who loves it because of the energy necessary to compass it,—who covets it because of its attendant perils. A man of remarkable and important character, gifted with every gift to become, according to the impulse given, a Brutus or a Catiline. Unfortunate circumstances turn him into the latter, and only at the close of a career of error he becomes the former. False notions of life and his own power, superabundance of energy, that oversteps the boundaries of law, must necessarily come into collision with the frigid rules of our social state, and it needed but a feeling of bitterness towards a tame and unpoetic world to join itself to these enthusiastic dreams of greatness and its realisation, for that Quixotic being to be formed, whom we hate and love, admire and pity, in the 'Robber Moor.'

"It seems almost superfluous to remark, that this work is no more written for robbers alone than the romance of the Spaniard was intended to lash only knights' errant.

"It has become the public taste to be witty at the expense of religion; indeed a man is scarcely believed to possess any but the most ordinary intellect, if he does not direct his unhallowed satire against its eternal truths. Every day the noble simplicity of Holy Writ is ridiculed and distorted by would-be wittings, and what so sacred and solemn but may be rendered apparently absurd through misrepresentation? I may venture to hope that I have displayed the triumph of religion and true morality, in holding up these scorers of Holy Writ to the hatred of the world, in the persons of the most iniquitous of robbers."

"But to proceed. These evil characters have many a bright side, even regain in our estimation through the power of their intellect the place they have lost through the depravity of their hearts. In this I have but faithfully copied nature, for even the worst still bears the impress of God's image, and perchance a man guilty of great crimes can

change to an exemplary character more easily than a minor delinquent. Our morals and our powers hold equal pace, and the greater our intellect the deeper is our fall, the more probable our being mislead.

“Klopstock’s ‘Adramalech’ awakens mingled horror and admiration. We follow Milton’s ‘Satan’ with shuddering wonder through the inert realms of chaos. With all her misdeeds, the ‘Medea’ of the olden dramatist is a great and amazing creation; and the reader will as certainly admire Shakespeare’s ‘Richard’ as he would hate the *living* tyrant. If we are to delineate man as he is, we must likewise portray the good qualities, of which even the worst is not wholly devoid. If we desire to warn against the tiger, we must not omit describing his beauteous spotted hide, that we may recognise the monster when we meet him. A man *wholly* evil is no fit subject for the author, in as far as he would exercise but a negative power, for he would not rivet the attention of the reader, who would hurry past, where he was mentioned, lacking sympathy with so anomalous a being.”

The author here proceeds to warn his readers against misunderstanding his motives, and expresses a fear lest some should think he meant to place vice in a tempting light; “But,” he observes, “the reader as well as the poet must possess a certain strength of judgment, and not allow it to be bribed by one side in a man’s character to overlook the attendant evil.”

“I may expect,” he continues, “for this work, in reference to its remarkable catastrophe, a place among works upon morality, for vice meets its deserts—the *erring* re-enters the pale of the law, and virtue has its triumph. I venture not to hope, that he who is just enough to read this work to the end will admire the *poet*, but I do hope that he will appreciate the honest intent.”

After the above analysis of the work by its author, we will turn to its glowing pages, and enable the reader to whom he has appealed, to judge whether he has succeeded in his attempt.

The first act contains the various circumstances that urged the noble and generous spirit of Carl Moor upon the paths of crime, and at its conclusion we see him launched upon his strong and terrible career.

The action of the piece opens in the Castle of the Counts of Moor in Franconia, and we are at once introduced to

Franz von Moor, the younger son of the aged and single-hearted Count. Hideous in mind and body, this incarnation of the evil spirit aspires to reign in his brother's stead, by causing that brother, Carl von Moor, to be disinherited. To achieve this he endeavours to effect a breach between the latter, who is a student at Leipzig, and his father; first, by misrepresentations of his conduct, calumnies, and intercepted letters; and furthermore, by actually goading his absent victim on to the paths of crime, out of despair and indignation at his father's cruelty. As a second object, he has in view, to alienate the heart of Amelia von Edelreich (a ward of Count Moor) from her beloved Carl, by representing him as sunk in every crime, as making her name the theme of every ribald jest.

Carl, who, without having plunged into criminal excess, had been gay, like most of his age, and involved himself in debt, had written a letter to his father, full of penitence and affection, acknowledging his errors, with an upright, noble spirit; and seeking permission to throw himself at his father's and his Amelia's feet, and in future to live for them alone. This letter Franz intercepts; as the piece opens, we behold him reading a forged one, he feigns to have received from his correspondent at Leipzig, to his broken-hearted father. This letter contains a long catalogue of imaginary crimes attributed to Carl, crimes, such as the heart of a father could least easily forgive, coupled with the most galling, the most ungrateful expressions towards the old Count, on the part of his absent son. The contents of this letter are imparted by Franz with the most consummate skill, with a show of forbearance and solicitude for his father's health and feelings, that only deepens the wound. He feigns the warmest affection for his brother, then curses him for embittering the last days of a loved and loving parent, and while the heart-broken Count writhes with agony in his chair, the fiendish son bends over him with triumphant scorn, and works upon his mild and unsuspecting spirit. When it is wrung to the last, he adds reproach; then he says: "This is what has become of him, you named the glorious spirit; of him, who was to be the noble patriot, the hero, the great man; of him, the child of genius; behold! the fiery spirit is developed, it has borne goodly fruit. See how soon his candour changed to shamelessness, how susceptible his gentle heart has become to the charms of harlots—how the fiery spirit has burnt away the oil of life in six short years—until his living body



is but animate corruption. Ha ! ha ! see how that bold and scheming head arranges and enacts its lofty plans. If he has attained thus much so young, what may we not expect from his maturer years ? Perhaps, father ! you will yet have the satisfaction of seeing him head a band of midnight murderers ; perhaps you may yet make a pilgrimage to his monument, where he hangs between heaven and earth. Oh, father ! father ! seek another name, or the rabble in the streets will point at you with the finger of scorn."

The aged father writhes under the inhuman torture:—"You, too ! my Franz ! You, too !—Oh ! my children ! how they aim at my heart !"

"*Franz*.—You see I can be witty as well as he. But my wit is the sting of the scorpion. Oh ! that dry, commonplace being, the cold, clod-like Franz, whom you used to designate by these and other epithets, in contrast to his brother,—that cold, clod-like Franz, will die some day within the bounds of his paternal home, and die and be forgotten, whilst the glory of that universal genius, Carl, will fly from Pole to Pole. Ah ! with folded hands the cold, dry, clod-like Franz, thanks thee, oh, heaven ! that he is not like him.

"*Count Moor*.—Forgive me, Franz ! chide not the father, who finds his hopes betrayed. God, who sends me tears through Carl, will efface them again through thee."

Franz has now awakened the desired feeling. He uses every endearment towards his father, and then comes to the point: "Now say, had you that son no longer, would you not be happy ?"

"*Count Moor*.—Hush ! hush ! When the nurse first brought him to me, I raised him towards heaven, and said : 'Am I not a happy man ?'

"*Franz*.—You said so then. Have you found it thus ?

"*Count Moor*.—Oh ! he has laid the weight of eighty years upon my head !

"*Franz*.—Now, then, suppose you disown him !

"*Count Moor (rising in anger)*.—Franz ! Franz ! what said you then ?"

Franz, finding paternal love so strong, now depicts Carl's joy at the old man's death, his after-course of unchecked crime, and his present abuse of his father's leniency—but to all this he only answers: "He is an ungrateful child—but still he is my child !"

The traitor-brother now sees the necessity of adopting another plan, and advises the Count to feign implacable

resentment, and the disownment of his erring son, saying nothing but such severity can have a salutary effect, or can reclaim him from his evil ways.

Moor adopts the advice, and is about to write immediately to that purpose, when Franz prevents him, and insists upon writing the letter himself, lest, as he says, his father, in the strength of his indignation, should use too harsh expressions, and thus frustrate the intended object.

Moor consents—the point is gained—Franz writes, a meeting between the father and the son is prevented, and the foundation to all the following events is laid.

With triumphant laughter, Franz gazes after his departing father—destroys the forged letter, that no one may recognise the handwriting, and then, with the refinement of wickedness, philosophises upon his crime. He is an ATHEIST, and herein the author has achieved a triumph; he has made all his crimes result from that one master-crime.

“I have a right,” he exclaims, “to take revenge on nature; and I will use my right. Why did she make *me* so hideous—why *Carl* so beautiful? Why did she act with such injustice? No, no! I wrong her. She gave me talent and inventive power, though she placed me naked on the shore of that ocean, the world. Swim he who can, and let the dullard sink! All have equal rights; but might is right, and *law* is but the *boundary* of our *might*.”

“There are, indeed, certain social pacts—an *honest name*! Ha! ha! A good coin, that will bring rich interest to him who knows its use. *Conscience*!—a figure fit to frighten sparrows, but may be turned to good account: capital means to intimidate fools and subjugate the mass, so that the initiated few may reign undisturbed.

“I have heard much of the love of kindred. *That is your brother!* . . . therefore you must hold him sacred. Sound reasoning that! Because our *bodies* had the same origin, our *souls* must harmonise! Because we come from the same home, we must have the same feelings! Because we have the same food, we must have the same inclinations! Furthermore: that is your *father*!—you are of *his* flesh, *his* blood; therefore, you must hold him sacred. Again, what acute logic! I would ask, why did he create me? It could not be out of love for me, who yet existed not. Did he know me before that time? Did he think of me; did he wish for me *at* the time? Did he know what I would be like? He had better not have done

so, or I could punish him for having created me. . . . Can I acknowledge a love not founded on esteem for my individuality?—and how could that be esteemed before it existed? Then where is all this vaunted sacredness? . . . Am I to love *him* because he loves *me*? His love for me is merely vanity, the darling weakness of all artists, who admire their own work be it ever so hideous.—Behold! this is the phantom that ye surround with a sacred indistinctness, thus to abuse our credulous fears! Shall I, too, let myself be fettered by it like a child?

“Up then, and brisk to action! I will destroy every thing around me that prevents my mastery. Yes! I will be master here, that I may gain by force what I cannot win by my power to please.”

It is thus that the spirit of Franz, gigantic in evil, endeavours with that cowardice, from which the bad are never free, to reason away the sanctity of every barrier to his crimes. He has not the courage to confront the naked sin, but first strives to clothe it in the garment of virtue.

Meanwhile, the victim of his unnatural enmity, Carl von Moor, unsuspecting of any treachery, still dwelt amid the associates of his student-life. He was involved in difficulties, but the money he had squandered had not been spent in vice—it had been lavished, it is true, with unsparing hand; yet only in the careless gaiety, in the reckless exuberance of youth; and now we find his proud and fiery spirit placed in direct collision with the world—it is the moment when its fetters begin to be felt, and gall the daring heart—it is the moment for temptation and reform.

The time of thought had come, and he *had* reflected and turned aside. His companions, who believed him one of them, and judged him by themselves—when they followed in his wake and found him the life of their revels, the soul of every wild frolic and strange enterprize, believing these to be the height of his talent and goal of his ambition, little knew that it was but the master-spirit lulling and soothing its desire for action and pre-eminence in momentary, transient excess. It was not the inward life revealed, it was only its exuberance.

(*To be continued.*)



## MONTHLY REVIEW.

To condense in the limited space allotted to this subject a synopsis of the leading events abroad and at home, would be impossible; we therefore purpose taking a brief view of the *objects* of the present movements in France, Germany, Denmark, and Italy. In France the reaction commenced a few hours after the Revolution had been completed—and Lamartine is fast endeavouring to become the Louis Philippe of the Republic. Lamartine, however, is merely the type of a party, with this difference, that he stands there a colossus of intellect, bestriding the gulf that separates a monarchial from a democratic world. With one foot in each, he belongs to neither; and as the brinks on either side recede further and further from each other, while his length of limb suffices for the stretch, he may stand, but he will ultimately lose his foothold on the one side, perhaps on both, and vanish in the gulf over which he forms a but unsteady bridge.

The Republic was forced on the old middle-class National Guard and on the Army. It is on these Lamartine relies, and he has therefore made strenuous efforts to strengthen the former by the return to Paris of the latter. This was long opposed; at last he succeeded in getting in a brace of regiments as a wedge,—that once introduced, he has contrived to inundate the capital with 40,000 men.

The armed people in Paris have been comparatively tranquil spectators, because the most fiery were enrolled at once as a *garde mobile*, and well paid—thus interested in the maintenance of the government. But soon the counteraction will be felt;—the *Réforme* is unceasingly ringing the tocsin, warning the citizens of danger—the *garde mobile* is a two-edged sword for despotism to wield—a moment may suffice to disgust them with a deceptive government—and *democracy* will then triumph over middle-class republicanism. With a firm conviction as to its advent, and as to its result, we await the change.

In Italy kings and princes are staking their last stake—placing *themselves* at the head of liberating movements—to the cry of “*nationality*.” Nationality is the last plank they cling to in the storm of Revolution, and by arraying under this feeling the Italian against the Austrian, Charles Albert of Sardinia diverts the attention of the people from the evils

of monarchy, and dazzles them with the "national" idea of *one king for Italy*. His army, too, just now, is highly serviceable; and thus he may strut his day upon the royal stage—but that day will not be a long one;—Venice, true to its historic forms, is a republic already, and Charles Albert has been forced to recognise it as such, although he said, if Lombardy proclaimed a republic, he would withdraw his support.

What Charles Albert is trying in Italy, Frederick William of Prussia is essaying in Germany. The imperial crown of Germany is in the auction-mart, with "Humbug" for the auctioneer. Ferdinand, Frederick William, and Maximilian have each made a bid—but in vain. The Prussian cabinet have forced their king to eat his own words, and he says: *He never meant to offer himself as emperor*. Poor Frederick William! Meanwhile the middle class have turned the general movement to their advantage,—humbled royalty (that is trying to restore its power by means of war), and neglected the people as far as they dared. But the republican soil is heaving with earthquakes under their feet. The peasants of the Black Forest are in arms, and have proclaimed the republic—the starving mechanics of Berlin, Stuttgart, etc., have done the same. We think it possible they may be baffled this once, but if so they will sit down to think why they failed, and rise again very shortly better prepared, equally determined, and more completely organised. We repeat, this is but the *first* phase of the European movement, even in France,—the most important one is yet to come, and is approaching speedily; and until it has been and passed, there will be no peace among the nations.

Meanwhile a strange episode is enacting in the North-west of Europe—a war of the German Confederation against Denmark. This has long been preparing. The King of Denmark, in virtue of his family-right (not of his Danish crown), is Duke of the three German Duchies of Schleswig, Holstein, and Lauenburg. His predecessors often, but vainly, tried to amalgamate them with their Danish possessions. The German spirit proved too strong for them, and under the presence of Danish armies the revolutionary spirit grew in the German Principalities. Accordingly, for many years past, mutual animosities and recriminations have existed between the rival states—many German patriots have been arrested, and languished in Danish dungeons,—till the aspect of the

three Duchies became so alarming, that the late king was forced to make great concessions, and a representative system has been enjoyed for a considerable time. Latterly, even the Danish people have assumed a revolutionary attitude, and the reforms promised by the two preceding monarchs have been granted by the present one, who plainly saw that, with the Duchies against him, he dared no longer trifle with his Danish subjects. This king, however, thought he still beheld a chance of regaining his lost ascendancy by fostering the spirit of national animosity, and launching his Danish regiments against his German people, trusting to the suppositious fact that the German Confederation would have its hands too full of its own internal affairs to interfere with his projects against three little states on its north-western frontier. It happens, however, just to suit the King of Prussia's purpose to give *his* people something to think of besides his "paternal" government, and thus the King of Denmark has been out in his reckoning.

The Confederation is in the right—the King of Denmark in the wrong. The King of Prussia has told his "northern cousin," nothing is required of him but to acknowledge himself a member of the Confederation, and subject to its laws, as far as the three Duchies are concerned. This "the Majesty of Denmark" has refused, and for this he deluges a land with blood, and leads his ignorant and deluded slaves to the military slaughter bank. When will nations have had enough of kings?

At home there is that which always attends the crisis of a great movement—symptoms of vacillation on the part of some, of rashness on the part of others. But we have hope and confidence. The heart is sound. The majority are for energetic and decisive measures, neither over-led by the heyday of enthusiasm, nor chilled by the winter of doubt. They are men, who have made up their minds as to their duty, and the course to be pursued—neither intimidation nor flattery will mislead these men—they know their work, and they will perform it. May the country realise their expectations, and second their efforts. We believe it will—but not a moment must be lost—let the people remember this: the government are improving every opportunity to strengthen themselves, to divide and weaken us; besides the present government, those leaders of faction who hope to form the future government, are making the same endeavour; they are therefore pulling against each other. A divided house cannot stand—let us be united, and they must fall.



# THE LABOURER.

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## TO THE LABOURING CLASSES.

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“A true labourer earns that he eats; gets that he wears; owes no man hate; envies no man's happiness; glad of other men's good: content under his own privations; and his chief pride is in the modest comforts of his condition.”—*Shakspeare*.

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### FRIENDS, AND WEALTH PRODUCERS,

I established the “Labourer” for the purpose of developing those rules and principles, by the following and realisation of which your order may be made happy, contented, and peaceful, and by which alone the rights of all other orders can be secured to them.

Anxious to achieve my darling object, the comfort and security of labour, by prudent and timely concessions granted by those who in barbarous times monopolised and still hold power, I have looked to the most sagacious of that order as the patrons of these reasonable concessions, but I have failed to win them to your cause; not from their disbelief in its justice, but from those conventional prejudices which they imbibe from class education, and which weds them to their order at the sacrifice of their understanding.

I say that I have failed in winning support for the cause of labour from any class or estate of the realm. I have discovered that all classes and all estates profess a kindly feeling and disposition towards your order when your desolation and want threatens them with ruin; but in the annals of no country can I find proof that Labour has ever made a struggle exclusively for itself, while it has in all ages capriciously relied upon its enemies for improvement, the wily theorist preferring his claim for support upon the delusive pretext, that it is first necessary to destroy the power of some rival, or bolder enemy.

Labourers, it is for these reasons that I now dedicate this number of Labour's volume to your own order; it is for these reasons that I implore of you, and beseech you, to banish, and for ever, from your mind the fallacious hope of receiving any co-operation or support, save that of your own order, in the approaching struggle for Labour's rights.

Do not lay the flattering unction to your souls, that any class, whose livelihood and luxury depends solely upon profits made out of slave labour, will join in any measure for the emancipation of labour; but, upon the contrary, test their motives by foregone practices, and you will discover, that what they demand for you is a feint, a mockery, a delusion, and a snare, by the surrender of which, in proper season, they hope to extract from their rulers further concessions to their own order, and to gain further power over yours.

Labourers, once again let me remind you of the powers opposed to your order, and of the powers possessed by that order; and when you have read the long catalogue of tyranny, your wonder must be, how the antagonist and disunited sections of Labour have so long maintained their struggle against such powerful, such fearful odds.

Labourers, behold the hostile array—the Queen upon the throne, the Lords spiritual and temporal, the Commons, the Bishops, the Parsons, the Judges, the Law, the Barristers, the Lawyers, the Jurors, the Bankers, the Traders, the Merchants, the Manufacturers, the Agricultural constituencies, the Manufacturing constituencies, the Landlords, the Farmers, the Tax-eaters, the Placemen, the Pensioners, the Army, the Navy, the Police, the Spy, the Informer, and the Magistrate, the Overseer, the Overlooker, the Shopman, the comparatively well paid Tradesman, and though last, not least, the whole Press in the pay of those several factions.

Is not this an awful array of a hostile force, marshalled under the black letter of the law, supported by its vengeance in violation of its spirit? its executive, the hangman, the army, and the police, all of which are paid out of Labour's fund.

Labourers, let me now briefly call your attention to two important subjects.

*Firstly.*—The basis upon which the present system is established, and

*Secondly.*—The force of the opposition with which it is threatened.

In the nursery, in the parlour, in the study, at Eton, Harrow, Oxford, and Cambridge, the pulpit doctrine and feudal persuasion are engrafted upon the infant mind, class prejudice is instilled in boyhood, and patronage is the reward in manhood: patronage to the idler, secured by force,

paid with your money; patronage not granted to merit, but bestowed upon corruption; patronage rendered necessary as an auxiliary to the barbarous custom of primogeniture, by which a hundred thousand a year, or three hundred thousand a year, descends upon the eldest son, his younger brothers becoming state paupers pensioned upon your labour, lest poverty, or the inability to procure luxuries of which they were partakers in their father's mansion, should convert them into enemies to a system from which they ceased to derive idle support—the sisters intermarrying with state pensioners of other families.

Labourers! poverty, necessity, want and persecution, sharpen men's intellect, make them thoughtful and wise, while luxury and contentment make them satisfied, thoughtless and inactive; hence we find that the supporters of a state church, secure in their luxury, offer the bayonet of the state, and the laws of persecution, as an argument in answer to the withering denunciation of catholicism and dissent; while we find that the just dissatisfaction of dissent is sustained by philosophy and truth, which prejudice cannot reply to, and hence the power, the persecution, and dissatisfaction is hourly gaining over a bloated and luxurious church establishment, steeped in ignorance from presumed security in brute force.

Labourers, it is necessary to teach you these things before I enter upon the treatise on Labour, because you must understand the root of the tree from which the evil springs. It is from church and state, which means spiritual and temporal plunder and patronage, secured by brute force, guaranteed by class legislation, based upon class prejudices and education; and having drawn your attention to the fact, that the sword of knowledge, wielded by dissent, after a continuous struggle against brute force and persecution, has inflicted a mortal wound upon the spiritual arm of this monster, let me now turn to the consideration of the means by which its temporal arm has been paralysed.

It is thus; the same arguments which applied to the struggle of dissent, in its contest with the state church, equally apply to the struggle of commerce and manufactures in their contest with the feudal lords; with this difference, indeed, that the army of dissent was recruited, marshalled, and led on by pious and holy men, who, regardless of worldly gain, sought the destruction of demoralising luxury; while the pioneers in the temporal struggle were urged on



by the desire of gain: howbeit, that fact neither destroys nor weakens my argument, inasmuch as the improved genius which sharpened the intellect of theological disputants, also sharpens the intellect of the commercial disputants; the old prejudices imbibed at Oxford and Cambridge, fell before the social principle of the age.

Do not mistake me when I use the term "Social." I use it in its general and extensive meaning—the fitness of things to society—and not in its sectional, undefined and limited sense, as applied to the professors of that principle:—that is my first proposition, and now mark the second.

Labourers, my second proposition is, that inasmuch as the security and contentment of the lords spiritual and temporal lulled them into fatal security, which made their order an easy prey to the quickened genius and active knowledge acquired by dissent and commerce, aroused to action by injustice and persecution—by the same rule the confiding hope of the middle classes in a government which they had carried to power, lulled them also into a temporary and fatal apathy, while the sting of poverty and goad of persecution have spurred your intellect, which now only requires to be marshalled and disciplined to secure for you Labour's triumph over its united enemies; but Labour, and Labour alone, must accomplish it, else, should its struggle terminate in a faction fight, the sons of toil will be elevated, confiding, and hopeful, tendering their support to the most enthusiastic and visionary, most loudly cheering the most fascinating theorist until the battle is over, Labour receiving the shadow as its share of the victory, deception exultingly monopolising the triumph; when Labour, once more deceived, again relapses into apathy, doubt, and slavery—self-reliance destroyed—the enemy strengthened by Labour's disunion and discomfiture—the cause thrown back for an indefinite period—no man bold enough to recruit the scattered forces—labour unwilling to confide in its own power, its own energy and strength—a crawling crouching victim—a monument of contempt, at which each passer-by exultingly points the finger of scorn.

Labourers, to be forewarned is to be forearmed. You are now forewarned. Labour, to win its victory, must fight its own battle, as it would be as preposterous and ridiculous to suppose that those who live on labour's weakness really propose to strengthen the hands of labour, as to presume that a man about to fight would allow his antagonist to tie one of his

hands behind his back. Ever bear this fact in mind, that it is madness to suppose that the capitalist, whose whole profit is made of the labourers' dependence, will acquiesce in securing his independence. It is neither likely nor politic. The interests of the parties are presumed to be separate and distinct, and

“As well may the lamb with the tiger unite,  
The mouse with the cat, or the lark with the kite.”

With so much of a preface, I shall now proceed to the consideration of the Labour Question.

FEARGUS O'CONNOR.

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## A TREATISE ON LABOUR.

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From the earliest ages down to the present day, the rights of the labourer have been admitted in theory, nor has any writer ventured to dispute those rights guaranteed by nature and admitted by reason; while upon the other hand, as what is called civilisation has progressed, the increasing distinctions of class have led to a practical denial of those rights, until at length the perversion of nature's laws has not only caused a war of classes, but the injustice of class-made law has roused the indignation of the oppressed of each class against the oppressors of its order; hence we find the badly paid curate arrayed in hostility against the overpaid parson—we find the poor landlords of Ireland about to proclaim war against their richer brethren of England—we find the poor manufacturer declaring his inability to contend against a rival Leviathan—we find the underlings in the Excise and Customs proclaiming against the injustice of the inferior remuneration received by those who perform the hardest labour—we find the shopkeepers who cannot live, protesting against the monopoly of those who can live and thrive—we find that the soldier, whose post is the post of danger, is becoming dissatisfied with the easier service of the larger pay, the greater indulgencies and certain promotion of the idle officer—we find that ministers out of place are becoming dissatisfied with ministers in power—that naval and military officers, and

officials, and all waiters upon providence, are dissatisfied with sitting at the left of the Speaker's chair—we find that the tradesman badly employed is ready to rebel against the tradesman well employed—and we find, and most naturally, that the labourer, who sustains all, while he and his family are steeped in misery, degradation, and want, is in rebellion against those who fare sumptuously but never toil ; thus we come to the conclusion, that the oppressed of each class are arrayed against the oppressors of its order, and that unless even-handed justice be done to those who are commanded to “live in the sweat of their brow,” and who are willing to toil, but cannot secure labour, society will be resolved into its original elements, and a new order of things will be created out of a new order of mind, more fitting the genius of the age, the requirements of society, and the security of order.

### REPRESENTATION OF LABOUR.

Under the old feudal system the sword and the bible were the arms of the state, the clergy and the landlords were the children of the state, and the laws of the state were made exclusively for their benefit ; population did not press hardly upon the means of subsistence ; the land was not over populated, and hence, in olden times, we find that false notions of pride, or some sudden impulse, led to wars between foreign nations, and to conflicts between domestic princes and nobles, the people, in return for what was called protection, respectively marshalling themselves under the banners of the several disputants, and from prowess in those respective struggles, or from subserviency to some tyrant monarch, have emanated the coats of arms and family mottoes of the hereditary great ones of the state : however, as population increased, as education progressed, and as want accumulated, the monopolists were compelled to admit the favoured few from the several classes by whose genius their monopoly was assailed and exposed to a participation in the increased products of increased industry ; while, marvellous to say, this division of the spoil amongst the augmented number of monopolists, has from the commencement ended in labour's prostration, no participation in increased products or improved genius ever having fallen to their share, until at length every living soul, from the monarch on the throne to the occupant of a ten pound



house who can pay his rates in time, has been saddled as a claimant upon labour in some shape or other; thus producing that anomalous state of things which tolerates every day's blasphemy, the preachers of the gospel and professors in religion daring to tell God's people that he has created them, and created the elements to furnish them with abundance of everything, while they mock nature, and insult their God, by telling his people, who have been told to multiply and be fruitful, that their increase presses hardly upon the means of subsistence.

The reason of this paradox, falsely preached by infidel preachers, will be found in the fact, that all other classes and all other interests are represented in parliament, and protected by the laws of parliament—while labour, which supports all, is unrepresented, and therefore a prey to all; and I repeat what I have a thousand times stated, that if labour is the source of all wealth—if man is to live in the sweat of his brow, and if the husbandman should be the first partaker of the fruits of his own industry—I say, I repeat, that if there is truth in these holy maxims, the representatives of labour can better, more justly, and profitably represent all other classes, than all the other classes unitedly can represent labour or the other several sections constituting society, labour being excluded.

### CONSEQUENCE OF THE NON-REPRESENTATION OF LABOUR.

Perhaps the most direful consequence resulting from the non-representation of labour, will be found in the uncertainty it produces in the public mind and upon public affairs.

When trade is good and the majority of the people are employed, they measure their condition by the comparative scale, and the parings from the board of each will so far provide for unwilling paupers, as to hush their voice in the din of satisfaction. These temporary gleams of sunshine break and interrupt the continuous chain of labour's opposition to despotic misrule; they doubt each other, rival each other, compete with each other, and contend against each other during this season of comparative prosperity; and when adversity comes upon them like a thief in the dark, the labourers being now for the most part from hand to mouth existers, turn in frenzy and with impetuosity to their leaders,

and say, "Here we are starving, why do you not marshal us, and prepare us for the struggle;" while all in the hour of comparative prosperity were deaf to the words of wisdom, and laughed at him who was silly enough to foretell the coming cloud and the storm.

It is in these times, when labour is lulled into quiescence, that despotism can most securely increase the burdens upon its back, and behold the consequence; our laws are not measured by any standard of justice, or meted by any standard of equity, and by a like rule is taxation also measured; there is no standard save the people's apathy produced by partial prosperity, and the increasing necessities of an aristocratic pauper class, whose increase is considered a blessing, and whose multiplied fruits we are never told presses hardly upon the means of existence.

Hence we find that in these times of casual prosperity, the most hostile measures against labour have been placed upon the statute book, while taxation has been measured, not by the standard of state necessity, but by the indolence and indifference of the people. As a proof of this striking fact, let it be borne in mind that from the year 1835 to the year 1841, the retrenching Whigs augmented the estimates alone by eight millions a year, while England was at peace with the world; and when the days of adversity came they discovered that men with swords, muskets, and bayonets, could not, like men with the awl, the shuttle, and the anvil, be reconciled to a participation in national distress.

Not only was this tax so far augmented, but the pay of the idlers, called the "non-effective force," was also prodigiously increased, while the pay of those out of which all are paid, has been correspondingly diminished.

As this question of labour must be made clear as the sun at noon-day, to all who are invited to take part in the struggle for its emancipation, to the end that none shall plead ignorance as an excuse for apathy, let me portray the real grievances arising out of the present capricious and uncertain condition of the labouring classes.

I have shown that taxation is measured by the country's ability to bear it, and by the necessity of the Government gathering strength by pensioning the younger children of the aristocracy upon the industry of the country; and I have also shown that when this fund is once created out of capricious prosperity, that when adversity comes the patrons dare not disinherit the aristocratic paupers, lest the heads of those



families, having power at Court, in the Lords, and in the Commons, should rebel against them.

Let the labourers then look to the inevitable result of this, their own dangerous and criminal apathy. Here it is so plain that no man can misunderstand it. Let us take any number as constituting the wealth-producing community of this country—let us suppose the labouring classes to consist of three millions, supporting three hundred thousand aged and infirm, and suppose those three millions to be fully employed, the excise and custom duties, and, indeed, the whole revenue and the exchequer comes from their wages; and according to the strength of that exchequer taxation is measured; new places, new patronage, new pensioners, increased centralization, else would the idle sons of the aristocracy and their friends create a dangerous agitation to the minister in both Houses of Parliament.

Well, by this standard of aristocratic idleness is taxation measured; general employment leads to increased consumption of every description of goods; bankers, merchants, and manufacturers, shopkeepers, publicans and sinners, farmers, barristers, and attornies, all have their share of the spoil, and are satisfied—the people can live and they are contented—the idle scions of the aristocracy are pensioned, and they are tranquil and quiescent. But let the labourer take this view of the picture—trade becomes paralysed—the confiding labourer looked upon his temporary prosperity as a thing that was to last—he did not, or mayhap could not, make any provision for the rainy day—one million of his brethren are thrown out of employment and become competitors against him in the labour market, and ultimately having reduced the wages of the two millions still in employment, the one million of unwilling idlers become surplus population and paupers; while the folly, the ignorance, and the madness of our system, presume that two million labourers, with their wages reduced by the distress of an idle competitive reserve, can submit to the same amount of burden and taxation which three millions, at full employment, could scarcely endure. The two millions thus situated have not only to support the increased staff of aristocratic idlers, but they have also to support their own one million surplus hands. Now, is this practicable, or is it even possible? and yet so blind and unjust are our rulers, that they seek to make ends meet by taxing the middle classes, not in proportion to their wealth, but in proportion to their poverty, and by a



reduction in the comforts, if comforts they can be called, of the unwilling paupers, who are driven to the parish for relief.

Well, to prove that labour is the source of all wealth, this decline in the condition of the labourer is followed by a corresponding decline in the condition of all other classes, and hence the proposed fraternisation between the middle and the working classes of this country. However distasteful it may be to either class, it is my duty to tell both, that if good trade came upon us to-morrow with a hop, step, and jump, both would give up the fraternisation, both would forget the cloudy past, and would look upon the glowing present as a thing to last for evermore. Now my cause of complaint against labour is, that it is itself wavering, unsteady, and capricious; while its chief cause of complaint against its advocates is, that they are unswerving, unyielding, and constant, and, unlike the labourers themselves, fixed in principle and unawed by circumstances.

*Difficulties by which the Labour Question is surrounded, and the causes of those difficulties.*

As flattery is no part of my purpose, I shall commence under this head, by stating that labour's greatest difficulty consists in the want of confidence existing amongst their body. I have never read a treatise in which the exact bearing of those interests, by which the general interest of the whole producing body has been explained as inseparable and indivisible, nor has the identity of interest which should bind those several classes in one common movement, ever been simplified. The stone masons, plasterers, bricklayers, and carpenters, and all others connected with the building trade, who may be engaged in the erection of the Houses of Parliament, or in building new streets in the neighbourhood of London, cannot while so employed see the effect that the poverty of the Spitalfields weavers, the destitution of the frame work knitters of Nottingham, or the distress of the wool combers of Bradford, can possibly have upon their order. The shoemaker can recognise no identity between his own interest and that of the pauper in the workhouse. The tailor cannot see how he is affected by the poverty of the weaver who is shirtless in the midst of his own surplus produce, nor can the weaver see what bearing the condition of the coatless tailor can have upon his hapless fate; but I tell all, that the interests of all who live by labour are iden-

tical and inseparable. I tell the well-employed building trades, that the silkweavers, the stockings, and wool-combers, in their hundreds of thousands, would, if well remunerated for their labour, be better employers of their industry than building masters, corporations, or single aristocrats.

I tell the shoemakers, that the well-employed labourer would be a better customer than the idle pauper. I tell the tailor, that the free labourer and the well-requited labourer, would wear more coats than the hired slave; and if there is any man who doubts the illustrations that I have given, I will sum up the power of the millions against that of the single ones thus:—

What enables every shopkeeper of high and low degree to give large credit to his aristocratic customers? It is the ready pence which come across the counter from the blistered hand of the toiler, and yet so disconnected is the power of this sustaining force, that, upon a general election, the shopkeeper, who was enabled to accommodate a single aristocrat by the ready pence of his ready money customers, is always prepared to sacrifice the interest of the class to the patronage of the aristocrat.

From the commencement of the present agitation, I have endeavoured to impress upon the labouring classes the duty they owe to themselves, as regards the enlightenment of the middle classes; the tenant at will of a political landlord is as much his slave as his horse is, and up to this time there has been a kind of conventional alliance between the lower order and higher order of the middle class, just as dangerous to the interest of the working classes as the dependence of the farmer upon the landlord is to society at large.

When the free trade agitation commenced, I addressed a series of letters to the shopkeepers of Yorkshire, and to the middle classes generally, explaining what never has been refuted, namely; that the interest of the manufacturer who used machinery to produce goods so cheap that he could undersell foreign producers in countries not burdened with taxes, simply by reducing English wages to the mere existence point, was as much opposed to the interests of the shopkeeping class as virtue is to sin; and the shopkeepers are now beginning to discover the truth of this assertion, when they have been literally reduced to beggary and starvation, in consequence of the non-employment and reduced wages of the working classes.



The reason why I am the more particular upon this part of the subject just now is, because free trade having failed to produce the promised results, the leaders of the free trade party having discovered that some portion of the popular principle must be mixed up with any agitation in which the working classes will be induced to co-operate, have adopted as mild a modification of our political principles as they thought the working classes may be likely to tolerate; and while I would cheerfully accept any modification of the present system, without being a party to sanction any abatement in the popular demand, it nevertheless becomes my duty to caution you, the working classes, and those of the middle classes who live by agency—buying from the producer and selling to the consumer—I say, it is my duty to warn you at the commencement of the disappointment and danger that may fall upon your order, if you allow yourselves once more to be used as a mere huggaboo to affright the Government into the mere transfer of burdens and taxation from the shoulders of one class to the shoulders of another class, accompanied with some slight reduction in our national expenditure.

Labourers, I will lay down a rule for you, which I defy the philosopher or the casuist to refute. Here it is:—

Society is divided into several classes, and is represented in Parliament, with the exception of the labouring class, which produces all the wealth that all the other classes live upon. In that state I will presume that fifty millions per annum are raised to meet the requirements of that state of society, and that those fifty millions fall most heavily upon the class which is not represented. In such case wages, though not critically, is somehow measured by the standard of taxation, and if an arrangement could be made by which labour could be altogether exempted from the payment of taxes, yet rest assured that so long as the employers of labour represent labour, that the reduction of taxes would be met by an equivalent reduction in wages; while, upon the other hand, if labour was represented, it would not only see to and insist upon retrenchment and economy, but it would also insist upon its own share of the savings.

Large figures, when constantly placed before the eye, are appalling things; but to show you the difference between a defined and an undefined grievance, perhaps it will strike you with amazement and horror, when I tell you that the whole amount paid in the shape of taxation is but as a drop of water in the ocean, when compared with the profits made



by those who speculate in taxation; let me give you an instance, and I pray you to read all that concerns you attentively; weigh it cautiously, and let the more ignorant consult the better informed as to the soundness of my conclusions upon the several questions connected with labour. Here is my position:—

Dealers in imported goods, no matter of what kind, we will presume, pay twenty millions a year to the exchequer, and those who pay it directly complain of the grievance, while, in point of fact, you pay it, and they as agents make a profit far larger than the whole amount paid in tax.

Let us take the raw material, and do not lose the thread of the argument, which is—that labour unrepresented can derive no benefit from any reduction of taxation, because the represented employer will take care to secure the benefit to himself by a reduction of wages.

I will presume, then, that a manufacturer imports three different descriptions of raw material, and upon each of which he pays, say one shilling duty over and above what the price would otherwise be, and for the manufacture of those three articles into any description of fabric he pays a shilling; thus, the raw material and labour would have cost him four shillings, while I venture to assert that he will charge ten shillings, and more, for the manufactured article—that is, six shillings profit upon four shillings expended; thus taxing the consumer to a hundred and fifty per cent. upon the amount paid in duty and labour, as I leave the value of the raw material, if free of duty, altogether out of the question, merely showing the profit that the manufacturer makes of taxation, but that is only one person's profit: next comes the profit of the banker; next comes the profit of the wholesale merchant; then comes the profit of the large shop-keeper; then comes the profit of the retail shop-keeper; and then comes the loss of the consumer, who has to pay the importer's profit on duty, the manufacturer's profit, the merchant's profit, the banker's profit, the large shopkeeper's profit, and the small shopkeeper's profit.

Methinks I hear some free trader exclaim, "Why this is an argument for complete free trade in all articles:" so it is, embracing free trade in legislation, which is to give to all parties an equal benefit in free trade in all articles.

Let me take a more wholesale view of the question of taxation. I will presume the taxes of the country, in round numbers, to amount to fifty millions per annum, and that it is all derived from labour: then what I assert is, that there

is a profit made upon that amount, in one shape or other, larger than the amount paid; while, if the amount was reduced to one half, labour, if unrepresented, would not derive a particle of benefit, as its sweat is the store upon which monopoly and luxury draws—the amount extracted being measured by its submission and dependence.

The Labourer should never lose sight of the maxim, that

“Labour is the source of all wealth;”

and when he goes into a bank and sees a hundred or a hundred and fifty clerks, with managers, directors, and committee, heavy house rent and taxation, with expensive furniture, and learns that after covering those expenses the company, through co-operation, and by accommodating customers to traffic in the produce of labour, realise a profit of from ten to fifteen per cent. after paying all those heavy expenses—surely it is time for labour to co-operate for its own protection.

The Labourer must understand the drift of this argument, as applicable to the present move made by the middle classes, professedly for the amelioration of the working classes; it is this—that in their new tactics they have incorporated the political and the social question, an alteration in the representative system and a reduction of taxation; but as sure as there is a guiding spirit that rules over man, so surely will unrepresented Labour have the shadow, and represented capital the substance, that is, unless oft deceived Labour, aroused from its apathy and spurred to action, demands the representation of its order, before ANY ALTERATION shall be made in the system of taxation. I tell you again, and again, and again, that the object of those who gained power by the reform bill, and now divide that power with the landed aristocracy, is to use you, the Labouring Classes, for the purpose of ridding themselves of taxation, in order that, by slave labour purchased in the competitive market, they may be enabled to sell your produce in untaxed countries, at a lower price than it can be produced in those countries, and if you call that

### LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY,

I have misconceived the meaning of those terms; for again I tell you, that it is wholly out of the nature of things, to suppose that the profit-monger will let go his hold of labour if the result is to be the amelioration of the latter, of whose present degraded state the profit of the former are made up.



## THE LABOUR QUESTION.

At last the question of Labour, which is the foundation of the social system, and which has kept the world in throes and agonies, increasing in acuteness as what is called civilisation progresses, has now become the all absorbing topic in those countries esteemed to be most civilised, while those pitied for their barbarism are untouched by the malady.

The throne of the French king vanished before the prevailing epidemic—Labour's disorder, caught from the aristocratic plague. The French minister—strong, presumptuous, and confiding in the support of those by whose pigmy voices he was enabled to feed the luxurious idle upon the sweat of the toil worn slave—laughed contemptuously at the indignant sound of Labour's long smothered vengeance, and, not many hours after, he and his despotic master, who was supposed to hold the balance of power in civilised Europe, became aliens on British land, beggars at Britain's door, which, though tyrannical to its own children, has ever been the refuge for the destitute.

In Prussia, the despot who had been party to the destruction of the remnant of Polish liberty, was compelled to doff the Prussian plume, and bow his proud head humbly before the banners that proclaimed Labour's victory, and he shed his crocodile tears over the victims that were slain in Labour's struggle.

In the Austrian States of Italy, Labour had its revolt; the brave Milanese, after five days' of sanguinary conflict, drove the representatives of the house of Austria and 15,000 picked troops through the barrier, and closed the gates upon the foe. The people of Lombardy have revolted against the same prince, who has ultimately been compelled to abandon his capital and fly from Vienna.

The Neapolitans have had their revolution. Italy is preparing for hers. Spain is one volcano of discontent. The Lacklanders of America are contending against that civilisation which lusts after the possession of foreign states, while her own country is all but a barren wilderness. The Queen of Portugal holds her crown upon no better tenure than the guarantee that England can afford.

Ireland is filled with a whirlwind of discontent; while



England rocks to and fro in the midst of ocean—her helmsmen, who are accustomed to pilot her in smooth water, vainly hoping to save her from the storm and the breakers, by bringing her to an anchor until the tempest shall have passed away.

Labourers, such is the state of Europe and of America; wholly and exclusively produced by neglect of your order, the denial of your rights, and the quartering of idlers upon your industry: and although we have these admitted facts of Labour's potency before us, will you point me out a book, except the Bible, wherein Labour's rights are otherwise than theoretically defined.

Every struggle, no matter under what pretext it has been commenced, has been said to be for Labour's benefit. Labour has furnished the sinew and gained the triumph. But show me any country in Europe, except in Norway and Switzerland, where Labour has reaped the reward of victory; and in those countries—the one a Republic and the other a Monarchy—they are not overburdened with a fanciful circulating medium, one of the appendages of civilisation—but there are no paupers except the willing idler. In these countries man lives in the sweat of his own brow; the towns and villages in the centre of agricultural districts mutually sustaining each other—the one supplying the natural wants of man, the other the artificial requirements—and hence you find the little republic of Switzerland, with less than a third part of the population of Ireland, with jealous and all-conquering France upon the one side, and the dominions of the proud and lustful despot of Austria upon the other, far away from the sea, land-locked amid her proud and lofty hills, her children cultivating her valleys and green fields and capable of defending themselves against the invasion of their powerful neighbours, when rallied to the cry of "My cottage is in danger."

Labourers, many speculative authors have written upon the rights of Labour; but neither Locke, Paley, Montesquieu nor Blackstone, Adam Smith, M'Culloch, nor Arthur Young, have written upon your side of the question, although they have admitted your title to some abstract rights; but they have not one of them written a single sentence showing how those rights are to be practically realised in the possession of every comfort that makes life a blessing and every man's mind his kingdom.

Cobbett, in his "Cottage Economy" and his other admi-

rable little works upon Agriculture, has better illustrated and defined the Labour Question than any other author, but he wrote in times when the question in its entirety was not as well developed to the human mind and understanding, as it has since become by dear-bought experience; and wherein he failed to render his reasoning complete, was in not having combined the questions of natural and artificial labour, and not having shown the bearing of the one upon the other.

Now to return to the present state of Europe, and the triumphs that Labour has recently gained in its physical struggles against armed despotism.

France was the first country in Europe to set the example, and although in that country the moan of Labour was stifled and not allowed to be heard, yet the fact of the thousands and ten thousands who have since been discovered to be destitute, must convince all that the revolution was the outbreak of desperation and hunger against voluptuous idleness, and that the motto on their banner was taken from the bible : —“ They who die by the sword are better than they who perish of hunger, for their bodies pine away stricken through for want of the fruits of the field.”

That was the text of the French revolution, and it was three calendar months upon the 23rd of this month, since Labour gained its triumph in Paris, and will any, the most indulgent man—and I am amongst the number, prepared to make every allowance for the difficulties of those placed in a new position—I say, will any man point out to me one single step taken by the Provisional Government or the National Assembly, calculated in the remotest degree to confer any permanent advantage upon the Labouring Classes of France ?

I may be told that this is an argument against Universal Suffrage; but I reply that it is not, and for these reasons. Immediately upon the conclusion of a great physical force revolution, the conquerors rely upon the musket as the means of correcting any attempted evil or reaction, rather than upon the vote to prevent the evil. Again, the previous power of despotism had prevented the combination of thought, from which alone matured action can spring, and from which alone the will of the majority can be gathered; these essential requisites could not be secured, because public meetings were not allowed.

Again, there was not a mind in the Provisional Govern-

ment, nor yet in the Assembly, capable of grasping the question in its varied, complicated and multifarious form, shape and bearing; neither was there, nor has there been, one single practical tract or work written upon the subject.

It is true that Louis Blanc, Blanqui and others have written Treatises upon Communism, and it is true that those publications have furnished the Government, the Assembly, and the Authorities—composed of Republicans, Royalists, Spies, and paid traitors—with a plausible pretext of crushing the Labour Question, until the incongruous elements in the National Assembly shall have resolved themselves into something like a representation of the will of the majority.

And now, Labourers of England, I prophecy that the next revolution in France will be against a despotism attempted to be raised against Labour; that they will have a conflict between despotism, regency and republic, and that the aristocracy of England (for our government is afraid to act openly), the despot of Prussia, the aristocracy of Austria, and the autocrat of Russia, the Queen and grandes of Spain, and the royalists of France, will set every engine to work to restore Legitimacy in that country, based upon the presumed terror that Communism has created; but rely upon it, that Gaul will join Gaul, and that Italy—that is the old Roman Empire—that the brave republic of Switzerland—will join the republicans of France, and should foreign intrigue and domestic treachery seek to reimpose upon the French people another gilded bauble as their head, you will see central Europe, (Poland not omitted), constituted into one grand republic; that the land as well as the railroads will be converted into national property, with the motto—

**“ALL FOR EACH, AND EACH FOR ALL.”**

Labourers, such are the results, and such are the prospects of Labour from the late struggle. France, before she has settled the great national question, the great domestic question, the great individual question, is called upon to declare war against Austria, Prussia and Russia upon the one hand, and is called upon to feed labour on idleness upon the other hand. Now these two fruitful elements of discord will furnish the artful, the treacherous and designing, with a plausible pretext for crushing and destroying these refractory domestic spirits, before the Labour Question can be prudently entertained; such will be expediency's plea.

But you, Labourers of England, you have had the advan-



tage of communing together, and of interchanging your opinions, and if Labour's rights were established to-morrow, no willing idler would be fed upon your industry on the next day, and no dissatisfied mob could overawe the deliberations of your representatives; and this arises from the fact, that you are now well instructed in the Labour question, and see the inseparable interest that must ever exist between the agricultural and the artificial labourer, the difference of pursuit merely constituting the difference of position, but mutually acting and reacting upon each other in that reciprocal and heavenly manner, which I shall presently explain.

Labourers, when the French Revolution ended, as I prophesied for you many weeks ago, the Prussian Revolution commenced. I told you that upon the last shot being fired, labour's only reward would be, that the despot would doff the Prussian plume and mount the German peacock's tail, and under those gaudy symbols would proclaim labour's triumph in despotism and increased strength; that he had tickled the living by shedding crocodile tears over the dead, and that his counter-revolution would manifest itself in the augmentation of his forces and the national ardour aroused by the hope of extended territory.

Next comes Ireland, that land of golden valleys, of fertile hills, of pure streams, of genial climate, and hardy and industrious people. Well, this country has been in a state of incipient revolution since the year 1815, the year of peace, as if foreign wars alone could produce domestic tranquillity. Since the year 1812, to the present moment, there have been thirty-six years of continuous, incessant, and unbroken agitation, and although we have had an abundance of statistics, showing the loss sustained by the Act of Union, and although millions have been expended within that period on crotchets, yet there has not appeared one single tract on the labour question, nor has there been one hour of time devoted to its consideration; the consequence of which is, that if the Irish people were blest with self-government to-morrow, they would have to commence with the A. B. C. of the labour question. Now, this is much to be deplored, as the very condition of the Irish, all being agricultural labourers in a fertile country, makes them better prepared by training and habit for the immediate accomplishment and enjoyment of liberty, than any people

upon the face of the earth. I apply the terms 'training' and 'habit' to labour occupation, and not to intellectual pursuits, although there is not a people upon the face of the earth more highly gifted by nature in every respect: I say that they are better prepared for liberty than any other people, because they are an agricultural population, and their employment at their natural avocation would not only open a rich market for the produce of English artificial labour, but would at once stimulate every branch of trade at home; but Ireland is cursed with an upstart, idle, proud, aristocracy, deriving their titles from plunder or treachery, and is compelled to support the Church of that aristocracy in luxury, wrung from the people by brute force, while the ministers of the people's religion are sustained by the gratuitous offerings of those whom seven centuries of oppression, torture, and misrule, have not been able to estrange from their pastors.

Well, then, notwithstanding the oppression of Saxon Government, was it not in the power of those who have led the mind of Ireland for thirty-six long years, to have instructed them so clearly in the Labour Question as to make two millions of brave, hearty, and able Irishmen more than a match for a handful of mercenaries and a police staff? what I mean is, that when a nation is aware that victory must be followed by everlasting blessings, that those who contend against the foe will struggle with ten-fold ardour, when the people are aware that it is better to risk life with the odds of comfort greatly in their favour, than to preserve a miserable existence for an undefined period of misery, none knowing how soon starvation may be his lot.

Now I assert, without fear of contradiction, that if the agricultural people of Ireland saw one of our Land Company's locations, in less than three years Ireland would be a paradise, and therefore a great stigma rests on those who have not tried the experiment, especially when so much money has been expended in useless and undefined agitation; and as it is never too late to commence in the right direction, if the movement party in Ireland would now establish the Land Plan, and erect 100 cottages, each in the centre of four acres of land, in the neighbourhood of Dublin, the Saxon Lord-Lieutenant might bundle up his traps and betake himself to his native land. Let the Irish people once see the feasibility of this plan in an agricultural country, and Ireland would soon be for the Irish, and England for the English;



as, when the free labour field at home was once open to my countrymen, they would soon cease to be competitors in the English labour market.

### EMANCIPATION OF LABOUR.

Having thus far taken a general review of the causes which have led to the prostration of labour, and the reasons why labour never has had its reward from any victory it has achieved, and having shown that free labour and hired labour, or agricultural and artificial labour, are man and wife, identical and inseparable in interest, I shall now proceed to a plain and simple illustration of the following facts.

*Firstly.*—That the association of free labour and hired labour, of free labour expended upon agriculture, and hired labour measured by the value of the amount that the free labourer could earn, and by his increased ability to employ himself an additional portion of hired labour—that Great Britain and Ireland could maintain in luxury a population of over ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILLIONS.

*Secondly.*—THAT THE REALISATION OF MY PLAN WOULD MAKE THE RICH RICHER; AND THE POOR RICH.

*Thirdly.*—THAT IT WOULD MAKE THE COMMUNITY MORE INDEPENDENT OF ALL MONE-TARY SCHEMES.

And *Fourthly.*—That it would destroy the necessity of taxing one portion of the community for the support of idlers, for the punishment of crime, or for the education of the people.

Labourers of England, as I intend this as your horn book, I ask you to read it attentively, and to weigh it justly in the scales of your own judgment. I ask the mechanic and the tradesman employed at good wages, not to reject the plan because he is not prepared for the dull monotony of an agricultural life, or to surrender the gin-palace and the beer-shop; because I say unto him, that, however disinclined he may be to exchange the uncertainty for the certainty, and the city smoke for the country air, that if a portion of his trade should think otherwise, the value of his labour will be increased by their removal from the competitive market, while his articles of consumption would be reduced in price by the application of their labour to their production.

Labourers, what I am now about to show, is not only the mere value of the removal of the unwilling idle competitive reserve from the artificial labour market, but I am further



going to show, how this portion of the community, placed upon the free labour field, would become customers to labour in the artificial market; and although I ask not to interfere with your parish boundaries, and your local laws and regulations, which are good and ought to stand, nevertheless I feel convinced, that, if in these days of the mind's progress, the great triumph of labour can only be achieved by the remodelling of our institutions, laws, and customs—established, enacted, and contracted in barbarous ages—I feel that those regulators of human society may be safely remodelled to suit the mind's progress; and when I see the great and wonderful changes and innovations that are daily taking place in every other department of life, no philosophy can furnish me with any plausible reason why labour, that department from which those several changes spring, should alone become stationary—or rather retrogressive—while all other departments are progressive, and astounding the world with their onward motion. I cannot hear of new palaces and falling cottages; I cannot hear of steam navigation, of railway traffic, the electric telegraph, the penny postage, and the printing press; I cannot hear of the astounding improvements in the arts and sciences, and the perfection to which machinery is being brought, and believe that all these luxuries were intended as a blessing to the idle, and a curse to the industrious.

I labour from morning till night, and a portion of each night, and I have given more thought to the labour question than any man that does live, or than any man that ever did live, and now you shall have my midnight thoughts, written by the burning lamp.

Labourers, over-population has been stated as the greatest difficulty in the way of sound legislation, and the emigration of the industrious has been recommended as the surest means of meeting this difficulty.

Emigration is recommended upon the plea that the expatriated abroad would be better customers, because larger consumers of British goods, than the same emigrants domiciled on their native land, and enabled to increase their consumption by receiving a better remuneration for their labour; but you who live by your industry, keep the whole question within the scope of your imagination, and ask yourselves whether this plea of emigration is not the greatest condemnation of a system that can tolerate the sophistry.

At home you cannot consume the produce of your own labour; the man who weaves shirts for others is shirtless

himself ; the man who makes shoes for others is barefoot ; the man who spins for others is buried without a winding sheet ; the man who makes coffins for others is himself buried in a shell in a pauper's grave ; he who sows and he who reaps must put up with a scanty fare, while those who neither reap nor sow, live in affluence and luxury. How comes it then, that the Englishman, who cannot secure a mere subsistence at home, is to be able as a foreigner and an outlaw to purchase the produce of his own country in foreign lands, stamped with the brand of English taxation, and increased in price by the expense of importation, risk, freight, and insurance of raw material, and exportation of the manufactured article with double risk, freight, and insurance ?

Labourers, will you solve that problem for me ? how it is that foreign countries, called semi-barbarous and uncivilised, can send their raw material thousands of miles across the ocean, have it manufactured by English labour, exported and sold in the foreign market, at a less price than the uncivilised semi-barbarian will produce it. But I come to the consideration of my first proposition, and under it I will solve the riddle which has puzzled philosophers, disorganised society, paralysed labour, and raised the hand of man against his brother, each looking enviously upon his fellow, the evil passions roused by envious and destructive competition, the rich scheming how they can become richer—as wealth has become the standard of respectability, rank and nobility—and the poor devising means as to how they can preserve a miserable existence for another hour of misery.

**FIRST PROPOSITION.—THAT THIS EMPIRE IS CAPABLE OF MAINTAINING ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILLIONS OF POPULATION IN AFFLUENCE AND LUXURY.**

Labourers of England, I take the bible as my text book, and practice founded upon its divine truths as my guide, although infidels, calling themselves Christians, will deny the word of God, if carrying it into practice shall strip them of a particle of their destroying luxuries.

The bible commands, “that man shall live in the sweat of his own brow.” “That the husbandman shall be the first partaker of the fruits of his industry.” “That the Labourer is worthy of his hire.”

And, again, so considerate was the Almighty for the com-



fort of the poorest, he commands, that "the husbandman shall not reap all the corners of his field, neither shall he gather all the grapes in the vineyard, but shall leave them for the stranger, the widow, and the orphan."

Thus we find, that the poor and the industrious were the especial objects of God's care, while those who now oppress the poor would blaspheme their God, and violate his commandments, by making poverty a crime, and the pauper a criminal, while they have robbed him of his inheritance.

Labourers, I have often proclaimed it, that if this land, used according to God's commandment for the sustenance of man, was too small to sustain the population placed upon it, that then, I, in common with others, would take my chance by common lot to go forth in quest of other lands; but I will not consent that my name shall go into the ballot box until I see all those obstacles that press hardly upon the means of subsistence removed, and until I am convinced that population, under a wise and well-organised system, does in reality press hardly upon the means of subsistence; but I cannot be reconciled to this anomaly, until every foot of uncultivated ground is turned into a labour field—until the lordly oak, that sucks the cream of earth, is laid low—until the uncultivated common is made a garden, the race-ground is cultivated, the deer park subdued to man's wants, and every available portion of the land is turned to its most profitable use.

But, as my object is not to set the rich against the poor, but to make the rich and poor fraternise, I do not, nor need any man for many generations yet to come, seek to deprive the rich of one single one of their luxuries or enjoyments; but, what I do seek to accomplish is, the ability of every willing labourer to live in the sweat of his own brow, and then I will consent to whip the willing idler in the market place, as a vagabond and a thief.

Labourers, before I enter upon my plan for the emancipation of Labour, and in order to the uniting and knitting together the hearts and minds of the husbandman and the mechanic—the agriculturist, the value of whose labour can be ascertained to the fraction by an unerring standard, and the artificial labourer, whose value can be only ascertained by the standard of his self-pride and his sympathy with his family—let me, I say, submit to you the present condition of the agricultural labourer and the mechanic.



A farmer who rents 200 acres of land, will be an extensive employer, if throughout the year he employs eight labourers; and out of the profits of their labour he will pay his rent, the interest of his capital vested in his operations, he will support his family and educate them, make provisions for them, keep his hunter and his horse to take him to mill and market, and his family to church; and he will also have the fond anticipation, of either adding to his amount of territory, or of securing a sufficient amount to enable him and his partner to retire in ease and idleness, leaving the farm to his eldest son, and portioning his younger children.

Now you can form some estimate of the value of these eight men's labour; and if I am told that the whole system rests upon this state of dependence, I answer, that if the eight are satisfied I am satisfied, but they must express their satisfaction after they understand that the two hundred acres, if beneficially applied, would support one hundred families in affluence, instead of eight in penury.

Labourers that is the agricultural side of the picture, and now for its artificial view.

The honourable and reverend Baptist Noel, who was made chaplain to the Queen for writing a blasphemous and heretical work, has stated that artificial labour is **THE NATURAL LOT** of Englishmen, and that agricultural labour is the assigned lot of the foreigner.

No doubt this assertion comes well from one of a class whose labour is of a most artificial nature; but I would ask the reverend divine, how comes it that every advance in the direction of artificial labour, and every abandonment of the natural labour, has been marked by a proportionate decline in the comforts of the people?

Does he remember, or has he read of those times when the unwilling idler was not an imprisoned criminal?

Has he read of those days when the shuttle flew to the thrush's note—when the father worked at his loom in his cottage, and rested himself by working in the evening in his garden, or by walking with his little children to milk his cow upon the common?

Oh! how hot I get, and how my blood boils, when I think of the days of England's glory; but mayhap, my expression of feeling for the poor may damage my advocacy of their cause, so I must curb the rebellious spirit, and now to return to my subject. Labourers, if it is true that the English who emigrate become better customers for your

produce than the same people are in their native land, how comes it that you yourselves have never yet endeavoured to solve that problem?

Since machinery has disinherited man from his rightful and legitimate position, those who are compelled to support the system-made paupers at home, see a profit in their transportation to foreign lands; and their advocacy of emigration is measured, not so much by the desire or hope of making the emigrants customers, as by the desire to regulate the competitive labour reserve by that scale which will insure the smallest amount of poor rates, and the necessary amount of competition.

Thus a million of paupers may destroy the value to be derived from a competitive reserve of idlers, while half a million to fall back upon would be worth the expense.

Labourers, I will now draw your attention to the three important considerations by which the artificial labour market is governed.

*Firstly*, you are not to suppose that the present system is based upon the judgment and convictions of men in power, or upon the belief in its excellence by those who rule and govern men in power; but, on the contrary, you must believe that the system works best for those parties.

In order to test the truth of this assertion, I will put a simple question to you. Which do you think a **FREE TRADE** manufacturer would prefer, making **TEN THOUSAND A YEAR PROFIT**, and paying one thousand a year to support an idle competitive reserve, upon which he can rely to reduce wages, living in misery and pauperism, or to make seven thousand a year, and not required to pay a fraction towards the support of the poor? Every child in England can answer that question, and from the reply we are to deduce the larger and more general conclusion, namely—that the employer of artificial labour would much prefer limiting the annual income of the country to three hundred millions a year, if they could secure two hundred millions as their share of the profit, to increasing the national income to one thousand million, if their share of the profit was to be thereby limited to **ONE HUNDRED AND NINETY NINE MILLIONS**.

Labourers, I speak of men governed by propensities, customs and habits, and not of individuals governed by the noble instincts of nature; and if your class were to change sides with the employing class to-morrow, you perhaps may



be governed by the same evil propensities, so that I war against system, and not against men.

I have shown you the false foundation upon which this system is based, and before I proceed to a consideration of the remedy, I will call your attention to the sectional and individual power, which the system confers upon the employing class.

They have capital, you live from hand to mouth—they heroically tell us that they frequently lose a portion of their capital, rather than turn out their hands; but I tell you, that upon such occasions they make the nicest calculation between the damage likely to accrue to unemployed machinery, and the loss to be sustained by keeping it at work; and again, that they invariably calculate their losses by the scale by which they measure their profits, and not by the profit or loss of any one year: that is, if in six years a manufacturer shall realise £100,000 profit, and if in three years succeeding he shall only have made £10,000, he will tell you that in those three years he has lost £13,000 a year, rather than dismiss his hands—and you must understand that the failure of a manufacturer is in general consequent upon over-speculation in his own trade, the failure of his customers, or speculation in railways, canal, banking or mining operations, but is never consequent upon losses sustained by the payment of too high wages for labour employed in the conversion of the raw material into the manufactured article.

Hence I show you, that your labour is the foundation of all speculation, and that out of a reduction of wages, all losses in trade and speculation are made up; and hence you learn, that until you are represented, Labour, the parent, will ever be at the mercy of Capital, its child.

To prepare you for the consideration of my system, and having explained to you the foundation of the present system, I now turn to the details by which the present system is worked, and I will show you how the capitalist balances his account—labour constituting the source from whence he not only draws his profits, but pays his losses on speculation.

In my consideration of the whole question I shall take the whole empire as my map, while it is necessary thus to lead you on in the sectional consideration of the subject, in order that you may be the better able to understand it in its entirety.



Let us suppose, then, that a district consists of a certain population, and that to employ that population at remunerative wages, it is necessary that a certain amount of machinery should be at work ; and keep the bearing of this argument in mind, which is, that an over-stocked labour market leads to a diminution of wages, without any reference to the capitalist's profit or loss, and that an understocked labour market leads to an increase of wages, the manufacturers the while contriving to prosper ; thus I show you that necessity, whim, and caprice alone, and no rule of justice, regulate the rate of wages, and, therefore, my object ever has been the realisation of the free trade maxim—to regulate demand and supply according to justice, and not according to caprice.

Labourers, I can illustrate the subject as well by the state of a district, as by the state of the nation. Suppose, then, that there is a district wherein the employers require the labour of 3,000 hands, and suppose that there are only 3,000 available hands ; in such case, as of old, the 3,000 hands required to do the work will be courted and bid for, and the employers, notwithstanding the additional amount of wages paid, will make a profit upon their labour. But suppose another 1,000 comes, making 4,000, into the same district, where labour before bore a fancy, but yet a just, price ; in that case the 4,000 will not receive as much wages as the 3,000 received, while the masters will make more profit ; but suppose that the scantiness of employment in other districts augments the number to 5,000, the additional number constituting a still larger competitive reserve for the masters to fall back upon as a means of reducing the price of labour, will not receive as much wages as the 3,000, which was a scanty supply ; while those employed, besides being compelled to submit to a reduction of wages, will also be compelled to support the surplus in idleness, as labour pays every tax, and capital not a farthing, but, on the contrary, makes a profit of taxation.

Now, Labourers, the foundation of my system is to relieve the labour market of this competitive reserve, by placing the unwilling idlers upon the land, relieving those employed from their competition, making them growers of your food, and better consumers of your produce ; and although the tyranny of the lustful griping capitalist may throw obstacles in my way, and in your way, yet I have placed the prize at the end of the course—it is worth living for and worth

dying for, and if ever the denial of rights, the treachery of faction, or the tyranny of oppression, should goad the English people into revolution (which may God in his mercy forbid), the castle and the free labour field will be the watch-word of all; the natural and the artificial labourer will see that their interests are inseparably bound up together, that they are as man and wife, and must mutually depend upon each other.

Labourers, I have said that Labour pays all taxes, and capital pays none. Now let me prove it. Suppose an employer paying an income tax at the rate of three per cent. upon profit returned at £5,000 a-year, he would be liable to tax to the amount of £150; and suppose that he employs 400 hands, the moment the tax is laid on, and without the slightest variation in trade, he will reduce the wages of his men to meet the impost laid upon his profit; and if he reduces their wages by one penny a day, or sixpence a week, the reduction will amount to £520 a-year, leaving him a profit of £370 upon the tax.

Now, taking the simple trade view of the case, irrespective of taxation, I will show you how the most vague anticipations of loss are made good from the labour exchequer.

Suppose a master is employing 400 hands, with an idle surplus population competing against those at work, that master, without reference to trade, will very speedily make a reduction of two shillings a week or more from the wages of his men, and they will submit to it rather than break up their homes and become inmates of a bastille; and that reduction, irrespective of good or bad trade, will give him a profit of £2,080 A-YEAR. So again, I say, it is to destroy this power of the capitalist to deal capriciously and unjustly with labour, prostrate and compelled to submit, that I seek to thin the unhealthy towns, and people the healthy country; to destroy unnatural rivalry, and to create a wholesome and natural competition arising from each man vieing with his neighbour in industry, from which he shall reap the whole reward; and in conduct which will then be measured by sound public opinion, and not as now by avarice, cupidity, and lust.

Now for the remedy. There are in the empire over sixty million acres of land, and there are not ten acres lying together cultivated to the fifth of their capability of yielding; while the English people are beggars at the foreigner's door



for what they could profitably produce at home. And if ignorance of agriculture and the capabilities of the soil should be placed as a stumbling block in the way of my system, I have only to observe, that when land was plenty and population scant, the site of towns and cities was not selected for the quality of the soil, but from their proximity to navigable rivers; that for the most part they have been erected on swamps and barren heather, which, however, have, by the application of labour, been converted into the richest soil; and now, not intimidated by the veneration for antiquity, but rather wishing to suit means to existing society, I shall proceed to develop my plan for the improvement of the human race, leaving its realisation to those who may have the will and the power to carry it out; consoled with the reflection that, I, at least, had done my duty, the only reward that I would accept from your utmost success—the emancipation of labour.

In Great Britain and Ireland there are sixty million acres of land not cultivated to a tenth part of its capability of yielding; there are five million paupers, beside a large majority who exist in a state of comparative satisfaction, being reconciled to their condition by the worse state of their pauper order, while that amount of pauperism presses hardly upon all classes, but most hardly upon the labouring class.

Labourers, in this state of things, while England and the world is rocked to and fro by the hurricane of the growing mind, I will not listen to any refutation of my principle, which is based upon

“The wreck of old opinions;”

because I am so far a Socialist that I would fit things to society, and society having changed its shape and form, things must also must be changed to adapt society to man's requirements.

You have then sixty million acres of land in a state of comparative sterility, and you have five million paupers depending upon the foreigner for food, purchased at the increased price stamped upon it by your necessity; while your dependence diminishes the wages of those who produce the medium of exchange, thus burning the candle at both ends, until at length England's light has nearly expired.

Give me then three million acres, or one twentieth of the soil of the empire, and upon those three million acres I will



locate the one million heads of families, representing the five million paupers ; and from their increased comfort and increased power of consumption, I will make them better customers in the artificial market than all the world besides.

Labourers, I will explain the full length portrait of Liberty, by presenting you with its miniature ; and you will scan it enquiringly, when I tell you that it is the first attempt that ever has been made at a practical illustration of the identity of interest that exists between the free labourer and the artificial labourer—between the husbandman and the mechanic.

### HERE IS LABOUR'S MINIATURE.

There are six hundred and forty acres in a square mile of land, and I will take two miles square, (or four square miles) as my landscape. Two miles square is four square miles, and in four square miles there are two thousand five hundred and sixty acres of land, which would give three acres each to eight hundred families, and leave a hundred and sixty acres for roads and a rural village standing in the centre of this little paradise.

You will observe, by this arrangement, no cottage upon any one of the eight hundred allotments would be much above three quarters of a mile distant from the village, while the distance of the majority would be less than half a mile.

I shall first deal with the rural population and their requirements, and shall then illustrate for you the mutual interests that exist between all classes of labourers, and between labourers and all the classes of which society is composed ; and I assure you, that however short the time may be that I require for inditing my thoughts, the consideration of the question has cost me years of reflection, but until now I did not consider the mind of England capable of receiving its second last lesson on the philosophy of labour ; the last I shall propound when I am convinced you understand that which I am now about to teach.

Labourers, I have not drawn the conclusions at which I have arrived from any crude notions or unintelligible crotchets of my own that haunt my brain, but I have arrived at them from information gleaned from the best of sources, having consulted intelligent persons connected with every branch of trade best calculated to give me information.

I find that eight hundred families located upon the land, and recipients of the produce of their own labour, would give employment to the following number of tradesmen.

Tailors . . . . .	20
Shoemakers . . . . .	20
Carters . . . . .	15
Blacksmiths . . . . .	10
Wheelwrights . . . . .	8
Butchers . . . . .	4
Bakers . . . . .	4
Barbers . . . . .	2
Schoolmasters . . . . .	8
Provision dealers . . . . .	4
Agricultural gardeners . . . . .	8
Bonnet makers . . . . .	4
Dressmakers . . . . .	15
House carpenters . . . . .	4
Sawyers . . . . .	2
Bricklayers and stonemasons . . . . .	4
Plasterers and slaters . . . . .	2
Plumbers, painters, and glaziers . . . . .	4
Linen and woollen drapers . . . . .	4
Hatters . . . . .	2
Hosiers and glovers . . . . .	2
Basket makers . . . . .	2
Grocers . . . . .	4
Schoolmistresses . . . . .	8
Timber dealer . . . . .	1
Coal merchants . . . . .	2
Cabinet makers . . . . .	4
Toy makers . . . . .	2
Curriers and leather sellers . . . . .	4
Saddlers and harness makers . . . . .	2
Cutlers and grinders . . . . .	2
White smiths . . . . .	2
Dealers in earthenware . . . . .	4
Booksellers and stationers . . . . .	2
Seedsman . . . . .	2
Umbrella maker . . . . .	1
Wire worker . . . . .	1
Ironmongers . . . . .	2
Tin plate worker . . . . .	1
Dairy men . . . . .	2
Coopers . . . . .	2
Tobacconists . . . . .	2
Clock and watchmakers . . . . .	2

Chemists and surgeons . . . . .	2
Cow leech . . . . .	1
Miller and corn factor . . . . .	1

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Tradesmen of all descriptions . . . . . 204

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Thus I show you the number of tradesmen actually required to supply the wants of an agricultural population of eight hundred families, or four thousand people at five to a family ; and as butchers wear coats and shoes, and as shopkeepers eat meat and bread, and are customers to all those who deal with them, if eight hundred families require the number of trades to supply them that I have set down, those two hundred tradesmen resident in the village—allowing that they live no better and are not better customers to one another—would require an addition of fifty to those I have already stated, making a total, sustained by the agricultural population, of two hundred and fifty families ; and to which may be added trades of a different class, for instance, printers, confectioners, dancing masters, music masters, green-grocers, artists, glovers, fancy dress makers, and the suppliers of the thousand and one little luxuries which comfortable tradesmen are in the habit of indulging in. I have not made any allowance for bricklayers' labourers, or plasterers' labourers ; for shopmen, porters, and agricultural labourers employed by the shopkeepers and tradespeople in the cultivation of their gardens ; which, if every five only employed one between them, would give employment to fifty. I have allowed no margin for the increase in the employment of those engaged in mines and minerals, in tan-yards and the factory. I may assume, as this would be an agricultural village standing upon nearly one hundred acres of land—as I allow sixty for roads and a pleasure park in the centre of the village—I may fairly estimate that twenty retired tradesmen, and widows with small allowances, would be but too happy to flock to this paradise ; so that, upon the most minute calculation I am bold enough to assert, that this rural population of eight hundred families would be the means of sustaining nearly an equal number of trades ; and if you, the labourers of England, understood the difference between well-cultivated and ill-cultivated land, you would not start, were I to add a further population of six hundred families more, or three thousand persons, to the number. But as you are now prepared to receive knowledge, I am



prepared to hear the jeer of the scoffer; what I assert, then, is that no man living can cultivate one acre of ground, and that if the labourers were thrown upon their own resources, they would, as well as market gardeners for cloth dressers or finishers, very soon discover the difference between a perfect and imperfect manufacture of land; and my assertion is, that from the first of February to the first of November, every one of the eight hundred husbandmen would employ a labourer at remunerating wages, and eight hundred men employed for nine months in the year, is equal to six hundred men in the year.

You will perceive that I have assigned no house for the banker, the lawyer, the parson, the publican, the pawnbroker, or the brothel keeper, because they are the destroyers of peace, the fomenters of discontent, and the enemies of true religion.

It may be presumed, that I have named trades whose work could be better performed by the housewife; but I reply no—because the rule of society is a just competition, and is established upon the true basis of co-operation; as it is cheaper for a man to give seven pence a-pound for a pound of beef to a butcher, than to make a slovenly use of an ox, a sheep, or a calf, which he should sell wholesale for sixpence a-pound; while I further believe, that the baker under the influence of fair competition, and with a large trade, can sell a loaf cheaper than a housewife could make it. However, in my estimate of the several number of tradesmen that a rural population would require, I have left a large margin for fancy, as I assign only four bakers to eight hundred families, or one baker to two hundred families; and if each family consumed four pounds of bread a day, each baker should supply eight hundred pounds of bread a day, and if he made half a farthing a pound profit, or a halfpenny profit upon the four pound loaf, he would realise a profit of a hundred and fifty pounds a year; and quick sale and light profit, being the dealer's motto, if the mother had not the benefit of the light profit, she would take care that the dealer should not have the benefit of quick sale, as I assure those who estimate the genius of the working classes by the necessity that misery imposes upon them, that there is a great difference between the housekeeper taking her account book and her brass to the shopkeeper on a Saturday night: in the one case she is the obliged, in the other the obliger.

The fifteen pair of horses that I have assigned to do the

work of two thousand four hundred acres, where horse power is valuable, would be engaged in ploughing the ground in autumn, and the beginning of winter; in drawing out manure, in working the thrashing machine, in drawing coals, in drawing corn and gross produce to market, and in drawing the dung that they made in the village to the allotments; while I allow an equal number for the town, not making any allowance for any tradesman keeping a horse himself.

I have allowed four butchers, one to two hundred families; and if each family eats but one pound of meat a day, the butchers' profit at a penny a pound would be over three hundred a year: while the labourer would have the full benefit of co-operation, as by no means could he supply himself so cheaply, while the butcher is able to do it by profit upon his capital.

As to horse power, I should gladly dispense with a portion of that, by each man working his cow a portion of each day, as they do in Belgium, Switzerland, and other countries, using them singly in a cart, and joining to plough with a light plough, which is the true principle of co-operation.

Labourers, to show you how agriculture re-acts upon trade, I have allowed ten blacksmiths to do the work of eight hundred families; and allowing that the making and repairing of tools for each family, would amount to £1 10s. a year, it gives to each blacksmith £120 a year, and out of which his only outlay would be for coals and the repair of his own tools.

I may be asked, how it would be if several labourers required their tools being repaired at the same time, and my answer is, that there are twenty—ten for the agricultural district, and ten for the village—and when they had all the work, they would make their proper arrangements.

I have assigned to the agricultural labourers eight practical gardeners; who, at one pound a year from each husbandman, or four days' service in the year to each, at five shillings a day, would pay those gardeners £100 a year each, while their experience would return the employer ten pounds a year profit. Then, if I am asked if those hundred husbandmen may not require the service of the gardener at the same time? my answer is, that he could practically serve twelve at the same time—thus covering all in eight days and a half—and every season embraces a much longer period than that; while an hour's inspection of a three acre allot-



ment, and suggestions and advice during the time, would be well worth the pay.

Thus, Labourers, I show you how all branches of industry act and re-act upon each other, under the principle of equitable distribution ; while, under the accursed system of monopoly—the inequality of distribution—the capitalist, who makes the laws, prefers paying his share towards the maintenance of paupers, in order that he may appropriate the lion's share of gain to his own kindly use.

Labourers, that hellish symbol of man's cupidity—money—has been the destruction of the poor man's comfort. But here I show you how the woman takes her milk, her butter, her eggs, her poultry, and vegetables, and brings home in return, her dress, her bonnet, or her shoes ; her bread, her beef, her candles, and her soap ; her tea, her sugar, and her cheese ; exchanging with others what they want for what she wants : custom, character, and honest competition relatively stamping each with their value—no obligation upon either side, but a mutual advantage conferred.

Oh ! that I had but one such miniature, to show what the full-length picture of England and Ireland might be made ; and then you need not talk of the barricades, the rifles, and the pikes, as the women of England, like the Carthaginians of old, would make “ bow strings ” of their hair, to lead the men to freedom.

Labourers, I have described how the rural population would create the village population, and how they would mutually act and re-act upon each other, and now I will describe the condition and the geographical formation of the village.

In the two miles square there are 2,560 acres of land : 2,400 I have assigned to agricultural purposes ; fifty for fences and roads ; ten for a Green in the centre of the village, surrounded with trees for the villagers to walk in and the children to play in. Around this Green should stand the eight school houses for the education of the agricultural population, and which, by a proper distribution of time, might be also made to serve for the education of the village population ; and allowing only four hundred of a village population, or rather four hundred families—while I have only estimated two hundred and fifty—this would allow a quarter of an acre for streets, each house<sup>1</sup> to stand upon, and a garden ; and which, as I have shown, would more than occupy fifty agricultural labourers, independent of the rural population.



This village should be built on the true sanitary principle, and would give you ten squares, at forty houses to a square, and in these several squares the different trades may be conveniently classed.

Of course the Malthusians will say, "What would you do with the increasing progeny, all of whom must become squatters?" I answer, that I would not stow the mlike swine in crazy vessels, to which a merchant would not commit his goods, to go in manhood, or the winter of age, in search of foreign climes and uncultivated lands; but, if Herefordshire became overstocked, I would send them across to Worcestershire. But there is always a difficulty in realising any plan which has for its object the improvement of the condition of the working classes; but let those who undertake to refute my position say that three acres of land will not support a man and his family, and give employment to a labourer for nine months in the year, and, although I have made no estimate of the effect of the six hundred well-employed labourers upon the traders in the village, it must be obvious to every man that the expenditure of their earnings would considerably enhance the village trade: they would employ shoemakers, tailors, hatters, and blacksmiths, and would lay out their ready money with butchers, bakers, grocers, and provision dealers.

Well, Labourers, if the 2,560 acres will support 800 families living upon them, six hundred heads of families working upon them at good wages, and four hundred heads of families—living upon the trade they create—at five to a family, we have a population of nine thousand sustained in comfort upon 2,560 acres of land, though not half cultivated, as I do not allow labour enough for the complete manufacture. Here you have

"Happy land, as eye can scan,

When every rood maintains its man."

Here you have nearly one to a rood, and if you add those employed in mines and minerals to supply this population with raw materials; if you add the manufactured fabrics which they would then be able to consume; if you add those employed in the importation of articles which could not be produced so cheaply at home, and of luxuries which our land does not supply; if you add those employed in nail-making, smelting, colour making, glass making, bottle blowing, timber felling, and the innumerable other operations which this population could not perform for itself, it is

not over-colouring the picture to say, that, from this rude picture of cultivation, the sixty millions of land in this empire would support a population of two hundred millions, leaving ten millions for domains, forests, and the occupation of larger farmers, as I have already allowed a sufficiency for roads and the sites of towns.

Labourers, you will see that I have made no estimate for professional men, many of whom would be required, and many of whom we could dispense with; I have made no allowance for mechanics engaged in the making of machinery, for which, being then man's holiday, there would be a brisk and profitable demand; I have made no allowance for men employed in public works, in ship-building, repairing docks and harbours, and the several other works which the nation could and would cheerfully pay for, when the nation derived the benefit.

However, lest the sceptic or the capitalist should scoff at the idea of turning this wilderness into a paradise at once, and as over-population is the bugbear of faction, let me deal with those two questions. In the first place, I but ask that this system should be progressive and tested upon a national plan, which neither the press nor the enemy can destroy by their scoffs; and in the second place, as population is said to be the stumbling block, and as my proposition may be said to be extravagant, and my conclusions erroneous, allow me to reduce the scale to that standard by which we may judge the problem of over-population.

Suppose, then, that we sink the assumption that every rood will maintain its man, and that we quadruple the allowance, and assign twenty million acres instead of five millions for the sustenance of twenty millions of the population; without taking any account whatever of the employment that this twenty millions would give to an artificial population, we leave, after deducting those twenty millions, forty millions to be divided between landowners and large tenants, and we find that this surplus would leave to each of forty thousand landed proprietors, domains of four hundred acres each; to seventy thousand farmers, farms of two hundred acres each, and ten millions for waste; allowing less than seven millions of our population, or less than a million and a half heads of families to be employed otherwise than in agriculture; not even allowing a margin for the agricultural labourers to be employed on the thirty



million acres of land occupied by landlords and farmers, and which, at one man to twenty acres, would employ the whole million and a half.

I have allowed no margin for their schoolmasters, governesses, and dancing masters, music masters, drawing masters and chaplains; gamekeepers, livery servants and jockies; riding masters, training masters, huntsmen and whippers-in; for cooks, housekeepers, housemaids, kitchen-maids, and dog-boys; for wine merchants, fruiterers, and confectioners; bankers, agents, and bailiffs; printers, booksellers, stationers; printsellers, toy makers and caricaturists; coach makers, saddlers, and harness makers; actors, actresses, and authors; parsons, physicians, and druggists; poor relations and friends; besides the innumerable trades that supply them with the necessaries of life; in fact, I could show that the thirty million acres of land thus assigned to forty thousand landlords and seventy thousand farmers, if properly managed, would give profitable employment to the whole population.

However, Labourers, not to destroy the miniature, by the perfection of which I hope to win your convictions, by over colouring the full length portrait, all that I require is one million and a half of acres, or the fortieth part of the land of this country, to locate five hundred thousand heads of families, each upon three acres, at five to a family, that would be two millions and a half of our population; they will give employment to five hundred thousand tradesmen and shopkeepers, making at five to a family another two million and a half, thus taking five millions of the surplus population out of the idle competitive market, raising the wages of those who remain behind them, and—there's the rub—relieving the land altogether of poor rates: and allowing that these five millions transferred from pauperism to industry—from the idle to the laborious market—consume one pound's worth each per year of the manufactures of our country, more than they do now in their present state, there is an increase in our home consumption to nearly double the amount that America pays to England for the goods she imports.

Labourers, the chief object that I have in view in writing this treatise, is to lay before you, in a clear and lucid manner, the strict identity of interest that exists between the labouring classes employed in agriculture, and the tradesmen and mechanics who never see a green field; and let me assure



you, that no scheme which human ingenuity can devise, will ever secure a fair remuneration for the labour of the mechanic, until the surplus hands are taken out of the labour market and placed upon the land, whereby the competition against his labour is reduced, and the market for his industry is increased, by the increased ability of his fellow labourer to consume.

You are all aware, that hitherto the well employed trades of this country, in consequence of the impetus given to trade by railways and improvements in machinery, have scoffed at the advice of myself and others to fraternise with their fellow labourers of all classes, but at length a fellow feeling has made them wondrous kind, and now they begin to value the advice so long and so doggedly rejected.

Labourers, there is more value in the summary than in the text of a book—in the one case the author, with a perfect knowledge of the subject, throws it sometimes in an unconnected, if not undigested, form before his readers, presuming that what he understands from long study, will be as easily comprehended by them at a glance; while in the other case, he condenses his thoughts and lays them before the reader in a digested form.

Here then follows my summary or digest of the Labour Question.

Labour is the source of all wealth, and consequently its free and unfettered application to the cultivation of the national resources should be the aim and object, as well of those who live in the sweat of their brow, as of those who make an honest livelihood by accommodating others with the exchange of the several products of Labour.

Again, in order to insure the largest amount of industry, it is indispensable that an equitable distribution of profits derived therefrom should take place, so that each man shall be rewarded according to his industry, and that thereby valuable but not selfish competition should be the rule of action.

If these maxims are based upon justice, it is indispensable and natural, that Labour, the parent, should have a voice in making those laws, as well as Capital, the child of its creation; and hence my assertion, that Labour alone, if represented, will create a larger amount of wealth for distribution amongst all other classes, than can be created by the representation of all other classes, who gauge representation by their ability to possess the lion's share of profit, thus limiting production by Labour's submission.

Again, the man who makes shoes for another, or shirts for another, may himself be barefoot or shirtless in the midst of the produce of his own creation, and may be in want of food, while the man who grows food will have an abundance and a sufficiency to exchange for all the other necessaries of life : hence, the Land is the poor man's mint, wherein he can coin his sweat into an exchangeable medium to supply himself with every other necessary of life ; and as the Land is nature's pap, if that pap is dried up Nature's children must starve : it is now a barren cow, and I seek to bring her to a full flow of milk.

Again, if man receives the full reward of his own labour, he will work freely and generously for himself, while he will work sparingly and grudgingly for the employer who exhausts his strength that he may live sumptuously upon his toil.

Again, God created man and gave him the land whereon to live. He furnished Adam with no capital beyond the strength with which he endowed him ; while in these days of enterprise and competition, the value of Labour is estimated by the judgment of the capitalist ; while credit and speculation, and the competitive reserve of unwilling idlers, enable him to mete out Labour's pittance by the standard of Labour's dependence and submission, and this is all because Labour is not represented ; and however those who make profit of Labour's misery may manifest a desire to fraternise with the Labourer, believe me, that the unarmed man who is plundered by the armed robber, may as well expect that the armed robber would fraternise with him.

Again—and never lose sight of this great and irrefutable fact—the land is the only raw material which every man is furnished with capital to manufacture ; while, in the present state of competitive trade, the man with small capital against the man with large capital has no chance whatever.

Again, the land is the raw material which furnishes man with everything he eats, everything he drinks, everything he wears, the house he lives in, and all that is in it, and everything that he lies upon ; and the Labourer may rest assured, that although the weaver may be shirtless in the midst of the surplus of his produce, that the man who has a surplus pig will never be without a surplus shirt.

Again, agriculture is the natural employment of man—it is the healthy employment of man ; the open air is the element in which he best thrives ; he is younger at seventy



at his natural avocation than the artificial slave, whose life has been one sweating race is at thirty-five; just as the agricultural horse is younger and more healthy at twenty than the sweated race horse, who has led an artificial life, is at five, when, like the operative, his lamp of life is nearly expired.

Again, England is not yet, thank God, wholly composed of manufacturing hells with their long chimneys; there is yet a contrast, and a damning contrast, furnished by the condition of the agricultural towns; and from their relative condition I deduce the value of agricultural labour as compared with the value of artificial labour, and we find that, in the one case, a sudden relapse from prosperous to bad trade leads to as sudden a change from comparative comfort to positive misery—while the agricultural towns, although dependent upon agriculture, are not subject to the like destructive vicissitude. Hence, as I have often told you, the loss of twenty millions worth of manufactured goods—whether consumed by fire or buried in the deep—would be a positive blessing to the operative, while the loss of twenty millions worth of corn would lead to national bankruptcy.

Again, I have shown you that the manufacturer looks to the highest state of the perfection of his fabric, as constituting his greatest profit; while the land in its present state, as compared with what the land might be brought to, is as raw flax compared to the finest lace or cambric that can be manufactured from it.

Again, I have shown you, that while the cultivation of the national resources should be the primary object of every government, yet are there not ten acres lying together in all England—with the exception of market gardens—cultivated to one tenth part of their capability of yielding; and this arises from the fact, that those who make profit of slave labour, would rather see the land a barren wilderness than see it cultivated to that extent which would enable man to live in the sweat of his own brow, and enable the artificial labourer to establish his value by the standard of free labour wages.

Again, I have shown you that those who make profit by labour, would rather pay six millions a year in poor rates, than destroy the competitive reserve of unwilling idlers, by whose misery, destitution, and want, they are enabled to regulate the standard of wages.

Good God, Labourers, how can the millions tolerate a system by which they are starved, and upon which the oppressor thrives? how can you see your fields barren,



while you are told to depend on other countries for the fruits they would yield, if your labour was applied to them? Do you think that a nation of free labourers would ever apply to parliament for a ten hours bill, or any limitation of the hours of labour? No, they would look upon it as an infringement of their just rights, while, under the present artificial system, the slave looks upon it as a boon.

Again—and always bear in mind that this is my summary—can any man living, or can any two or four men living, cultivate an acre of garden ground, and if not, is it not clear as the sun at noon-day, that it is as much the interest of a man two hundred miles from a market, to manufacture his ground to the highest state of perfection, as it is the interest of the market-gardener to cultivate his ground to the highest state of perfection? because, what is a vegetable at Covent Garden—is beef, mutton, lamb, pork, butter, cheese, and bacon, at a thousand miles distance, and are relatively valuable, according to the relative rents estimated by the relative distance from a market town.

Again, I answer the invitation to emigrate, by the fact that, under a proper system, this empire is not populated to one-fourth of the amount required for its cultivation.

Again, if the state of Ireland is urged as an argument against the small farm system, let this be your answer—that, up to the year 1829, there were four hundred thousand forty-shilling freeholders, whose votes were necessary to secure patronage for their feudal lords, and that as soon as their voices lost the charm, they were disinherited from their political holdings, and that those four hundred thousand heads of families constituted three millions of paupers, some of whom have perished of want, while the discontent of the residue threatens the overthrow of your institutions.

Lastly, bear in mind, that the free Labourer is a better customer than the pauper in the bastille—that hunger will break through stone walls—that taxation without representation is tyranny, and should be resisted—that the land was given to man as his inheritance, and that from it he is commanded to “live in the sweat of his brow,” and that the Lord hath said—

“That they who die by the sword are better than they who perish of hunger, for their bodies pine away, stricken through for want of the fruits of the field.”

I have laid down God’s maxims—your rulers have established the devil’s laws. You obey which you please.

Labourers, when you read over the history of my past

life, you must be struck with amazement at the dogged pertinacity with which I have adhered to this Land and Labour Question : but every day the tree is budding, and if you unite the fruit will soon be ripe ; union is all that you require—you do not require war—as before your moral power, if well organised and wisely directed, monopoly must fall.

Observe my oft repeated motto.

“ War is to trade what the hot-bed is to the plant—it forces it, but strengthens it not in its growth ; while peace is as the pure air of heaven, which forces it not, but strengthens it till it arrives at a wholesome maturity.”

I have struggled in this Labour cause as no man ever struggled before, and I will struggle on to the end, the only reward I seek being your gratitude when I shall have achieved your victory, and that

### I'LL DO OR DIE.

But, Labourers, you must not listen to the frothy, mouth-ing braggart, whether he be Whig, Tory, or Chartist, unless he rivets your mind to the Labour field and the castle, and the benefit that their possession will confer upon those who do not occupy them.

I am fond of sport, but I have devoted the DERBY day to writing this Treatise. I invite you to read it ; I invite you to spell it ; I invite you to get it by heart ; and although there has been a dark cloud o'er the destinies of labour in the distant horizon, I see the bright shadow of liberty, and my heart gladdens.

“ In my ecstasy I exclaim, can it be,  
And a voice responds, Union and Liberty.”

Labourers unite, and the battle is yours,

“ United you stand,  
Divided you fall.”

By your disunion alone can the enemy triumph : they will, as of yore, employ men of your order to propound the Labour question in that shape which will best represent their own interests, **BUT HEED THEM NOT, AND HEAR THEM NOT, FOR THEY ARE TRAITORS TRAFFICKING IN YOUR LIFE'S BLOOD, AND SELLING YOUR CAUSE TO THE ENEMY.**

Labourers, my ambition is to live usefully, to die a pauper, and leave the world better than I found it.

Labourers, I remain,

Your faithful and Unpurchaseable Friend,  
and acknowledged Representative and Leader,  
**FEARGUS O'CONNOR.**